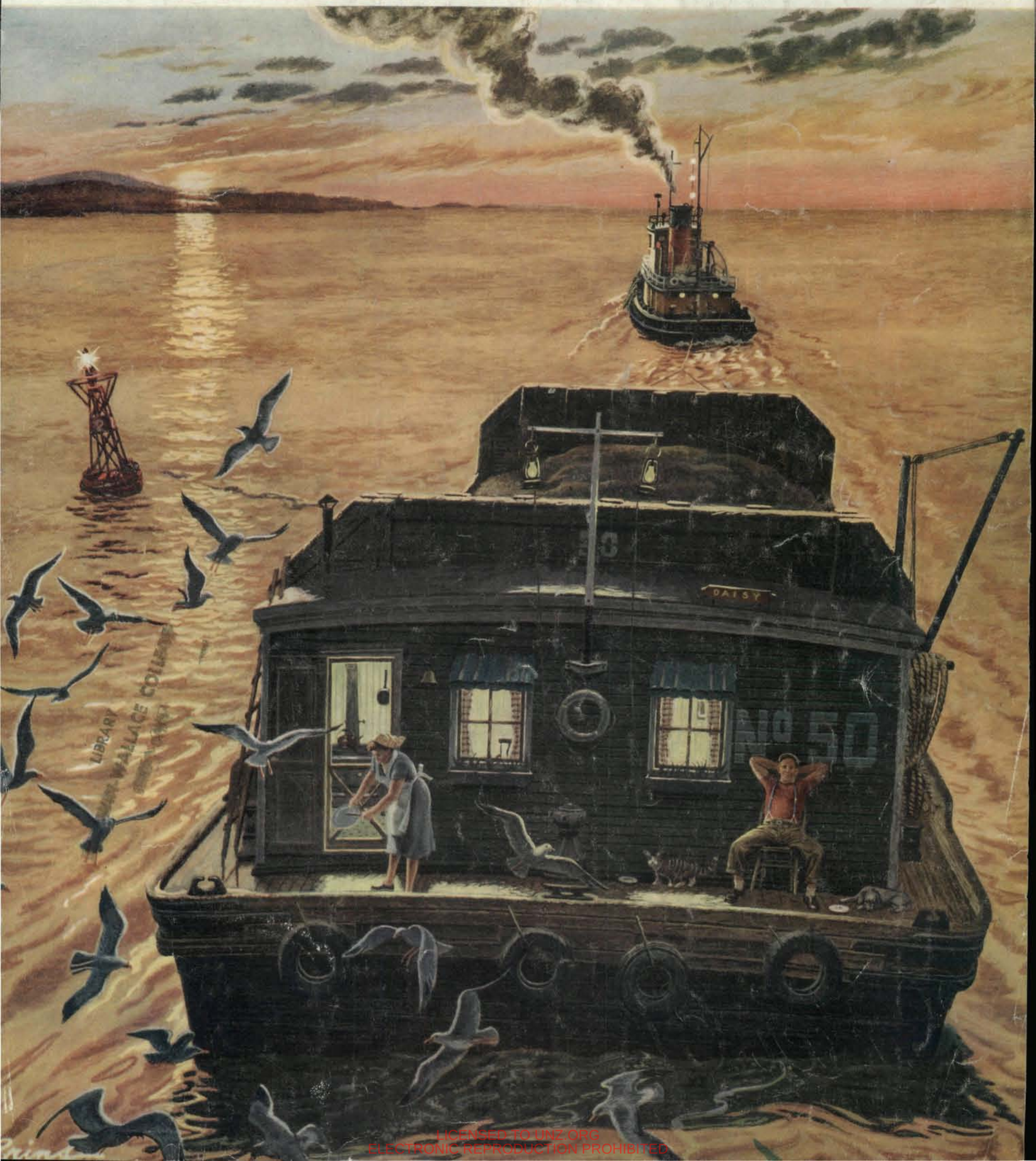
The Saturday Evening
POST
April 6, 1957 – 15¢

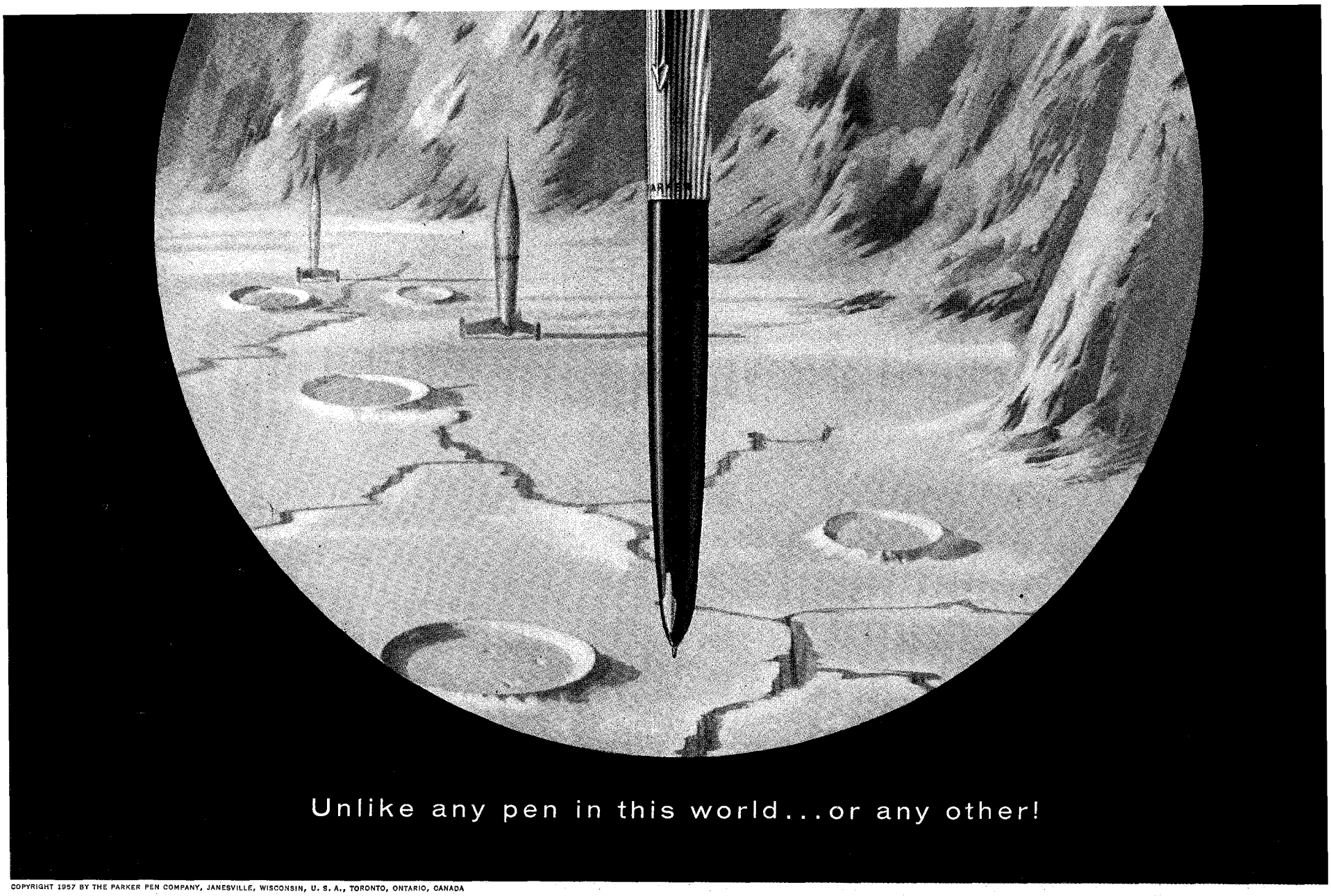
Is France Still Our Ally?

By Ernest O. Hauser

Taxpayer's Ordeal: "BRING ALL YOUR CANCELED CHECKS..."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPYRIGHT 1957 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Dramatically new...

the only fountain pen that fills itself

by itself...it has no moving parts!

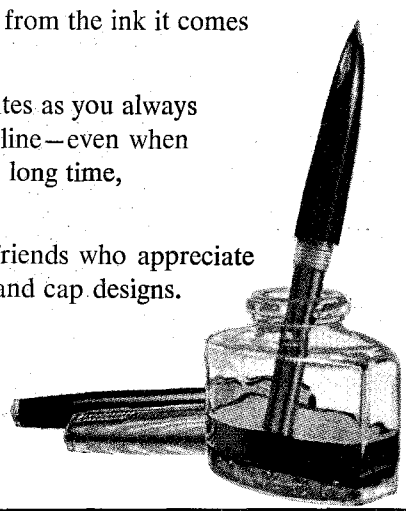
Parker 61

Newness is the very essence of the dramatic Parker 61, the first really different pen in years. It is new in principle – fresh in appearance – unique in performance.

Most remarkably, the Parker 61 fills itself by itself—in just 10 seconds. And it is filled from the end of the pen opposite the point. There is no moving part at all—the filling is done by capillary action alone. Unusual, too, is the fact that when you lift this pen from the ink it comes out dry – no wiping is needed.

With its new capillary ink system the Parker 61 writes as you always hoped a pen would—a clean, clear, uninterrupted line—even when it's upside down or high in the sky. It writes a long, long time, too, for its ink capacity is oversize.

The Parker 61 is the distinguished gift for those friends who appreciate the new, the unusual. Choice of distinctive colors and cap designs. The Parker 61 is $20.00 or more.



The shining point of the Parker 61 is never dipped in ink – only the opposite end of the pen. And it comes out of the bottle dry. You do nothing, just let the pen absorb ink for 10 seconds. No pumping, squeezing, twisting at all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B-19

But how long will it last?

Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll *stay* sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . .
Listerine kills germs by millions

Listerine stops halitosis (bad breath) *so* effectively. The most common cause of bad breath *by far* is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs
the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

LISTERINE
. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the greatest advance in the history of air conditioning

the new PHILCO® IONITRON* AIR CONDITIONER

*Trademark Philco Corporation

Result of four years' intensive medical research...enriches the air you breathe with nature's health-giving negative ions ...rids your home of smoke, dust, pollen and odors.

Philco Corporation takes great pride in announcing an important break-through in man's search to create ideal air in which to live. A new dimension has been added to the science of air conditioning . . . *ionization*. And medical science is fast proving that ionization control is just as important to your year-round comfort and well-being as the control of air temperature and humidity.

Today, no air conditioner, regardless of price or size, can be considered complete without ionization control, and it's yours *only* in the '57 Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner.

"Ions for health"...an important and far-reaching discovery

"Ions" are electrical charges in the air. Air contains both negative and positive ions. Scientists are now finding that air containing a high concentration of *negative* ions, such as you'll find as a result of a refreshing thunderstorm, is definitely beneficial. That's the kind of cool, ionized air you enjoy in your home with the new Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner.

Gives quick relief from hay fever and other air-borne allergies

Hospital tests under the direction of a leading medical research team (detailed reports of which are available to your doctor) have shown that most people who suffer from hay fever and other air-borne allergies get quick relief with *negatively* ionized air. The Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner gives this quick relief even during periods of high pollen count.

Rids your home of smoke, dust, pollen and odors

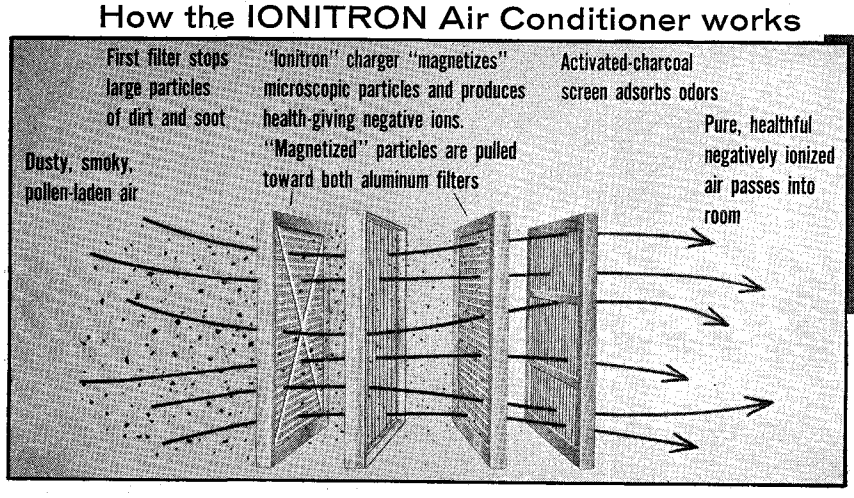
When a particle of smoke or dust passes into the Ionitron, it is instantly "magnetized" so it can be caught in a special electronic filter. The Ionitron traps even the finest particles of dirt, dust and pollen, and is amazingly effective in eliminating smoke. In addition, the Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner is equipped with a special activated-charcoal filter to remove objectionable odors and make the air in your home sweet and clean. This is America's most advanced air conditioner.

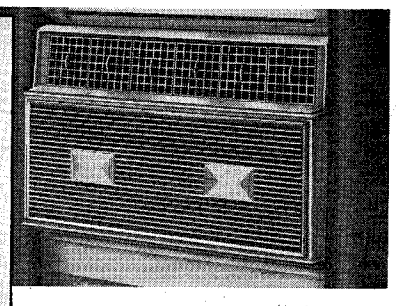
Gives you perfectly balanced draft-free cooling circulation

The new Philco Air Conditioner gives you perfectly balanced draft-free cooling circulation. Other units often fail to cool the far corners of a room, but a Philco penetrates to *all* corners, without drafts or hot spots. Adjustable grilles let you direct the pure, *negatively* ionized air up, down, left, right or in any combination of all four directions for perfectly balanced cooling.

See the Philco Ionitron and other Philco Air Conditioners today. Now is the time to compare air conditioners feature by feature. Look ahead and you'll choose a Philco . . . for all-year health and cool summer comfort.

How the IONITRON Air Conditioner works

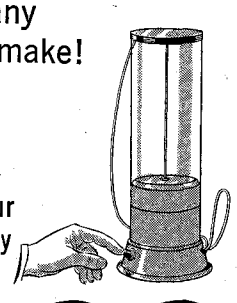

First filter stops large particles of dirt and soot
"Ionitron" charger "magnetizes" microscopic particles and produces health-giving negative ions.
"Magnetized" particles are pulled toward both aluminum filters
Activated-charcoal screen adsorbs odors
Pure, healthful negatively ionized air passes into room
Dusty, smoky, pollen-laden air



Model A 1074

More people own **PHILCO** Air Conditioners than any other make!

Look for the Ionitron Demonstrator at your Philco dealer's today. Watch it make heavy tobacco smoke "disappear" in seconds!



LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose PHILCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*
Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor

IN THIS ISSUE

April 6, 1957 — *Vol. 229, No. 40*

4 Short Stories

The General's Disgrace . . . . . *Norman Katkov* 30
Fugitive From Romance . . . . . *John Reese* 34
One Husband's Revolt . . . . . *Millicent Osborn* 37
Freedom Calling! . . . . . *Mosser Mauger* 40

Novelette

The Business of Love . . . . . *Vivian Connell* 26

9 Articles

Is France Still Our Ally? . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 23
The Lady Lays Down the Law . . . . . *James A. Maxwell* 24
How to Eat Like a Movie Star . . . . . *Joel Sayre* 28
The Man Who Was Born Twice . . . . . *Paul Schubert* 31
I Licked My Jinx . . . . . *Jack Burke, Jr., as told to Charles Price* 32
"Bring All Your Canceled Checks . . ." . . . . . *Craig Thompson* 36
The Face of America: Spring in the Smokies . . . *Photograph by Larry Keighley* 38
So You Think You Need Eight Hours' Sleep! . . . *Robert M. Yoder* 42
Fishing in the Dark . . . . . *Bill Wolf* 49

2 Serials

The Lady (Second of four parts) . . . . . *Conrad Richter* 44
Kiowa Moon (Fourth of seven parts) . . . . . *Alan Le May* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 66, 76, 85, 122, 142, 148, 152
Keeping Posted 164

THE COVER

One time, feeling a bit bored with mundane affairs, Ben Prins wished he could just float away from it all, away over silken water into a dreamy sunset—and still be floating when the subsequent dawn showed up. As Prins finds paint the best medium in which to float, behold his dream wish. That barge captain doesn't resemble the painter even coincidentally, but real-life coastal barges do resemble his dreamboat in ideal accommodations—modern one-level homes, water-front terraces, sea gull garbage disposal units, plus unexcelled house-moving service. By the way, a barge wife told Prins, "I used to be a sickly person, but since going to sea I haven't been sick once—well, except the time I went ashore and felt woozy while seeing a movie about the sea. Seasick, I guess."

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 46—57 or May 18, 1957; 18—57 or November 2, 1957.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Termites? ...call Terminix

for guaranteed protection

As countless property owners know, termites are actually no joking matter. Their damage is very costly, and it will pay you to be protected against these wood-eating insects.

Your local Terminix company offers a dependable service that stops costly termite damage to your home and guards against future infestation. Their contract with you is guaranteed by E. L. Bruce Co., sponsor of world's largest termite control service, and insured by Sun Insurance Office, Ltd.

Phone for a Terminix Inspection

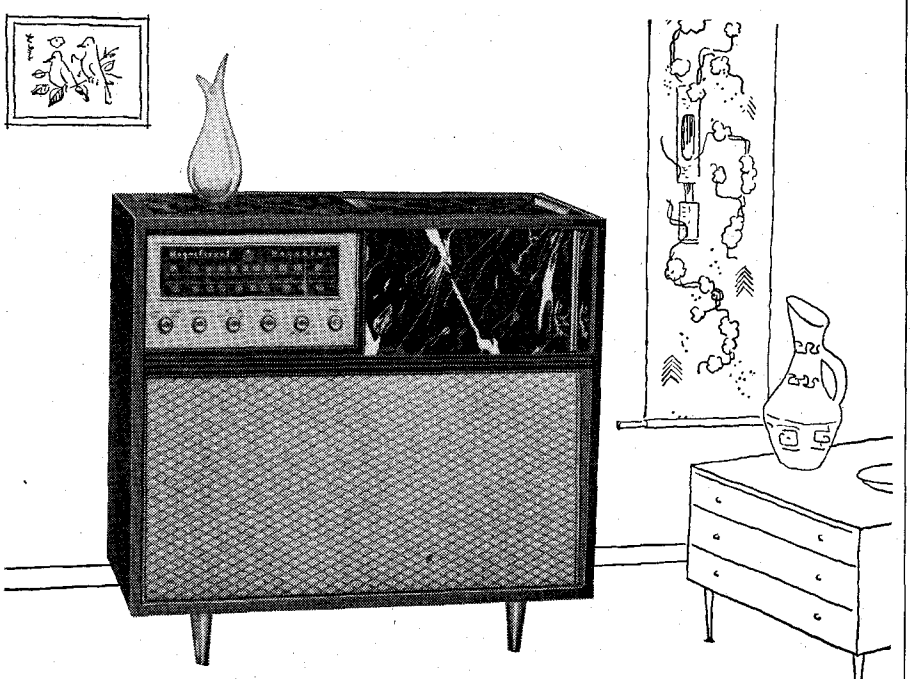
You can't afford to take chances with termites. They work inside the wood where they are hidden from sight. On request, Terminix will make a thorough inspection of your property and furnish reliable recommendations.

Look in your classified phone book for BRUCE-TERMINIX SERVICE under "Termite Control" (or "Exterminating"). **For free copy** of "TERMITES!" write Terminix Division, E. L. Bruce Co., Box 397-O, Memphis 1, Tenn.

BRUCE
TERMINIX

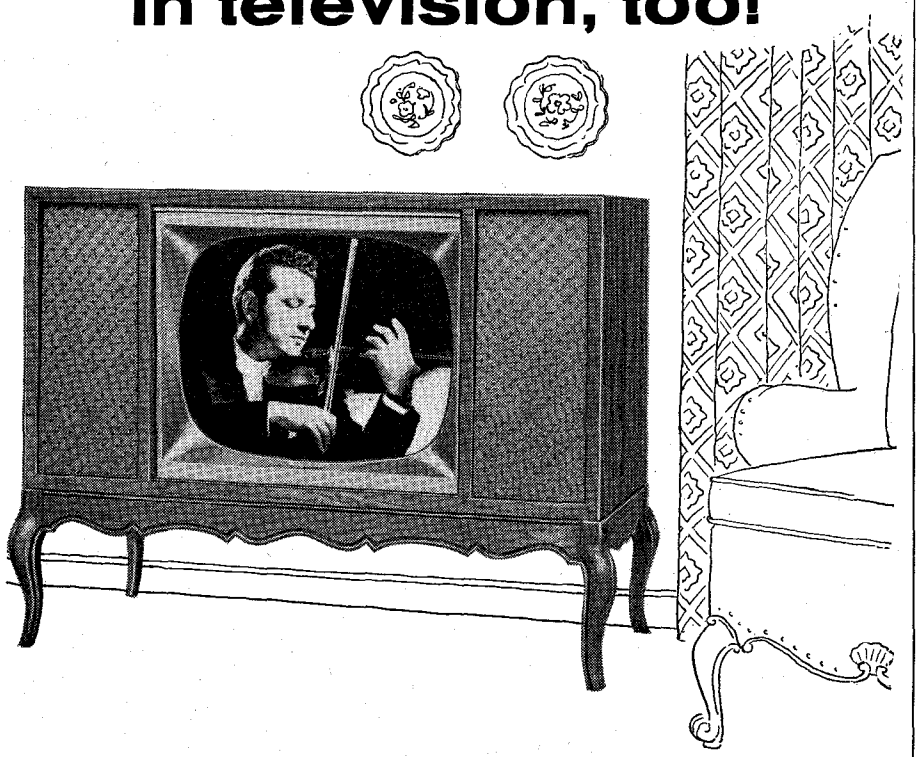
• *Ask about the low-cost Terminix Protection Plan for termite-free homes.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The High Fidelity Look," combined with magnificent Magnavox sound. The *Super Magnasonic* offers four speakers (15″ and 12″ bass, plus 4″ and 5″ high frequency speakers) and a 20-watt high fidelity amplifier. Gliding top and front marbleized panels eliminate the old inconveniences of doors, lids and drawers. AM-FM tuner, intermix record changer with Diamond Stylus pick-up. In ebony, as shown above, $345.00.

Magnavox High Fidelity in television, too!



This is Videorama, the world's finest television . . . with new Stereosonic sound, created by dual-channel amplifiers and four high fidelity speakers. Here is the same breathtaking realism, the same master craftsmanship, that have made Magnificent Magnavox instruments famous throughout the world. Large 21-inch* picture. In hand-rubbed cherry color finish with base, $359.00 (VHF). The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

**diagonal measure*

the magnificent **Magnavox**

high-fidelity television • radio-phonographs

Letters

Schools Debauched?

Dear Sirs:

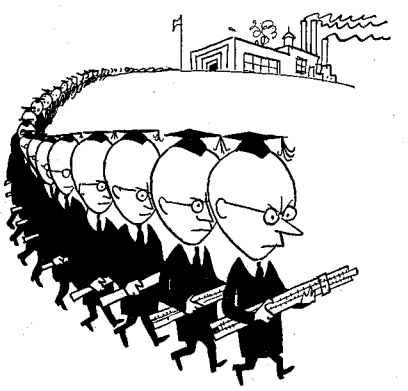
While Rear Admiral H. G. Rickover (LET'S STOP WASTING OUR GREATEST RESOURCE, March 2) modestly disclaims being "an authority on education," he certainly puts his finger on the soft spots with unerring accuracy. I am loath to admit that I have been an educator for the past thirty years because, during that time, I have witnessed the debauching of the schools. There has been a continual downgrading in the effort to keep every child in school, as though that were a virtue. . . .

Despite the Admiral's admirable appeal, I'll wager that nothing will be done. The American public will continue to spend more on recreation, on liquor, on horse racing than it will in educating the children. The typical American wants the school to be merely a day nursery keeping his offspring off the streets, away from the dangers of traffic, even when, by making the pupils produce or get out, the bill for education could be cut in half.

JAMES D. LANDSDOWNE
Lansdowne, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The only question I would pose to Adm. Rickover is what type of people is he trying to produce? A two-eyed machine with a slide rule clutched in his hand is all that I can foresee. . . .



I see no purpose in training a great number of scientists and engineers without a well-rounded background. We have this already in our electronic brains.

ARDIS BALDREY
Everett, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

We do not have to separate the superior children from all others in order to give them a challenging and efficient education. We must identify these people and we must provide them with programs that will challenge them. . . . The programs should be in the same building with other children. These bright children, these future leaders must live with and work with all other people. Where can they better learn how to do this than during their formative years?

J. E. SCOTT
Superintendent, City School District
Peekskill, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Most of us in education would heartily agree with the Admiral, but there are many, especially those trained in education as opposed to subject-matter fields, who will disagree. They have fostered our present system and are still trying to push it even further from those goals suggested by Admiral Rickover. They not only push the masses through high school but in some cases are trying to push them through college as well. . . .

Admiral Rickover makes a plea for us at least to "make a start." This start should be made immediately in our public schools and in our teacher-training institutions. However, little if anything will be done until the public wakes up and demands it, and no group could be harder to move or apparently less interested when it comes to education.

LEVERETT P. HOAG
Manhattan, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

Some are naturally endowed with more intellectual capacity than the rest of us. By all means let us use these great resources to advance the standard of living for all. Certainly the commendable present-day emphasis upon equality, democracy and brotherhood must not be allowed to stifle the development of superior talents.

RAY MARS SIMPSON, PH.D.
Evanston, Ill.

Drown Them All?

Dear Sirs:

Re: THE AGE TO GO STEADY, John DeMeyer, March 2nd. . . .

Since when has it been amusing for a man to be insulted, bullied and relegated to the position of a bill-paying boob by his family? If the "loving" wife, daughter and boy friend portrayed in the story are typical of their species in North America, I would suggest that we drown them all and start over again. The last thing we should do is hold them up to the public view and advertise the fact that our children are a pack of snotty brats lacking both manners and intelligence and our women a crew of tyrannical leeches. . . .

I'm all for calling a halt before we end up on a chrome-plated Tobacco Road.

MRS. C. J. HUSTY
Montreal, Canada

Sweet Mystery

Dear Sirs:

THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB [by Leslie Ford, Jan. 19–March 2] was like organ music—and Leslie Ford pulled out all the stops on that last grand Crescendo.

SUE DEWITT
Ferndale, Cal.

Corrections

Dear Sirs:

It is distressing that in such a fine article [WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "HOPELESS"?, by Don Murray, March 2] I find one unfortunate slip. This is the caption under the portrait of Bill Powers who is described as "the deaf-blind Attorney General of Rhode Island." Bill is not deaf. I am sure that some of the lawless elements in Rhode Island will claim he hears too much.

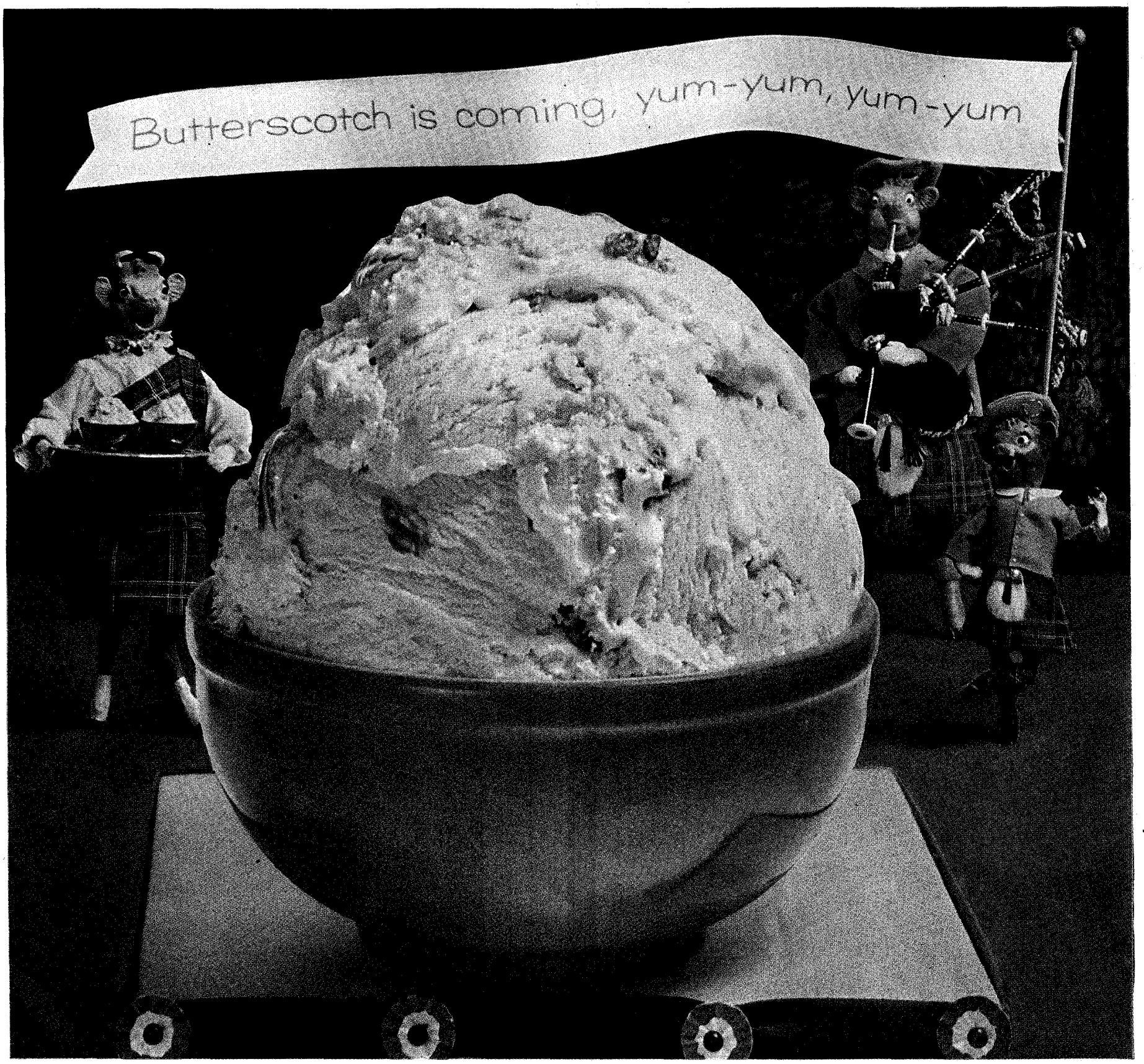
EDWARD J. WATERHOUSE
Director, Perkins School for the Blind
Watertown, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

In your March 2 issue, part 3 of Victor Borge's life story, on page 65, you, or Mr. Borge or his writers referred to an incident in the concert career of the "late" Percy Grainger.

This is to inform . . . that Percy Grainger is (Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It's here"...called Elsie, the Mac Borden Cow,
"Borden's Butterscotch-Pecan!"

This best-of-butterscotch ice creams has crunchy pieces of pecan in every delicious bite.

It should be at your food store *right now*, because it's the Borden's Ice Cream flavor of the month. You'll want to get Borden's Butterscotch Pecan in the thr-r-rifty big half-gallon size.

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

Borden's Milk • Fine Cheeses • Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," "Queen for a Day," and "Fury."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'LL BE Happy
AS A BRIDE AND GROOM
WHEN GAS
does the 7 big household services automatically

GAS is modern, clean, dependable, fast, safe and entirely automatic for cooking, air conditioning, heating, clothes drying, water heating, incineration, and refrigeration with automatic ice making.

Your gas company cooperating with your architect, builder, heating contractor, and appliance dealer will gladly tell you how economically GAS will modernize your home and bring you new comforts and conveniences.

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE GAS MAINS, ENJOY THE COMFORTS AND CONVENIENCES OF LP-GAS (BOTTLED OR TANK) FOR ALL 7 OF THE BIG HOUSEHOLD SERVICES.

See Playhouse 90 on CBS-TV. See local listings for time and station.

How you can enjoy more comforts and conveniences with GAS is brought to your attention by these Suppliers to the Gas Industry:

American Meter Co.
Bastian-Blessing Co.
Rockwell Manufacturing Co.
Sprague Meter Co.
Vulcan Rubber Products
Division of Reeves Brothers, Inc.

GAS is 7 ways better for the 7 big household services

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

very much alive and on concert tour in Europe and on his way eventually to Melbourne, Australia.

MAURICE LORIAUX
Santa Fe, New Mexico

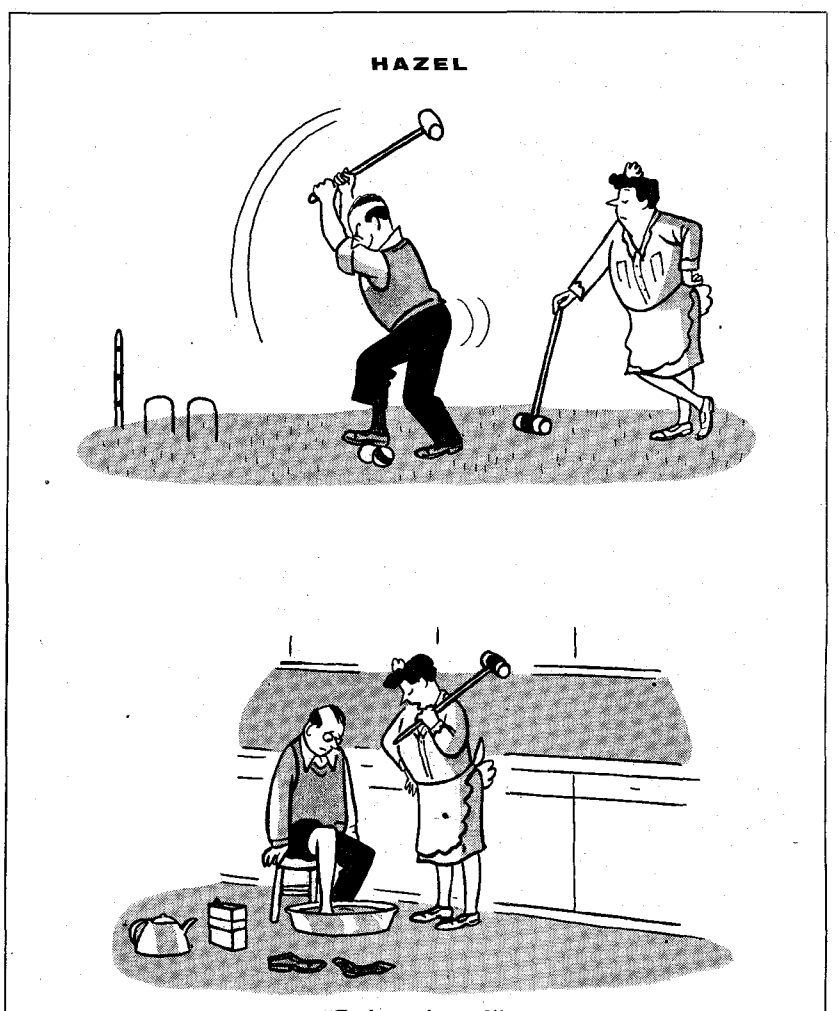
"Immoral Idea"

Dear Sirs:

I never thought I'd see the day when I thought a story [LOVE DIES SLOWLY, by Eileen Tighe, March 2] in the Post definitely promoted an immoral idea . . . that a boy's mother, in collusion with his schoolmaster, agrees to suppress what all three know are the facts. . . .

If the mother and the schoolmaster had felt the boy was mistaken, I can understand that. But to *know* the boy was right . . . and still advocate knuckling under—where is the truth if we don't fight for it? It is not the same as admitting you are wrong; there's no question the wisest of us must do that on occasion, but to bow for the sake of expediency. . . . The older virtues may have been thorny, but they are none the less real for all that.

CHARLOTTE O. GILL
Palo Alto, Cal.



"Feel any better?"

WRONG FOOT

Dear Sirs:

In Ted Key's "Hazel" cartoon of Feb. 23, what good is it going to do for the master of the household to soak his right foot when it was his left that he hit with the croquet mallet? I am quite interested, as I hit my foot quite often in the same manner, and if it works any faster soaking the other foot, I will use that method.

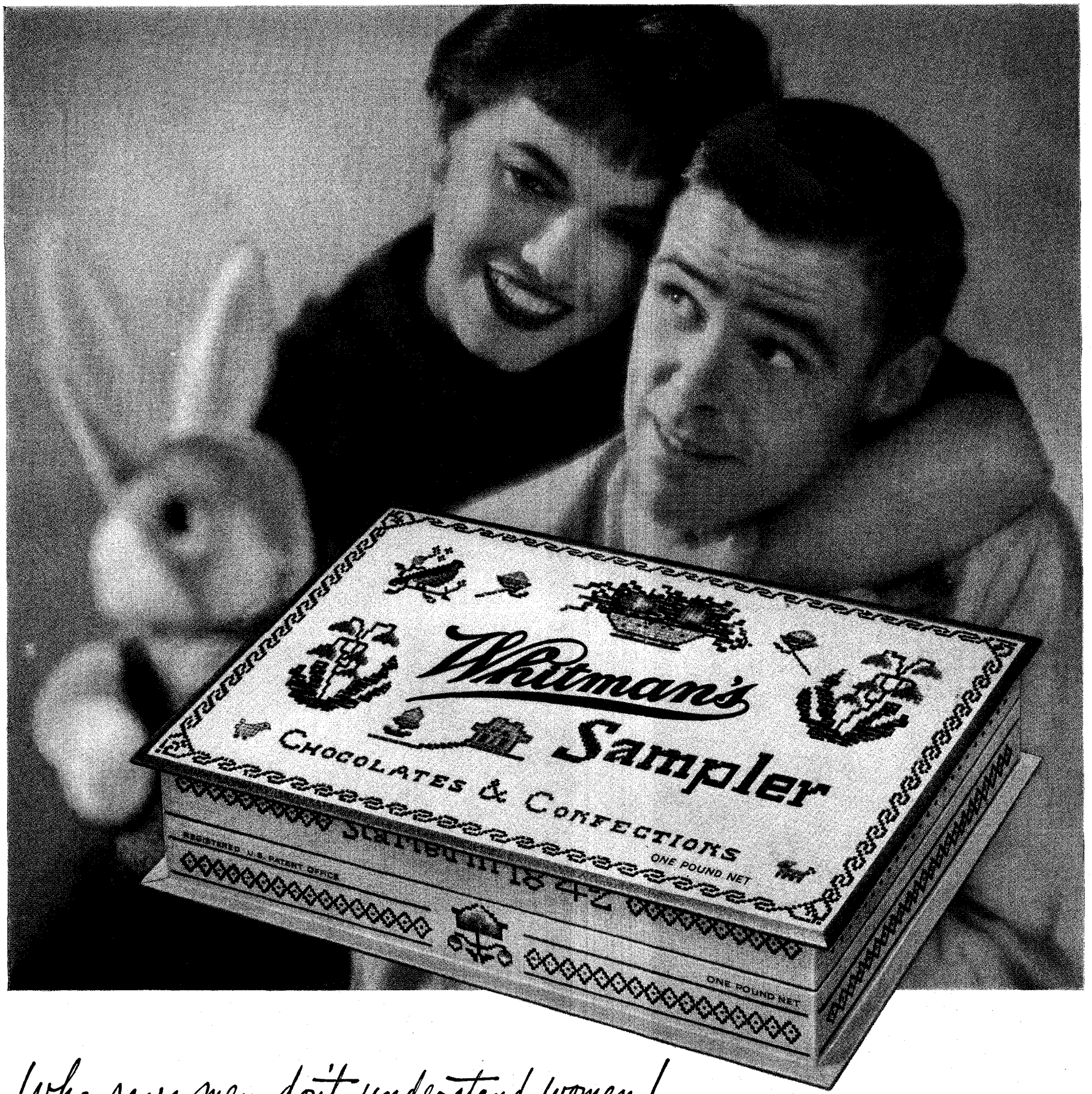
HARRY HOOPER
Needham, Mass.

● *To the forty-seven who wrote in we would say that Mr. Baxter is a notoriously inaccurate mallet wielder since he acquired his new bifocals.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
23–Ollie Atkins. • 24, 25–Larry Fried. • 26, 27–George Hughes. • 28–Gene Lester. 29–George Lazarnick. • 30–Larry Kritcher. • 31–Joern Gerdts. • 32–Bill Shrout, Ollie Atkins, Bill Shrout. • 33–Wide World, Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Joe De Mers. 37–Fritz Willis. • 38, 39–Larry Keighley. • 40, 41–Arthur Lidov. • 42–Two by Harry Saltzman; National Park Service. • 43–Harry Saltzman, National Park Service. 44, 45–Earl Mayan. • 49–Frank Ross. • 144–George Lazarnick. • 145–George Lazarnick. • 146–George Lazarnick. • 164–Florence Rome, Gus Pasquarella, Larry Fried, Gus Pasquarella.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

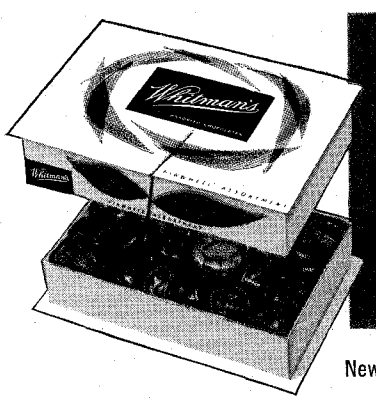
Because it's the men, mind you, who buy the Sampler more than anybody—particularly in Springtime.

And they buy this box of chocolates to give to their fair ladies.

Shows they have a sixth sense about feminine psychology. And a *seventh* sense about good candy! Every woman knows the Sampler is the most impressive candy present a man can buy.

For Easter, why not remember your best gal, your mother, Aunt Martha—*all* your ladies—with gifts of Samplers. Like the young man above, you'll be glad you did! Samplers are $2, $4, $6 and $10. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

© S. F. W. & SON, INC.



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

New Pinwheel Assortment, specially priced at $1.50

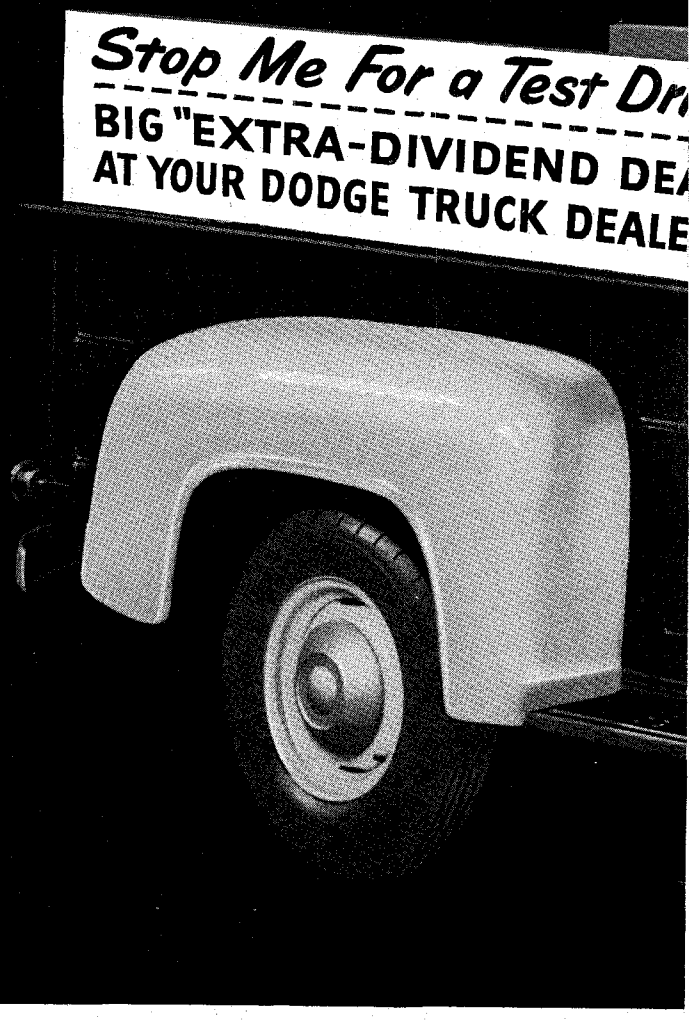
Give her a Sampler on Easter, April 21st

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now... get in on you

EXTRA-DIVID

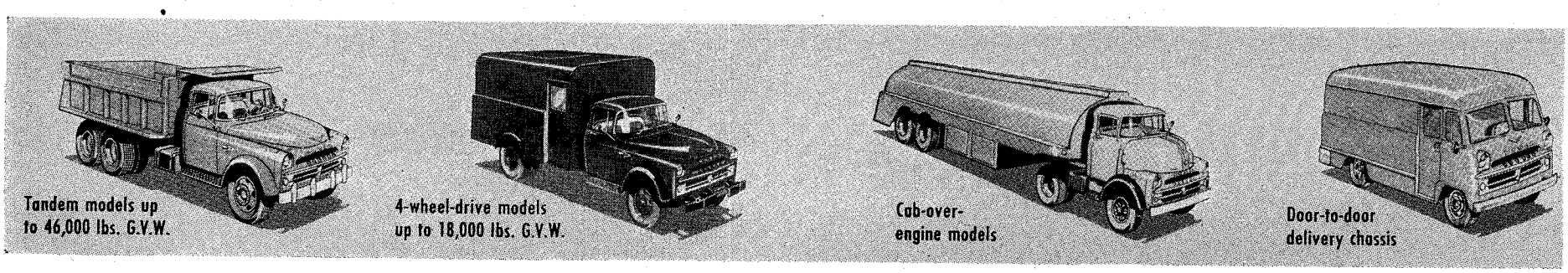
Make your truck investment pay you extra dividends



Apply

DODGE PowerGiants

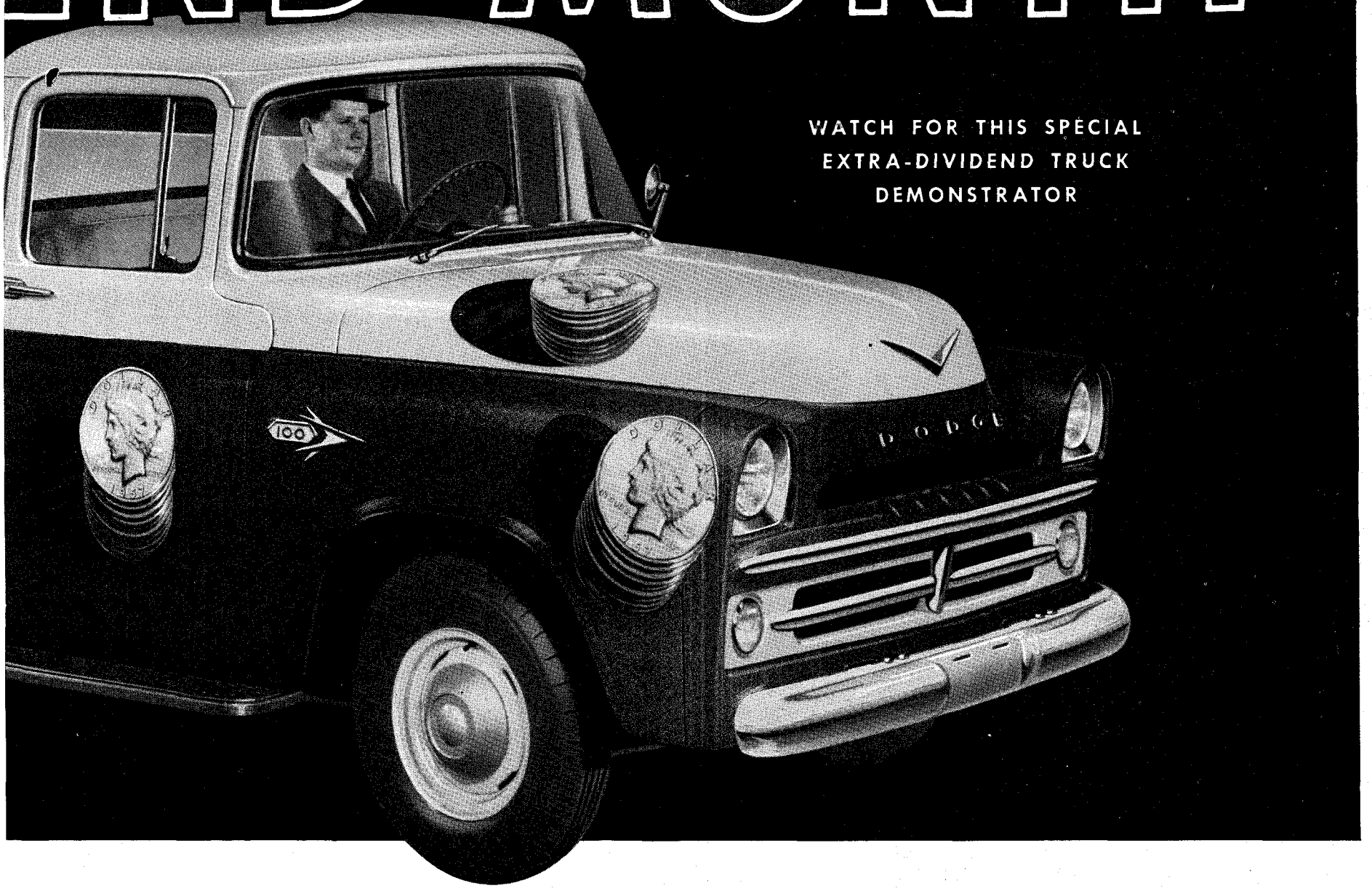
Most POWER of the Low-Priced 3!


Tandem models up to 46,000 lbs. G.V.W.
4-wheel-drive models up to 18,000 lbs. G.V.W.
Cab-over-engine models
Door-to-door delivery chassis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dodge Truck Dealer's big

END MONTH



Put a big circle 'round the whole month of April. It's your chance to get a real Extra-Dividend Deal on the most powerful truck of the low-priced three. And this is just part of the bonus you get when you invest in a Dodge. You also get:

Extra Dividends in *Power*: Dodge gives you the most V-8 power of the low-priced three . . . up to 31% more than the "other two". There's a big choice of power, too, from 204-hp. pick-ups to 232-hp. tandems.

Extra Dividends in *Economy*: Extra power reduces engine strain . . . means less wear, fewer repairs. And Dodge trucks, both V-8's and 6's, deliver full power on *regular* gas.

Extra Dividends in *Payload*: You can haul far more in a Dodge . . . up to 73% more in a pick-up, for instance.

Extra Dividends in *Easier Driving*: Dodge has the shortest turning radius of the low-priced three and power steering is available on all models. What's more, only Dodge offers the extra convenience of a push-button* automatic transmission.

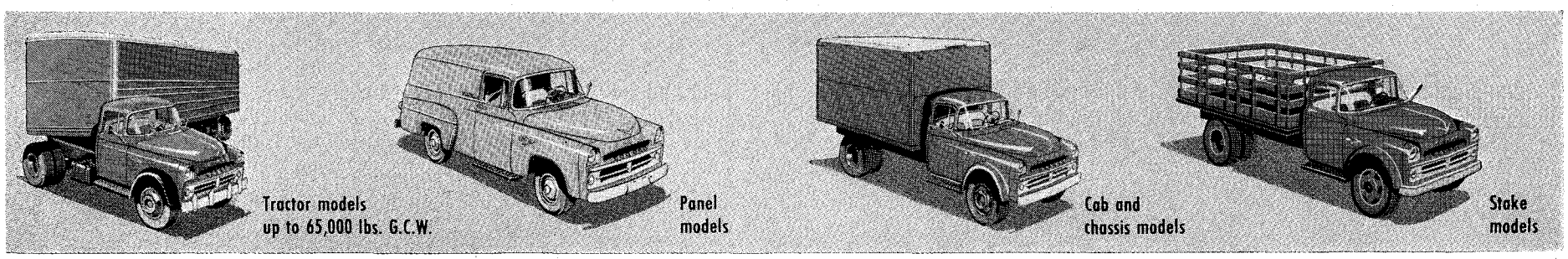
*Available on all low-tonnage and Forward-Control models.

Extra Dividends in *Styling*: New *Forward* Look styling with new hooded headlights, smart chrome-sweep grille builds business prestige. Two-position hood opens to 45, or full 90 degrees for easier servicing.

You get lots more Extra Dividends when you get a Dodge. See your Dodge Truck Dealer and he'll tell you about them. What's more, he'll give you an Extra-Dividend Deal that you'll want to snap up in a hurry.

DODGE TRUCKS

WITH THE *FORWARD* LOOK



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Why U.S. Loans to Red Satellites?

It is hard to see how this country could extend economic aid to the present government of Poland or any other Soviet satellite. Food parcels, clothing or medical supplies sent to individuals may relieve distress among a people that deserves our sympathy. Government-to-government loans or grants-in-aid can only strengthen the forces that oppress and pauperize them.

The case of Yugoslavia, a borderline experiment at best, does not offer a valid comparison. Tito's position, when the Cominform expelled the C.P.Y. in 1948, differed from that of other satellites in one important particular. After the liberation of Yugoslavia, he was able to induce Stalin to withdraw the Soviet troops within his boundaries. It was this fact, more than anything else, that enabled Tito to maintain his National Communist regime. The Kremlin could have imposed its will only at the cost of a direct invasion, a price it was not prepared to pay.

The example of Hungary is too fresh in everyone's mind to leave any illusions on what happens when a country occupied by the Red Army steps out of line. Poland is at present an occupied country, and will remain so as long as the Soviets have to guard the line of communications with their divisions in East Germany. The effect of this was plain in the recent Polish elections, when Gomulka offered his list of candidates on the basis of "Take them or you'll get something much worse."

It is obvious that large-scale economic aid to the present government would go in part to help support Soviet occupation forces. The rest would, in effect, be a blood transfusion for what is actually a Communist economic colony. Poland, like other satellites, has been tied tightly to the Russian bloc. A system of joint-stock companies, with Moscow holding majority control, enables import and export prices to be fixed without regard for Polish welfare.

For example, the U.S.S.R. could and did compel Hungary to export to Russia goods for which the West would have paid 47 per cent more, on an average. Correspondingly, satellites were charged $2,000,000 for generators they could have bought in Western Germany for $450,000. Poland in 1947, to take an extreme case, got a dollar a ton for coal that sold freely in Western Europe for sixteen dollars.

It is no wonder that ten years of this kind of brutal exploitation have fed the fires of revolt in the Soviet satellites. The swindle will go on as long as the Red troops can enforce its terms. Economic aid from this country, given to the present government of Poland, could not heal the situation. It could only help to make the Polish people a more lucrative victim.

Those Grim-Visaged Passport Shots are No Longer in Style

There has been so much talk about passports recently—whether Communists are entitled to them; is the State Department too stingy with them; how "liberal" can you be and still get a passport to attend a scientific congress in Prague—that it is a distinct relief to learn that the authorities are concerned about a matter which has been worrying a great many people. The State Department wants tourists to get better passport pictures taken, presumably so that foreign immigration officials won't conclude that American travelers are either refugees from the psychiatric ward or illicit importers of heroin and marijuana. As the department's application blank somewhat wistfully puts it, "There is no objection to the submission of passport pictures which depict the applicant as a relaxed, smiling person."

Miss Frances Knight, head of the United States Passport Office, explained that she does not expect people who have just left large sums of money at the travel agent's office to look deliriously happy. But, she added, "a normal, relaxed photograph is a far better identification of the holder than a scowling mug shot."

This, of course, depends on the traveler, but there are practical advantages in a passport picture which represents him as a reasonably contented citizen of no immediate concern to the police. A few years ago a young American, landing at Yokohama with a large group of official visitors to Japan, found himself summoned to the office of the Water Police, who put him through a prolonged grilling as to why he wanted to enter Japan, what he intended to do there, whom to visit, and so on. The rest of the party had landed while this young man languished among the bureaucrats. Eventually he was sprung, baffled by his experience, until one of his fellow travelers looked at his passport. The photograph was that of a man whose sullen stare and shifty eye proclaimed him as a dealer in microfilmed top secrets, picture brides or black-market opium. The wonder was that the Water Police had risked turning him loose at all.

It is difficult to obtain a passport picture bearing much resemblance to the man who bought the ticket, but, in view of our much-touted scientific advance, it ought to be possible to get one which could not be handed off, with the minimum of retouching, to an N.K.V.D. agent for his own use. Anyway, it is good that Miss Knight brought the matter up. With so many eager, misguided Americans staging a tantrum every time a Soviet stooge finds it difficult to leave the country on some dubious errand, it should be refreshing to kick around the case for happier passport photographs. Certainly the clerks in the Passport Office, who, according to Miss Knight, will have to view some 814,000 of these creeps before the year is out, would appreciate a change. A few contributions to the Most Gruesome Photograph I Ever Saw contest are all very well. But 814,000 of them!

Some "Integration" Plans Promise Little Peace and Harmony

Advocates of greater speed in bringing about racial integration in schools are considerably agitated by a device, which has been adopted by a number of Southern states and local communities, known as "pupil placement." This means simply that a school board is given power to assign pupils to schools which they would not normally attend. The statutes conferring this power, according to Southern School News, usually base it on the necessity of "insuring efficient education and school administration, promoting health, safety and welfare of the students." No mention is made of the real reason, which is usually the desire to maintain segregation.

This device, which has raised a howl of protest among advocates of immediate integration, may or may not stand up under judicial review; indeed a Federal district court has already frowned on it. But the learned judicial authorities may have some trouble knocking it down because of what has been happening in some Northern states.

In New York City, for example, pupils in areas where there are few or no Negro children are transported by bus to schools in other parts of the city, apparently on the theory that no child should be deprived of the privilege of associating with children of all races and backgrounds. This practice, which the New York school authorities explain on the ground that integration should "be considered" in assigning pupils to schools, should make it difficult for advocates of complete and immediate integration to look down the nose at Southerners who employ the same device for the opposite purpose.

As might have been predicted, the debate has now gone far beyond the narrow limits of the Supreme Court's original decision, which the Post believes was reasonable within the limits which it set. The court did not say that children must attend mixed schools or that they could or could not be assigned to schools outside their normal geographical limits. It simply said that children could not be excluded from a school because of race, since the Fourteenth Amendment guaranteed "equal protection of the laws" to everybody. The effort by certain groups to extend this simple requirement far beyond its original scope, and to act as if the Supreme Court had ordered integration even in areas inhabited by people of only one race, has produced confusion but little racial harmony.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

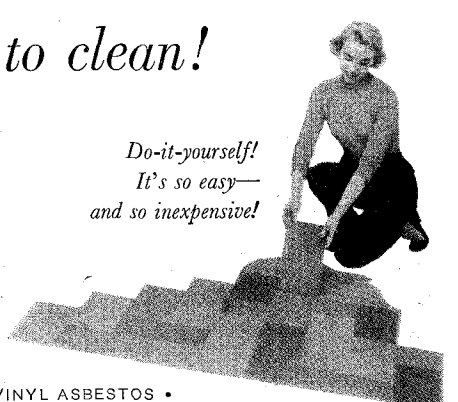
Today's s[illegible] floors wea[illegible]

9" x 9" tiles of light and medium shades of cork on floor. 9" x 9" tiles in light shades on walls. Wall base is brown KenCove.

© 1957, Kentile, Inc.

KENTILE cork tile *for the most luxurious, most practical bathroom ever! So warm under foot—so slip resistant—so easy to clean!*

Here's the *perfect* bathroom—with ample storage space, dressing room privacy, and a comfortable sofa for sun-tanning! And most luxurious of all are the Kentile cork floor and walls. What rich, random, nut tones! What quiet elegance! Yet for all its burnished beauty, Kentile cork tile is so practical—so easy-to-care-for. Splashing can't harm it and, oh, it's so wonderfully warm and resilient under foot. Shouldn't you see Kentile cork tile (KenCork®) at your Kentile dealer's very soon? He's listed under FLOORS in your classified phone directory. Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.



Do-it-yourself! It's so easy—and so inexpensive!

Find The Nearest Kentile Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

KENTILE FLOORS

AVAILABLE IN CORK • RUBBER • VINYL ASBESTOS • SOLID VINYL • CUSHION-BACK VINYL AND ASPHALT TILE ... OVER 150 DECORATOR COLORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Worry-Free driving—today's most responsive tire!

New KELLY CELEBRITY

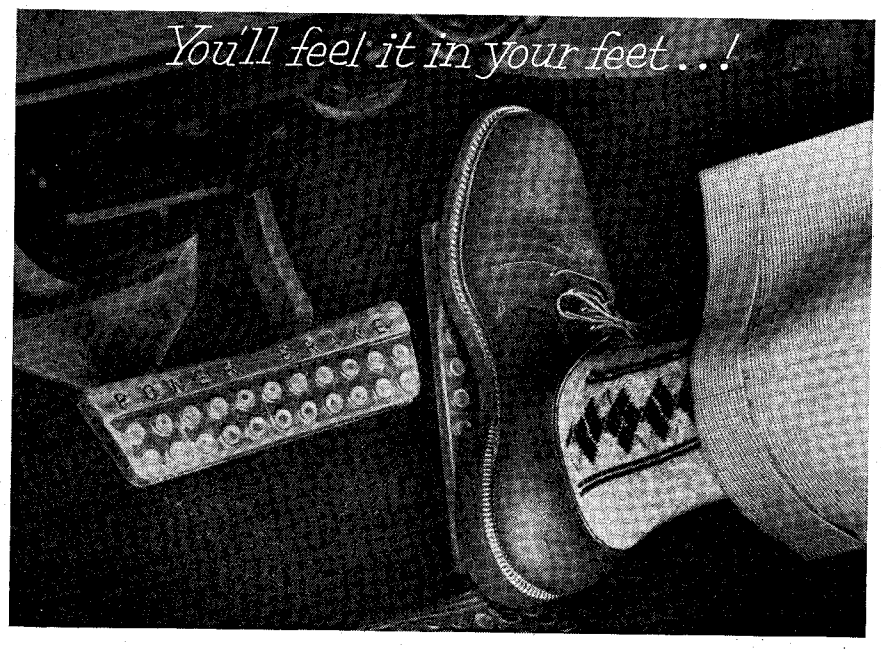
Nylon Extra

Responds to your BRAKE, your STEERING WHEEL, your ACCELERATOR as no other tire ever did before

On the highway or in city traffic, worry-free driving depends on tires that respond instantly to every split-second command. The new Celebrity is designed to do just that . . . to provide greatest possible driving control and safety on *any* car, or *any* road, under both stop-and-go and sustained-speed driving conditions. It is unquestionably today's greatest tire for *worry-free* driving. Now at your Kelly Dealer's in all sizes, including 1957 models. See him today!

The steering's easier, the turning's safer!

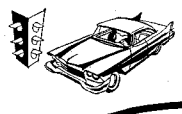
You'll notice new steering ease, new stability on the sharpest turns. The Celebrity's new *six-rib tread* puts more rubber, more traction edges on the road to reduce sway and side-slip, gives you *steering without veering* and a far softer, easier, quieter ride!



The stopping's faster, the starting's quicker!

You'll see how the Celebrity's new Power Stop Tread responds to your brake to bring you to *safe and shorter stops*. And when you step on the accelerator, you'll feel that added traction get you off to swifter, surer, *non-slip starts*—on any road, in any weather!

You'll know, at last, what worry-free driving really means!

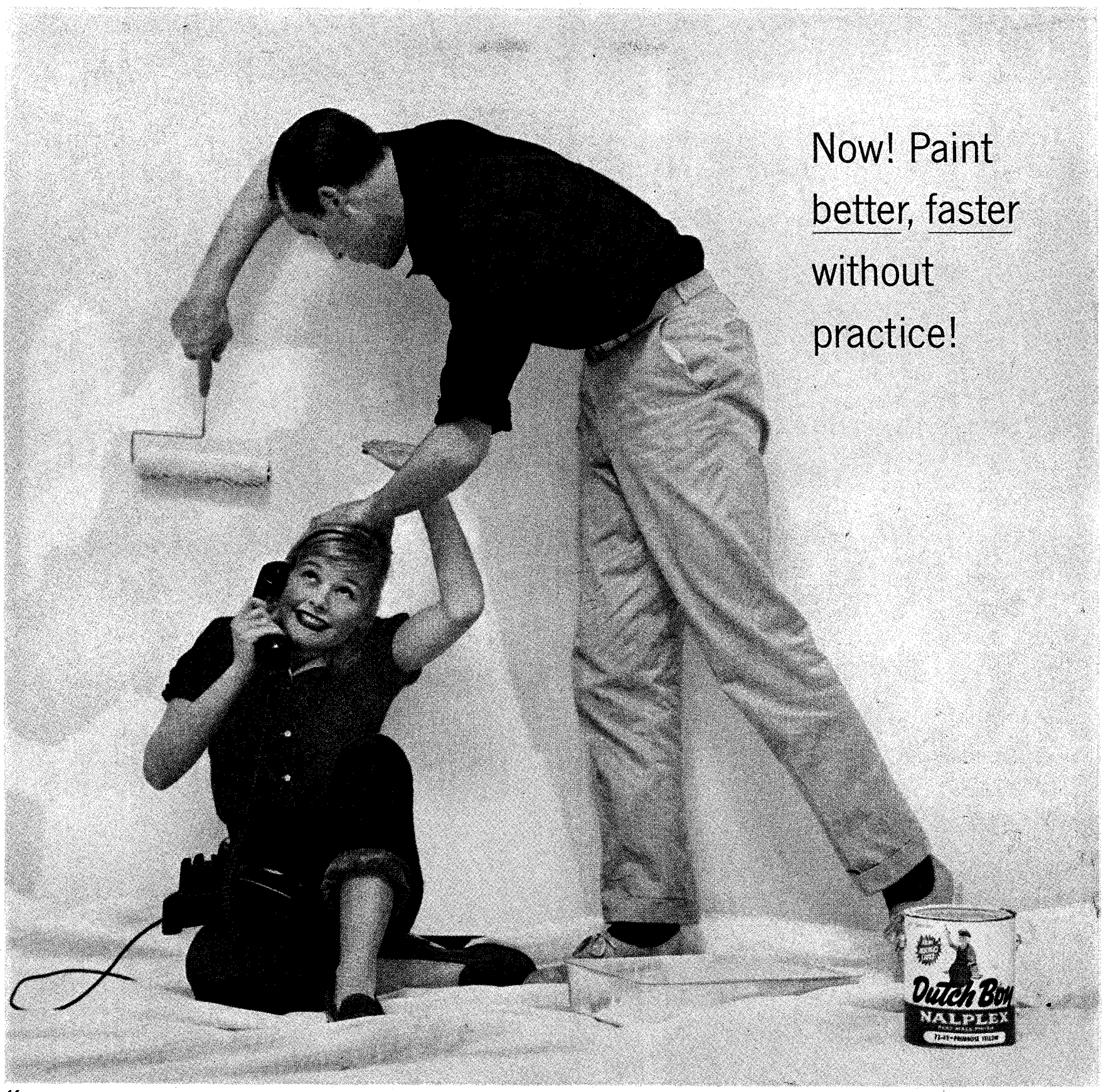


When you put Celebrities on your wheels, you take tire worries off your mind! Besides its super-safe tread, the Celebrity has a new, super-strength nylon cord body and improved tubeless construction to give you greatest possible *blowout safety, puncture safety!*

Look for the sign KELLY Springfield TIRES **of worry-free driving . . .**

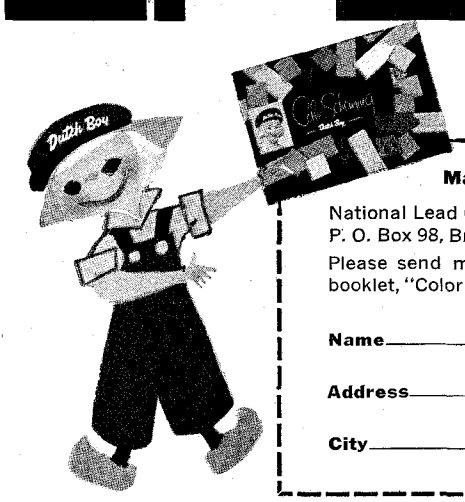
THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"DUTCH BOY" INSTANT NALPLEX

You can get expert results with one-stroke, one-coat "Dutch Boy" *Instant* Nalplex, even if you've never painted before! This new acrylic latex wall paint goes on smoothly, covers evenly without a trace of brush or roller marks. Starts drying to a washable finish instantly. "Sets" completely in less than 2 hours, without after-odor. Resists soil. Easy to clean. Easy to clean up. Brush and hands can be washed with soap and water. Costs less because it takes less paint to do the job. Complete selection of decorator-colors. Get in touch with your nearest "Dutch Boy" dealer – listed under "Paint" in your classified telephone book.



Get your **FREE**
Color-scheming Booklet!

Mail this coupon today

National Lead Company, Dept. 440
P. O. Box 98, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your new full-color booklet, "Color Scheming with Dutch Boy Paints."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

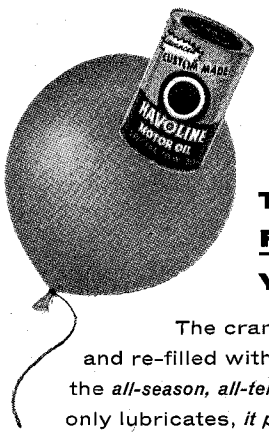
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...after a TEXACO Spring check-up!

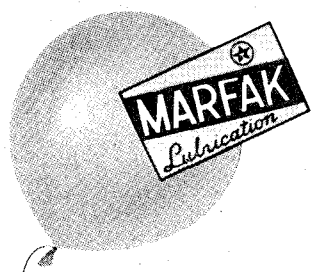
"Mr. Service," your Texaco Dealer, sees all, does all, when it comes to expert car care. He will give yours a real Spring lift: carefully check the many seemingly small trouble spots in, under and around your car – such as lights, tires, radiator and battery. And, not by chance but by chart, everything that should be lubricated gets the proper grade and quality Texaco lubricant.

One stop and you're on your way, all set for safer, surer, more enjoyable driving. So now's the time to see your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.* He really knows how to put *Spring* in your car! Drive in . . . float out!



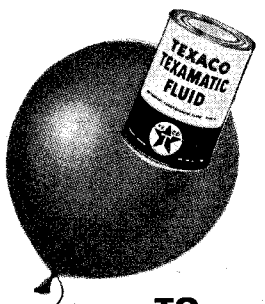
TO PROTECT YOUR ENGINE

The crankcase will be drained and re-filled with Havoline Special 10W-30, the *all-season, all-temperature* motor oil! It not only lubricates, *it protects* against wear, adds life to your engine. You enjoy quicker starts, more power, better gasoline mileage.



TO CUSHION YOUR DRIVING

The chassis will be lubricated according to a special lubrication chart covering your make and model car—with superior Texaco Marfak. It assures you quieter driving, easier handling, and that *cushiony* feeling for 1,000 miles or more.



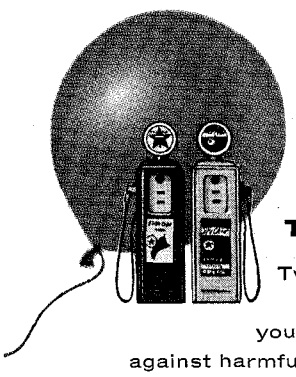
TO SAFEGUARD YOUR TRANSMISSION

Your Texaco Dealer is specially trained and skilled in caring for your automatic transmission. He will bring it up to proper level, or replace old fluid with Texaco Texamatic, in accordance with your manufacturer's recommendations.

TAKING A TRIP?

"Mr. Service" will get you free road maps with routes indicated, plus the latest highway information, from *Texaco Touring Service.* When you're on the road, stop where you see the familiar green and white Registered Rest Room sign, a convenience for you—*clean across the country.*

Another Texaco convenience: A Texaco credit card is the only one honored in all 48 states—and in Canada, too . . . wherever you see the red star with the green "T."



TO POWER YOUR ENGINE

Two great gasolines! Top Octane Texaco Sky Chief with *Petrox*—to give you all the knock-free power your engine, *new or old,* can deliver. Plus protection against harmful engine wear and deposits. Plus greater gasoline mileage. Or—famous Fire Chief—to give you lively power at the *regular* gasoline price. Both gasolines are 100% *Climate-Controlled* to give you quick starts and freedom from stalling.

TEXACO

DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts Saturday afternoons, ABC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

April **See it now**

BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM contains beard-softening oils to make shaving kinder to your skin. Leaves your face smooth and comfortable. Long-lasting, large size . . . 60¢
LATHER SHAVE CREAM. Foamy-rich and creamy . . . 65¢

AFTER SHAVE LOTION—fresh as all outdoors—adds a bracing final touch to your shaving $1.00

ELECTRIC PRE-SHAVE LOTION pre-sets your beard for a smooth, refreshing electric shave $1.00

COLOGNE FOR MEN is the choice of active men. You'll feel great with this refreshing outdoor tang . . . $1.25

AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM. Instant lather sets up whiskers for clean, smooth, easy shaves. Now . . . 79¢

AEROSOL SPRAY DEODORANT with hexachlorophene assures all-day protection for the active man . . . . 98¢

AFTER SHAVE TALCUM—an invisible shade that's extra fine. In a handy new squeeze bottle . . . . . 75¢

MIST DEODORANT—an anti-perspirant that gives all-day protection . . . . 79¢
DEODORANT STICK . . . 98¢

DELUXE HAIR OIL neatly tames unruly hair . . . 69¢

VITA HAIR TONIC conditions, gives hair lustre with a "natural" look. Grease-

REXALL *presents the new* STAG

Here's the choice of America's active men. With new STAG you'll look better . . . and you'll feel better, too. That's because new STAG'S wind-swept tang—clean as all outdoors—gives a lift to your spirit as well as your appearance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's new from REXALL

New STAG Introductory Offer Saves You 35¢

you get:

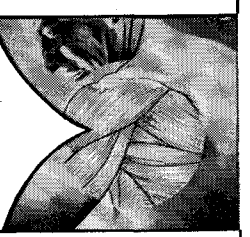
STAG AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM 6-oz. size
STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION 3-oz. size

A $1.54 value Now Only $1.19

Here's your chance to enjoy new STAG—at an exceptional saving. Find out how smooth and easy shaving can be with instant lather STAG AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM. Then add a final touch with a refreshing and cooling "pickup" of STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION. And be sure to get this new STAG Special soon. Offer is good only for the month of April.

it's New

REXALL ANNOUNCES A NEW MEDICAL DISCOVERY THAT GOES THRU THE SKIN TO KILL PAIN WHERE IT HURTS



GET THRU™ TO THE PAIN
As you've never before been able to do

2 oz. $1.49

- Begins To Penetrate Within 30 Seconds
- Gets Inside Aching Tissues
- Won't Irritate or Burn Skin

Now—get quick relief from muscular aches, and temporary relief from minor arthritic pains! Smooth a few drops of *Thru* on the aching area, as directed. Within 30 seconds, a special lipophilic agent starts taking Thru's pain deadening ingredients thru the skin—to kill pain right where it hurts!

Beauty News From CARA NOME

It's NEW!
Cara Nome's popular Radiance Powder in new, compressed form. 6 radiant shades, each, $1.25
It's ½ PRICE!
Big 2-oz. Cara Nome Cream Deodorant, reg. $1.00, now 50¢
It's GIANT SIZE!
Gives you as much as 2 of the small size; costs 61¢ less! 11 oz., just $1.89
CARA NOME
Cream Deodorant
CARA NOME
fast SET
NO LACQUER
FOR FAST PIN CURLS

CARA NOME RADIANCE COMPACT POWDER smooths on evenly and naturally without "caking"! Shades to match every complexion tone, each in a pretty pink plastic compact.

CARA NOME CREAM DEODORANT, delicate anti-perspirant keeps you protected from bath to bath. Like all Cara Nome beauty aids, it's made from the purest, mildest ingredients.

CARA NOME FAST SET HAIR SPRAY conditions with lanolin, leaving hair soft, not stiff. Holds curls for days. Rexall guarantees all Cara Nome toiletries to please you, or your money back.

it's New

REXALL TABLE SWEET

¼ pt. 89¢

YOUR TASTE CAN'T TELL IT FROM SUGAR

Here at last is a *liquid* that sweetens like sugar, tastes like sugar, but has no calories and leaves no sugar-substitute taste!

Table Sweet blends instantly in beverages, sweetens fruits and cereals evenly, and keeps its sweetening power in cooking.

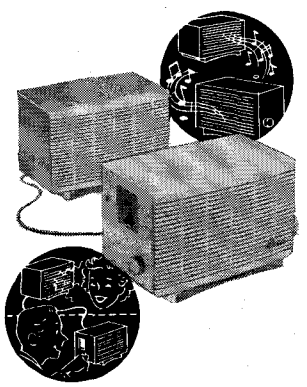
Put this smart decanter on the table proudly—no bowl to fill, no granules to spill, no tablets to stir. You'll *like* Table Sweet. It's another Rexall exclusive. Pt., $2.98

NOTHING TO BUY—NO WORK TO DO!

WIN ONE OF 6000 SYLVANIA 2-WAY INTERCOM RADIOS

JUST FOR ASKING YOUR DRUGGIST TO TELL YOU ABOUT REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS

You'll get your entry slip for the intercom radio drawing—just for *asking* about Rexall Super Plenamins, America's largest-selling multi-vitamin product. Super Plenamins give you 11 vitamins and 12 minerals in 1 daily tablet, at low cost. Bottle of 144, $7.95; 72, $4.79; 36, $2.59. Super Plenamins Junior, for children: Bottle of 144, $5.49; 72, $3.29; 36, only $1.79.



It's a radio! It's a 2-room music system! It's an intercom that lets you talk between any 2 rooms in the house, keep an ear on the children, or call the family. And it's yours free, if you win! Enter now. Contest ends midnight April 20, 1957 and is subject to state and local laws.

YOUR HEALTH IS OUR BUSINESS. Your Rexall Druggist brings you modern, efficient prescription service, dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.

These suggested retail prices are effective through April 30, 1957 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, California.

Rexall

You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can **SEE** the Difference in a **DORMEYER !**

Here's the only portable mixer with **9** full-powered speeds!

It's a totally new kind of portable. It's the new 1957 Dormey . . . completely redesigned and styled like a new car! Comes in white, pink, turquoise or yellow with chrome trim.

Dormeyer exclusive—9 speeds! It's the first portable mixer that gives you as many useful speeds as a standard mixer, the biggest, fastest whipping beaters of any portable!

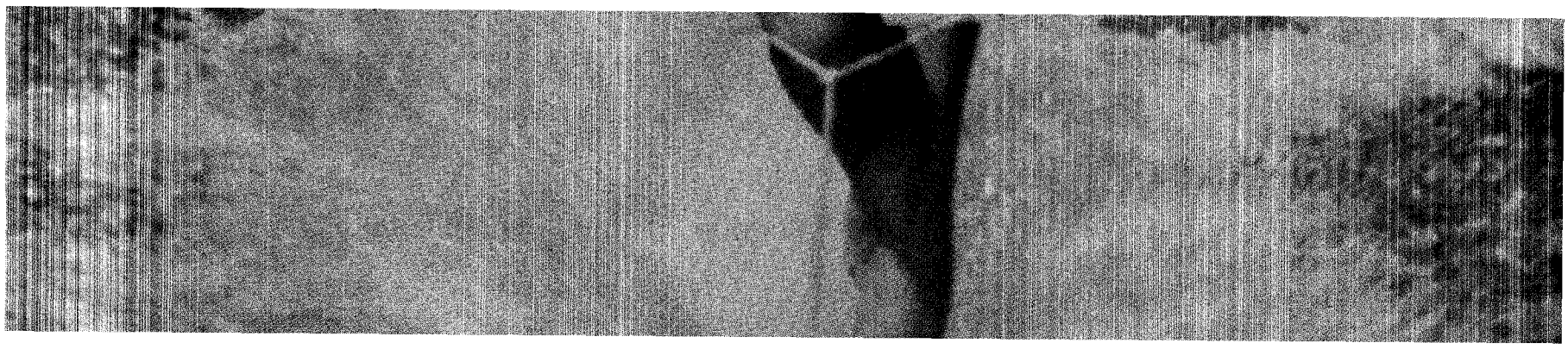
Convenient—Stands Upright. No mess when you stop mixing to add ingredients. Dormey stands on end—beaters drain into mixing bowl. Has automatic beater release.

Stores in a drawer. You won't want to put it out of sight, but isn't it nice to know this compact, light weight, portable can be tucked away in a drawer. It's just 8″ long!

DORMEYER Matched Appliances

DORMEYER CORPORATION
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ROYAL SCOTT 40 HP. Matchless performance. Unconditionally, the finest outboard ever designed!

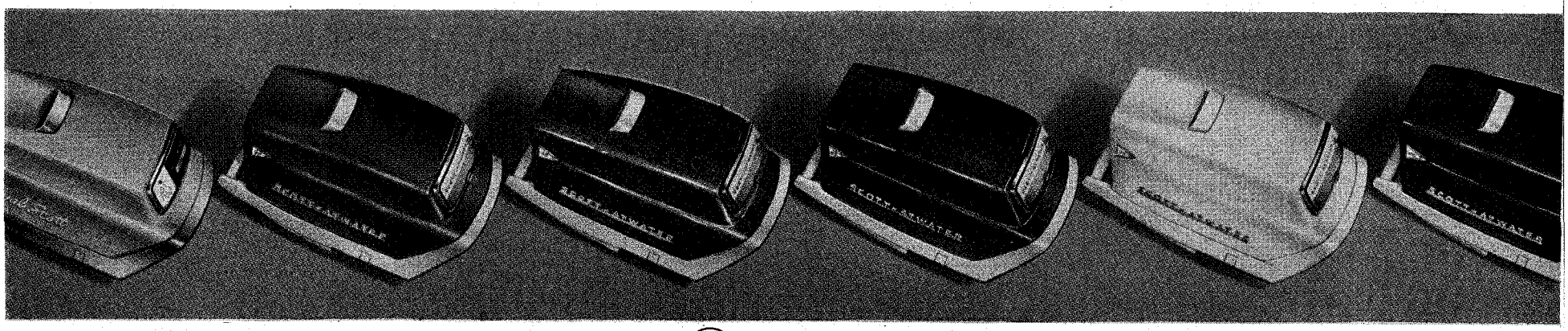
Break away from the past . . . SEE WHAT'S

NEW RAYMOND LOEWY DESIGN! Now, America's leading industrial designers give you a dashing, daring motor that will be admired for years to come. From the clean, sweeping lines of its hood to the tip of its sleek Aqua-blade lower unit, the 1957 Scott-Atwater has the "look of tomorrow"!

Bold modern styling is another pace-setting *first* brought to you by Scott-Atwater—*first* outboard to bring you a full line of gearshift motors—*first* with Bail-a-Matic, the pump that bails your boat automatically!

NEW CHOICE OF COLORS! Now you can match or accent your boat with your new Scott-Atwater. Choose from five dramatic hood colors: Seagull White, Yachtsman Grey, Aqua Blue, Fleet Red or Mahogany Brown. Sand Dune Gold on Royal Scott exclusively.

These handsome hoods are molded of durable, sound-smothering fiberglass that helps reduce motor noise. They team up with Scott-Atwater's vibration-deadening Hush-spring Mount and underwater Aquamute Exhaust to give you wonderfully quiet outboarding.



SCOTT-ATWATER MANUFACTURING CO. A DIVISION OF McCULLOCH MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VERSATILE 7½ HP. Scott-Atwater offers you a wide choice of outstanding outboards from 3.6 to 40 hp!

NEW IN OUTBOARDS!

NEW 40 HORSEPOWER! You'll be king of the waters with a great new Royal Scott—the most powerful, most advanced twin-cylinder motor afloat!

You'll get faster, more dependable starting with the new, 12-volt electrical system and aircraft-type generator that keeps your battery charged (exclusive battery box included). An electric fuel pump eliminates hand priming. And a remarkable new Economizer carburetor cuts fuel consumption up to 34%!

The Royal Scott boasts the added luxury of turn-key starting (just like your new car!) as well as a distinctive gold and platinum finish and engraved owner's name-plate. One look and you'll see that never before was there an outboard like this!

NEW 7.5 HORSEPOWER. If you'd like a smaller, lower-priced motor for all-around fun, choose the spirited 7½ hp. This easy-to-carry, easy-to-handle outboard is light in weight, yet its high-compression engine packs sizzling power for its size. New steel reed valves give you instant response to the throttle and slow, smooth trolling.

Stop in at your nearest Scott-Atwater dealer's anywhere in the U.S. or Canada; see his full line of exciting new outboards: 3.6, 5, 7.5, 10, 16 and 40 hp.*

Prices start at $121.25 (factory list). A liberal trade-in allowance, plus an exclusive Time Pay Plan makes it easy for you to enjoy the thrills of outboarding at its best!

For free, full-color booklet with complete details, write: Scott-Atwater Mfg. Co., Dept. P-47, Minneapolis 13, Minn.

Horsepower certified by OBC.

SCOTT·ATWATER

...pace-setting PERFORMANCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's why your family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM — *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

Can you—or your family—always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. You'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. That's why so many families use *only* Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Premier Mollet at the White House: A handclasp symbolizes a national friendship. Will it endure?

Is France Still Our Ally?

The French are hopping mad.

They say our Middle East policy is ruining them.

A Post editor

reports from Paris.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

PARIS.

It has become a painful thing, for those of us who live and work in Paris, to be invited to a French home for an evening. Sooner or later, it is bound to happen: you are singled out for the attack. For the next hour and a half you will be busy parrying thrusts from every direction, doing your patriotic best upholding the political behavior of the United States in which most Frenchmen see the source of all their troubles.

It's worth the effort. At no time since World War II has the prestige of the United States been lower in this (Continued on Page 95)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The idol of Ohio females delivering her "incredible mixture of acid and treacle" into a flower-decked microphone for the Fifty-Fifty Club.

The Lady Lays Down the Law

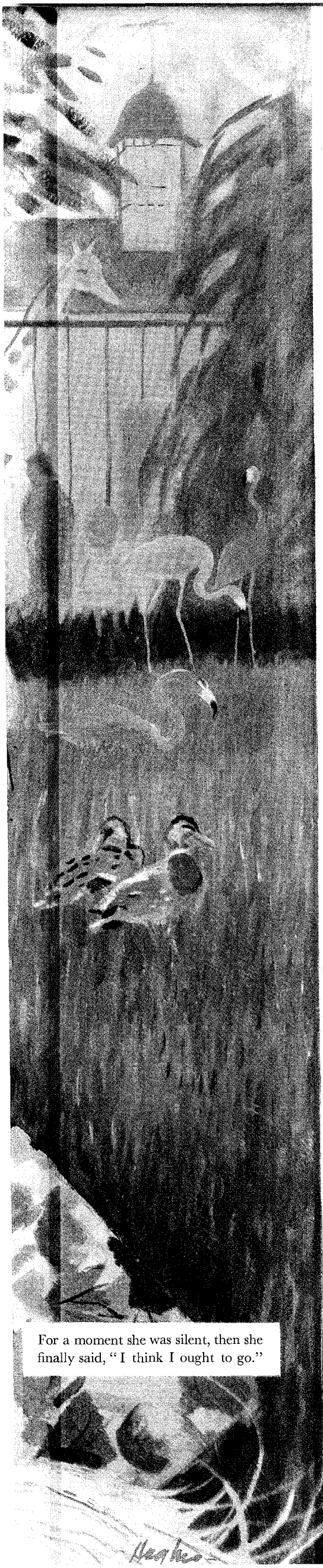
By JAMES A. MAXWELL

Ruth Lyons of Cincinnati dictates to her devoted TV fans on everything from husbands to cooking. She's one of the most influential housewives alive.

Photographs by Larry Fried

Ruth chooses a victim from her audience, to praise or browbeat, as the mood strikes her. Once she called a lady guest's hairdo "awful," rearranged it before the cameras.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For a moment she was silent, then she finally said, "I think I ought to go."

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Juliet Arden could solve any problem of the heart—except her own.

The Business of Love

By VIVIAN CONNELL

It was the lady giraffe at the zoo who introduced me to the honey blonde. The lady giraffe was posing for a guy in a pink smock who had a movie camera. The honey blonde was studying the lady giraffe and I was studying the honey blonde. I had seen the honey blonde getting into a cab on Lincoln Avenue and I chased her in a second cab and found myself in the zoo. I watched her as she sketched or made notes on animals, but she never looked my way. The lady giraffe swung her neck and moved her basic line just like a mannequin on the runway, and at last I spoke to the honey blonde.

"She's a model," I said, looking at the lady giraffe.

"Yes," murmured the honey blonde and then glanced up in surprise.

"What is your business?" I asked, to keep it going.

"Love is my business," she answered, and looked at me with cool blue Smith College eyes in a Mona Lisa face. She moved down the lane by the pits and cages, and I went along with her. She stopped and looked at the hippopotamus a long time and then she spoke. "There's a lot of the hippopotamus in everybody."

I don't know whether she spoke to me or herself, but I stayed along with her. We stopped at the cage of an animal like a Brobdingnagian schmoo which gazed at us out of ancient eyes and opened his jaws in a Gargantuan yawn.

The honey blonde took out her mirror and looked at her face and sighed. "He's right. We all look the same now."

There was a seat under a tree, and I said, "Can't we sit down? I can't keep up with you." Those blue eyes paused on me. "I mean I can't keep up with your mind."

The rustic seat was in front of an aviary of parakeets and right away they all began talking in a Brooklyn accent, jabbing their beaks in our direction. "Ignore them," she said. "Then they'll get tired of talking about us."

She had beautiful legs, but I kept my mind on her face, and that was easy. I took it slowly.

"Come here often?"

"Yes."

"Studying animals?"

"No; people."

"You mean, in the cages?"

"Yes."

"Animals aren't people."

"I thought you said the lady giraffe was a model."

That stopped me. She was dead right. I asked her quietly, "Tell me, what is your work? What do you do?"

"I've told you. Love is my business."

She handed me a plain white card. I looked at it.

JULIET ARDEN
Love, Incorporated LINCOLN AVENUE

I didn't know what to say, so I said, "Can I be a client?"

"Certainly. If we can help you and if you are accepted."

"When do I get accepted?"

"When you pay the fee."

"And how much is that?"

"One hundred dollars."

I reached for my wallet, and her voice was cool. "All business is done in the office. That is, if you have a problem."

"Oh, problem!" I smiled. "I am Problems."

I handed her my business card.

LANCELOT SMITH
Problems, Inc. Lincoln Avenue

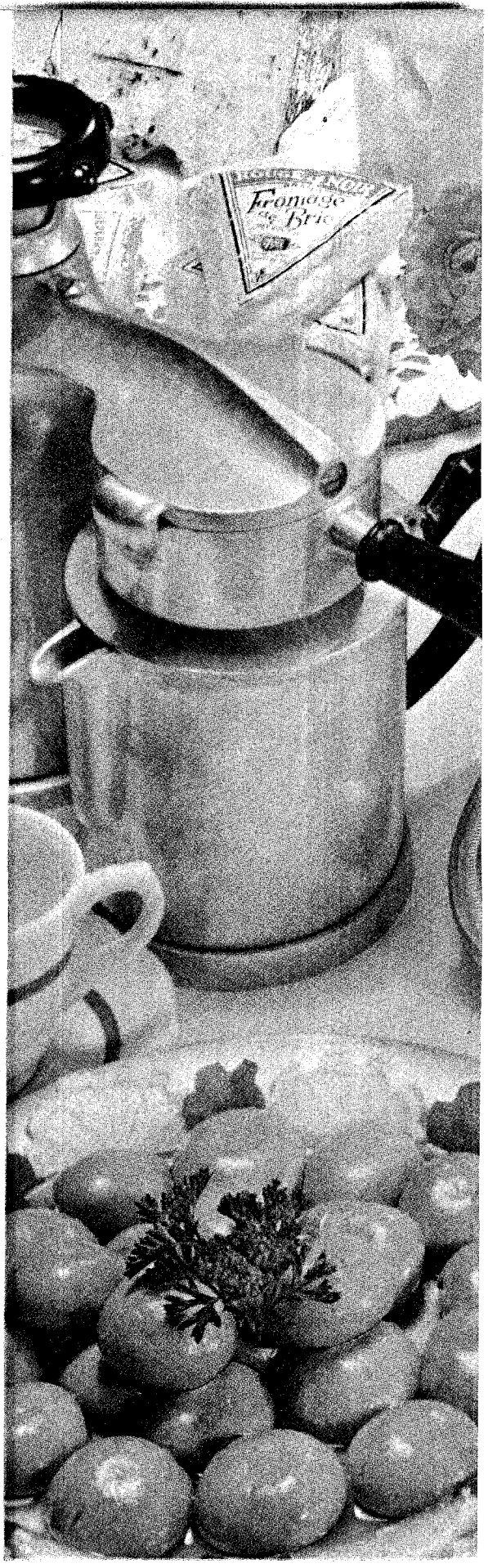
(Continued on Page 54)

Illustrated by George Hughes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Eat Like a Movie Star

Chasen the genial host. In his early days as a restaurateur he did the marketing, cooking, serving, dishwashing and bookkeeping himself.



Dave Chasen, an ex-vaudeville comic, turned a chili parlor into one of Hollywood's busiest—and most expensive—restaurants. Here are his recipes.

By JOEL SAYRE

Busy with knife and fork at a table at Chasen's in Hollywood not long ago, J. Edgar Hoover paused long enough to announce, "In my opinion, this is one of the two best restaurants in the United States." On the subject of food, the opinions of the director of our Federal Bureau of Investigation are in no way to be snickered at. He is a seasoned and wide-ranging *Feinschmecker:* when not bringing evildoers to book, he investigates restaurants and pursues new taste sensations with almost the same relentless zeal he exercises against the underworld.

Mr. Hoover refused to disclose what other restaurant he considered the best in America. This was probably because he didn't want to hurt feelings at Le Pavillon, Twenty One or the Colony in New York; the Locke-Ober Café in Boston; Chicago's Pump Room; Antoine's or Galatoire's in New Orleans; San Francisco's El Prado or Bardelli's; the Scandia in Los Angeles or at any of the other nationally famed shrines dedicated to well-heeled eating which he visits from time to time when duty and chance permit.

Not having been around as much as J. Edgar Hoover has, I am not equipped to rate the rung of Chasen's on the nation's gustatory ladder. I do know, however, that it has been thrilling to watch its development and growth over the past two decades. I am proud to be not only an old friend of Dave Chasen's but one of his original customers, for I was there the night he opened for business under the alias of the Southern Pit Barbecue.

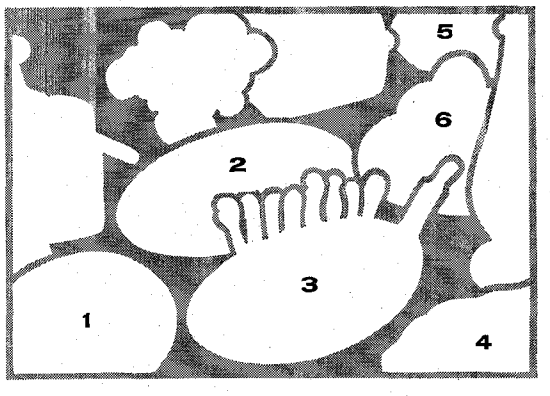
The only thing even vaguely Southern about the Southern Pit Barbecue was the fact that Chasen had been born in Odessa, a seaport in Russia's southwest. Actually the Pit wasn't so much a restaurant as it was a chili parlor with boozing facilities. (All drinks thirty-five cents.) Housed in a small, one-story, box-like, stucco-smeared structure, it had a single

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stove in its tiny kitchen, and the chili dispensary contained six tables, an eight-stool counter and a six-stool bar. On gala nights, when there might be as many as fifty people in the place, Dave would wonder if he ought to send the bus boy home to make room.

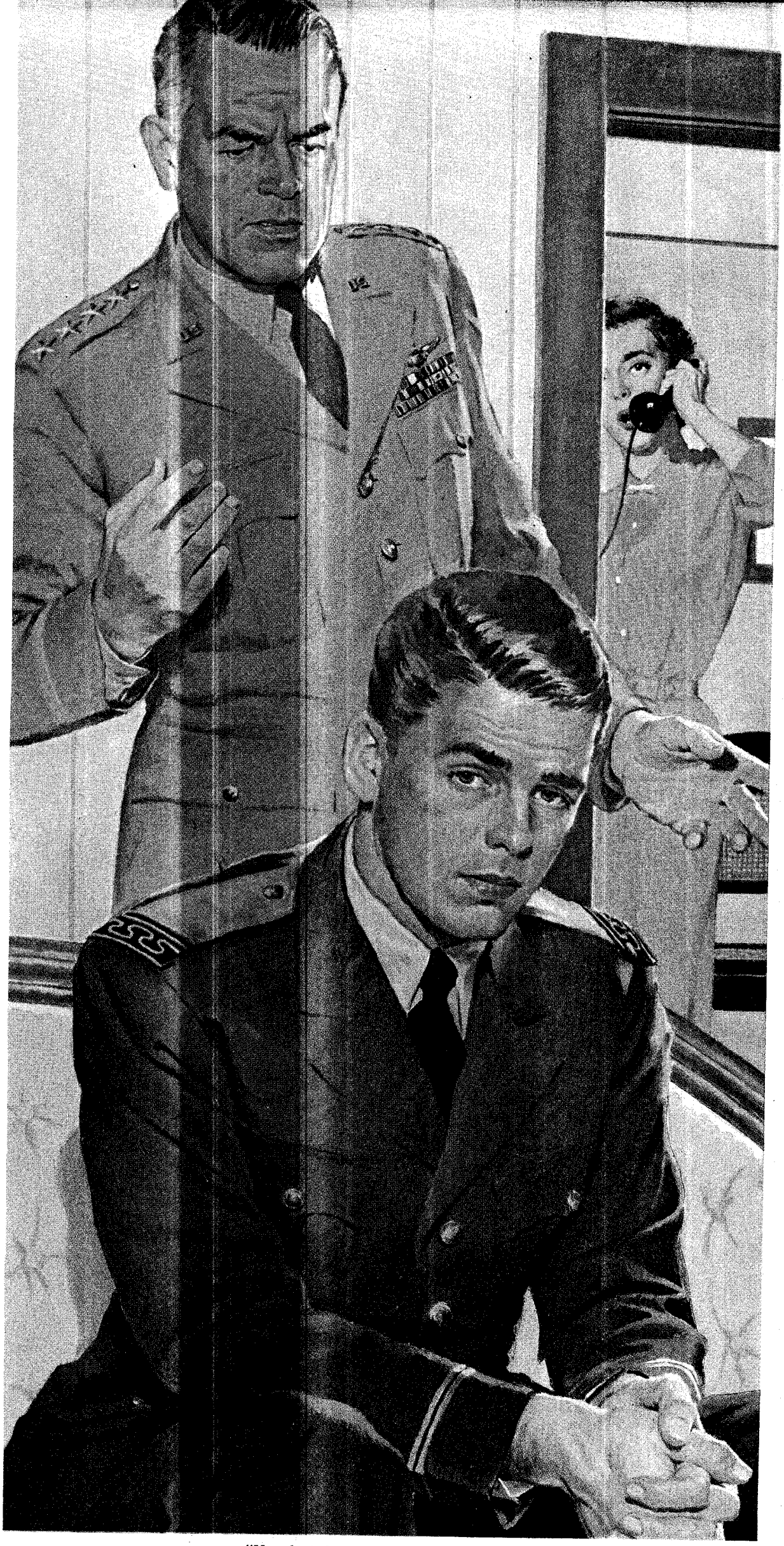
In addition to the bus boy, the staff consisted of the bartender, John Dionne, a tall, smiling Connecticut Yankee of French ancestry, who was chary of revealing his surname in those days, for fear of Class Z kidding about the Quintuplets; a part-time dishwasher; and Chasen. Short, slight, but a very bouncy fellow, Dave did all the cooking, most of the serving, the rest of the dishwashing, often aided behind the bar, kept the books, functioned as host with the greeting and seating—and seemed, somehow, to accomplish all these simultaneously. He also took care of the marketing, but this was not, at that time, one of his more complex concerns, since there were only two dishes on the nonexistent menu: chili at a quarter a bowl and barbecued spareribs at thirty-five cents per pair.

Made by a secret formula from the old southwest (Down Crimea Way) the chili was sheer manna—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt once wrote from the White House for the recipe—and the ribs were delicious. The steadfastness of a certain hard (Continued on Page 140)



1. Champignons à la Grecque.
2. Filet of Sole Dugléré. **3.** Rack of Lamb Bouquetière. **4.** Stuffed Zucchini Provençale.
5. Spinach Salad à la Chasen.
6. Coupe Alexander.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"You don't have to hide, Bud," the general said harshly.

The General's Disgrace

By NORMAN KATKOV

He had a quarter century of honorable service behind him. Now his own son was a deserter.

As he reached the front door of their rented Washington home to face the reporters and photographers who waited outside that morning, Gen. Harry King, four stars on each shoulder and twenty-six years of service on his back, managed a smile for his wife, whom he had kissed good-by a moment before.

From the foot of the stairs, Jane said, "Good luck, darling," and from somewhere his son said, "Dad, wait."

The general didn't move. His hand was on the doorknob, but motionless, as though someone had suddenly put a gun to his temple.

He really believed he was hearing things until Jane came forward whispering, "Bud—Bud, where are you?"

Bud said, "Here, in the dining room."

Still the general didn't move. Bud was fifteen hundred—more than fifteen hundred miles away, a second-year cadet in the Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs, Colorado, and this was the District of Columbia. And the dining-room door was open an inch or two and Harry King forgot completely that today was the most important day of his life.

The general practically leaped across the parlor, to be joined by Jane, who closed the dining-room door behind them while Harry King faced his only child, studying him as though wanting proof the boy was well.

"Are you all right, son?" the general asked.

Jane took Bud's hand and touched his face with her fingers. "It's all right," she assured him as the doorbell rang.

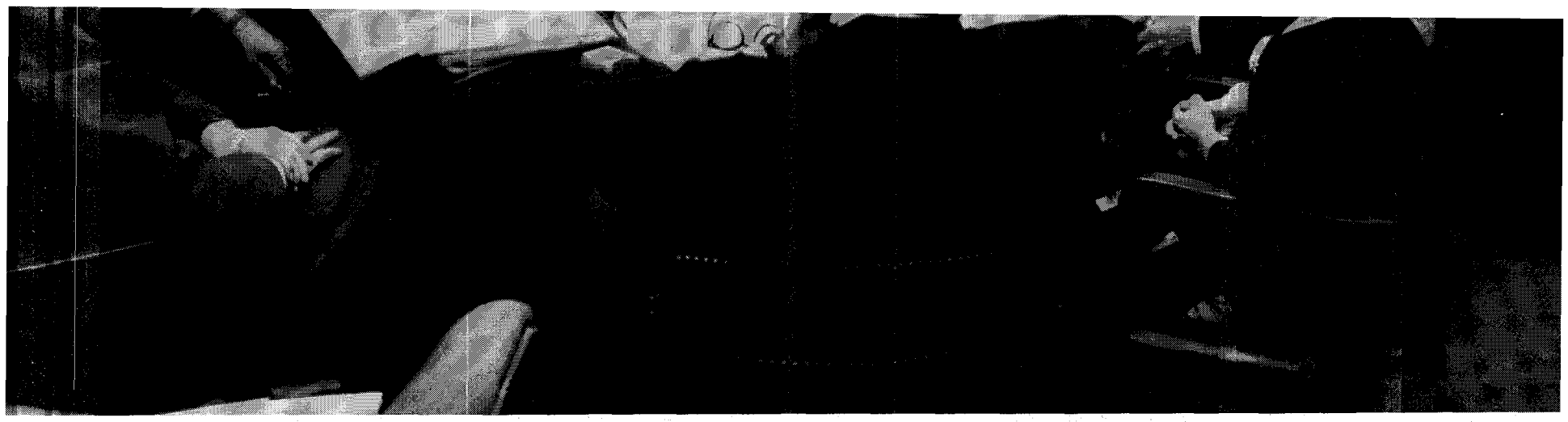
"Dad, I just ran," the boy said. He looked very tired in his cadet uniform.

"Yes, but are you all right?" the general asked again.

"There's nothing wrong with me," Bud said, "except that I ran. I was just flunking, so I went over the hill. I'm

(Continued on Page 100)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ruth sits at the right hand of the Crosley Broadcasting Company president as the management group meets. She is one of the real powers in the organization.

At exactly noon on Monday through Friday each week, the normal noise level of a sizable section of the Midwest shows a sharp decrease. The whir of vacuum cleaners comes to a whining halt, the hiss of steam irons dies away and an astounding number of telephone calls come to an abrupt "call you back later" termination.

This cessation of domestic activity is brought about by the Fifty-Fifty Club, a ninety-minute television program which originates from the Crosley Broadcasting Company's WLW-T in Cincinnati and is also carried by subsidiary stations in Dayton and Columbus, Ohio. To thousands of women in these areas, viewing the Fifty-Fifty Club is less a diversion than a rite. Their intense dedication to Ruth Lyons, high priestess of the show, is a phenomenon which, after fourteen years—six of them on radio—continues to astound and to mystify completely most observers who are not members of the cult. Daily, her devotees outnumber the combined audience of all competing programs. In addition, exactly 100 fans per day, or about 26,000 annually, come to the studio to witness the broadcast, and tickets for these performances—at $1.25 each to pay for the lunch which precedes the show—are sold out three years in advance.

Numbers, however, tell only a minor part of the story of Ruth Lyons' impact on Midwestern culture and economics. Of far greater significance are the emotional adoption papers which her followers have taken out on her.

Comedian Jerry Lester, for example, learned that being sharp with Ruth in Ohio is akin to making slurring remarks about the battle of Bunker Hill at a meeting of the D.A.R. Lester was in Cincinnati to promote his television show and, like most traveling celebrities with such a mission, he was scheduled to appear on Ruth's program. He was late and, when Ruth reproved him mildly, he made some condescending remarks about her show and told Ruth that she "apparently had not been on television very long." (Continued on Page 110)

Cincinnati's Mayor Charles P. Taft (brother of the late Senator Robert Taft) does a spot on Ruth's show. Other notable visitors have included Victor Borge, Steve Allen and Gloria Swanson.

Ruth's husband, Herman Newman, and their daughter, Candy: "I have two major interests," says Ruth, "my family and my job, in that order."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left: The author plays his accordion for his old friend. "I have never been so nakedly aware of the importance of one human individual as in the moment when Walter Kussy swore fealty to our flag and became a citizen of our Republic."

Kussy (left, below) at work as a pipe fitter. "When America allowed him, an alien, to do this, he knew America trusted him. What greater satisfaction could there be than to join the ceaseless construction that has never stopped since the first settler took tools in hand?"

By PAUL SCHUBERT

The Man Who Was Born Twice

The story of how Communism destroyed one man's spirit... and how the clean air of freedom restored his dignity and self-respect.

The man I used to know over in Europe was a champion—a natural athlete, the fastest sprinter in Czechoslovakia. To this aptitude he had added discipline and years of work and training until he was a pentathlon champion—best all-round man in five track and field events. Then he turned to skiing and became one of the best ten in Europe, with a shelf full of medals and trophies for downhill, slalom and especially cross-country, the tough up-hill-and-down-dale race over Alpine terrain.

He did this without outside help, coaching himself in a prodigious solitary effort. He came out of World War I penniless, engulfed by the national defeat of his country, Austria. At seventeen he had been an officer in the Imperial Army, leader of a shock platoon. At eighteen he lost emperor and flag and became a citizen of the new Czechoslovak Republic, which splintered away from the old empire.

He worked his way through college in Berlin, finishing a four-year course with honors in two years. He chose physical education as his career, but you couldn't earn a living as a physical educator in the '20's. So he worked as a draftsman and estimator in a big industrial plant in Brno, Czechoslovakia, earning less than ten dollars a week, and did his athletics as a side line. He kept in training by running through the streets of Brno on his way to and from the factory. People stared at the ascetic-looking young man in wing collar and neat but threadbare clothing running over the cobblestones, but what difference did that make?

In the '30's, when I knew him, he had become a big-time trainer, the equivalent of a successful American football coach. He headed a small sports club called the Altbrünner Sports Gemeinde, whose members won an enviable percentage of Czechoslovakia's athletic events. Wealthy people paid him fancy prices to take them to the Alps on ski expeditions, but he coached the A.S.G. club members for love, giving time (Continued on Page 129)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Licked My Jinx

By JACK BURKE, JR., *as told to* Charles Price

After 16 frustrating years on the pro golf circuit, this ex-boy-wonder finally hit the jack pot. Here he reveals why he almost became a has-been in his twenties.

The author tees off at the Texas Open a few weeks ago. Looking back over his career, he says, "The real tragedy in being a whiz kid is the high cost it exacts."

Burke (right) with Jimmy Demaret, his "big brother" in the golf world ever since Jackie was a ten-year-old novice.

Ielene, Jack and the three youngsters at their suburban Houston home. "Somehow, my marriage and my outside interests have allowed my golf game to take its proper place in life," he says.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Masters coat": Burke gets a hand with the traditional green jacket from Cary Middlecoff after taking the 1956 Masters Tournament. At right, the great Bobby Jones.

I first played golf when I was six. By the time I was eleven I was breaking eighty. At twelve I was breaking seventy. At sixteen I was playing in the National Open. At eighteen, when I was head pro at the Galveston Country Club in Texas, I played the course in sixty-five, sixty-four and sixty-three. That last score is a record that stands to this day.

In 1946, after four years in the Marine Corps, I joined the tournament circuit. I had hardly got my Argyles dirty before old pros were touting me as the brightest prospect they had ever seen. I hadn't been on the circuit two years before Golf World magazine prophesied that I'd be another Ben Hogan. Soon even Hogan himself and such pros as Sam Snead and Byron Nelson were putting themselves out on a limb about me.

Lloyd Mangrum went out so far it looked as though he'd never get back; he still may not. "What do they mean, he's going to be a great player?" Lloyd said to one writer. "He already is a great player. He just has to go through the formality of winning a few championships."

But I went ten years on the circuit without winning any of the big-name tournament victories that had been predicted for me. Actually, a pro could go through his entire career without ever coming close to winning an event like the championship of the Professional Golfers' Association or the Masters Tournament, which takes place this week at the Augusta National Golf Club in Georgia. When I won both these tournaments last year, the reaction of the average golf fan was that I was long overdue.

Most of the younger pros win tournaments that nobody expects them to win. But because of the build-up I've had, I've been in the position of trying to win tournaments that nobody expected me to lose. At thirty-four, despite my victories in the Masters and the PGA last year, a number of fans still consider me something of a flop. I'd probably have to win a hatful of National Opens or do something equally Hogan-like to change their minds.

Gene Littler found himself in the same spot in 1955, when (Continued on Page 132)

Burke obliges young fans in the rain after the Texas Open. He once snubbed an autograph seeker, and now admits he used to be as "high-strung as an operatic tenor."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For her sake, he had to stop seeing her.

FUGITIVE FROM ROMANCE

By JOHN REESE

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

It was late afternoon when Sam Cuming, hot and tired after his ride up from Toledo, parked his motor scooter in front of his Madrid hotel. It was one of the finest hotels in Spain, but it was not the scooter that provoked the hostile look on the face of Ignacio, the uniformed doorman. Motor scooters were as acceptable here, socially speaking, as new black sedans in America. No, it was Sam himself, not his means of locomotion, that was unwelcome.

For an instant, Sam was intimidated. Then he felt in his pocket for his papers, which proclaimed him a sovereign American elector, duly inoculated against smallpox, typhoid and paratyphoid, and entitled to the succor of the fleet no matter which party had a majority. Some of his self-assurance returned.

"Take good care of Baby," he said. "Those Toledo hills are murder, and she's a tired little *motocicleta*."

"*Sí, señor*," said Ignacio. "Is it perhaps your intent to resume residence here?"

"Resume?" said Sam. "I never gave up my room. This was just a one-day trip."

Ignacio was a big, dignified, middle-aged man. His face, like his uniform, would have done credit to an admiral. This Ignacio was no mere servitor. In more than a figurative sense he was a front man whose every expression reflected the official attitude of the management.

"Excuse me, Señor Cuming," he said, "but would it not be enjoyable to try another hotel? Here we are crowded and noisy, and if one seeks the true serenity of Spain ——"

"One doesn't," said Sam, "and if you're trying to make me feel like a gate crasher, Ignacio, it won't work."

Out of habit, he glanced up the street. Sure enough, here came a tiny Italian car driven by a plump, middle-aged man in a green suit and green cap. His small, shrewd eyes flicked like a wasp over the scene in front of the hotel. Ignacio flinched and turned pale.

The car vanished in the swarming traffic of the Gran Via, but Sam would have known it anywhere. He had seen it today in Toledo. Yesterday it had followed him to Segovia; the day before to Avila. Last week that same gimlet-eyed man had first attracted his attention by trailing him all the way to Pamplona and back, in that same midget car.

Detectives had a look, regardless of nationality. Sam could always identify the two who were shadowing him. The man in the green suit, green cap and Italian car followed him every time he took to the highways on Baby. This man, Sam had come to call No. 1.

No. 2 was a youth with athletic shoulders, huge brown eyes and a mop of curly brown hair. He trailed Sam only about Madrid, and Sam had a feeling that he was the senior of the two in rank. He had been aware of the two men's surveillance for over a week now. How much longer than that it had been going on he had no idea.

Nor did he know why he was under suspicion. He regarded himself as the most innocent of tourists, but Spain was, after all, a dictatorship, and a free-and-easy American might give offense without being aware of it. Still, he could not recall a single word, act or gesture that could be deemed offensive. As for real crime—why, that was still more absurd.

He looked helplessly back at Ignacio. He had always thought of the doorman as his friend. Until the last day or two they had always chatted a few moments here in front of the hotel. Ignacio liked to practice his rather florid English, and he could be extremely helpful about interesting places and how to get to them.

Now the police, by invading the hotel itself, had made an enemy of a man who was by nature warm and hospitable, despite his great dignity. "If the cops have anything on me, Ignacio," said Sam, "they know more about me than I do. If you know anything, can't you give me a tip?"

The doorman's face quivered. He seemed to come suddenly to a decision. Out of the corner of his mouth he said, "Why seek trouble, *señor?* Would it not be wise to leave Spain while it is still possible?"

Sam shook his head. "No, I haven't done anything and I like Spain. Any time they want me, they know where I am."

Ignacio's expression became stern again. "Very good, *señor*," he said. "I will attend the *motocicleta*."

He clapped his hands for a porter to take away Baby, the motor scooter. Sam gave up and went into the hotel. There were two letters for him. He stuffed them nonchalantly into his pocket and tried to look unconcerned as he went up in the elevator.

In his room, he locked the door and went to his bureau drawer, where, under his shirts, he kept his letters and a few miscellaneous papers. The top shirt was a white one. Under it was a sport shirt with blue stripes. He counted the stripes that showed under the edge of the white shirt.

Seven. He had carefully counted out ten before leaving for Toledo this morning. So, they had searched his room! He sat down on the bed, feeling indignant, bewildered and a little apprehensive. What did they want? Why didn't they arrest him and get it over with, whatever it was? This never being out of sight of a cop was getting on his nerves.

He opened the letter from his mother first. It was a newsy one about his father's health, the minister's new wife and two new movies she had seen. Near the end, she asked, a bit too casually, about Anita Broderick. Sam smiled. His mother was always most obvious when she was trying to be devious. She might as well have come right out and referred to Anita, whom she disliked intensely, as That Girl.

The other letter was short and startling:

Sam: Why haven't I heard from you? If you don't call me, I'm going to call you, promise or no promise. I have a feeling something is wrong. This isn't like you . . . I think.

DOTTIE

(Continued on Page 122)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"BRING ALL YOUR CANCELED CHECKS..."

More than two million Americans will be summoned to justify their income-tax returns this year. Here's what happens when they call you in.

BY CRAIG THOMPSON

It may as well be understood at the start that I got into this subject with some hesitation. I, too, am an income-tax payer. For years I have shied away from doing anything that might unnecessarily call my name to the ever-scanning eye of the Internal Revenue Service. Not that there was any real reason for fear. It was, rather, that after handing over a painful share of my earnings each year, and filing a return, I hoped that if I did nothing to make the tax collectors more aware of me, they wouldn't do anything to make me more conscious of them than I already was. Lately, however, I have been making inquiries and can report that, however widely my attitude may be shared by others, it is, like primitive man's fear of the unknown, rooted in ignorance. All of us know too little about the inner working of our Federal income-tax machinery. In truth, there is no hiding place anywhere.

Now, the tax season is once again upon us. Currently an all-time record high of more than 60,000,000 individuals, corporations, trusts and partnerships are, or recently have been, deep in the agony of rendering to Uncle Sam an accounting of the outsize tithe he annually exacts. For most of us, the pain of paying is such that it can be predicted with near-absolute certainty that one in four, or about 15,000,000 of those returns, will contain an error of more than two dollars, and in nine cases out of ten the error will favor the taxpayer. This year, as in every year, the United States Government will fail to receive billions of dollars the law says are its due.

By any comparison, 60,000,000 returns is a colossal lot of paper—more than will be found, for instance, in a library of 200,000 books. With the manpower at its disposal the Internal Revenue Service cannot subject each one or even one in four to the kind of audit that might bring in all those reluctant billions. Even if it could be done, Treasury officials are convinced that the cost would be greater than the profit. For, say they, the United States taxpayer is, in the main, a conscientious citizen whose mistakes are due more to human frailty than to fraud and who is, when compared to the taxpayers of most other countries, a paragon of honesty. These are kindly words, but the kindliness is a velvet sheath on an iron claw. With billions at stake, the Government does what it must to persuade people to be even less frail and more honest. To this end, during the next twelve months, about 2,150,000 taxpayers—roughly one in thirty—will (Continued on Page 159)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE HUSBAND'S REVOLT

By MILLICENT OSBORN

Wooley was fed up with his wife's dull parties. The time had come, he felt, to be a man. . . .

In all of Brookfield, Mrs. Wooley was known for the charm of her dinner parties and late-afternoon teas, which she gave with great frequency. They were always informal affairs, since she kept no help, but it was apparent from the simplest of these parties that a good deal of thought had gone into it.

Her house was one of the oldest in New England and it was the pride of the Wooleys that there had been no architectural change since 1780, except for the kitchen, which was modern, although they had used old pine paneling for the cupboards. The living room, which served also as dining room, must have been adequate for the original inhabitants, but had proved rather cramped for Mrs. Wooley's parties, so that she had long ago limited herself to eight for dinner, but unlimited numbers for tea outdoors.

She was a little troubled by this particular dinner party. Her carefully planned arrangements had been upset, since one of the men she had especially wanted had called and asked to be excused when it was really too late to replace him. She hated what she called a "lopsided" dinner table, and two women sitting beside each other could ruin any dinner party, she contended. She decided to have it buffet and let the guests arrange themselves as they would.

As her husband came in with the white roses he had just cut from the white-rose bed, which was their latest innovation in gardening, Margo Wooley said, "Oh, darling, aren't they beauties? Let's keep it all white. I'll use my milk-glass dishes. Let's not have another color on the table. The food will be all color! The green of the salad and my strawberry *gâteau* will look beautiful, don't you think?"

Mr. Wooley was a slight, tweedy man in his early fifties, who, having over the years shared his wife's enthusiasm for various adventures in living, agreed with (Continued on Page 89)

He was aware of all heads turned in his direction and all eyes upon him.

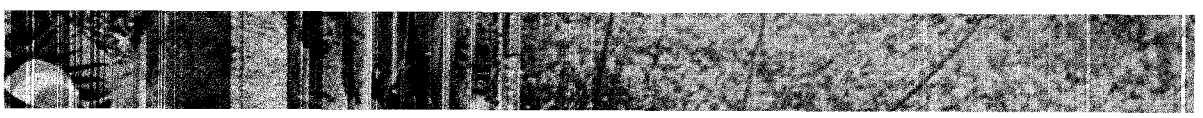
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Spring in the Smokies

Spring has sprung, and the earth adorns herself in pristine finery. Here at Walnut Bottom on Big Creek, in the North Carolina part of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, nature lovers perform traditional rites with camera and tripod. Along with almost a thousand others from twenty-seven states and five foreign countries, they motor and hike through the Annual Spring Wildflower Pilgrimage of the Great Smokies. A deep carpet of fringed phacelia soothes the weary feet of hardy enthusiasts who may tramp eleven miles horizontally and 4900 feet vertically in an afternoon, pursuing doll's-eyes (*Actaea brachypoda*) or hearts-bustin'-with-love (*Euonymus americanus*), both of which bloom in the park. Official guides accompany the tours to identify the growing things and to make sure that no one picks the flowers. © Photograph by Larry Keighley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He listened to the stories, the details. He issued orders, coaxed, threatened, translated English into Hungarian.

These people needed help now, not next week.

And they were trapped in a red-tape jungle.

FREEDOM CALLING!

By MOSSER MAUGER

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

They were expecting him. He had been coming each evening and having dinner with the judge and his grandniece, and then going back to the camp in New Jersey and working again until midnight. Sometimes much later. He was weary, and tonight defeated.

"Well, how does it go?" asked the elderly gentleman with the pince-nez, who looked astonishingly like Woodrow Wilson when he was president of Princeton. But this man was almost eighty, and this man had been a judge and was now retired and devoting himself to good works. He crossed his legs carefully, and sighed, without knowing that he sighed, as very old men sometimes do. "Well, boy?"

The young man flung himself down in the opposite chair. "It isn't going. I can't budge the Immigration inspector. I can't budge the Army. They all act as if every one of these refugees is a spy. Yes, sir, a spy!" groaned Mark Neville, glancing at the pretty niece and nodding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mark hoped he did not color, looking at her. Mark tried to make it very casual.

She smiled gaily and brought him a drink. It was some sort of fruit juice on the rocks; the old gentleman did not approve of strong drink before meals. Mark caught the pleasant fragrance of her as she came near and then withdrew quickly. Was it too quickly? Was she aware of him as he was aware of her? *Don't go wishing things, Mark*, he said to himself. *There's too much wishing in the world as it is.*

"Nonsense!" said the judge firmly. "They have to let them in; it's the law. The Government gave its word and transported them here. The President gave his word."

"That's far away. That's long weeks ago, sir," agreed Mark. "This is now, in a reclaimed swamp in New Jersey. This is a sad, broken-hearted people. I was banking on that Mr. Cummings from Washington, the State Department man. I was hoping against hope that he could shake something loose. But, hell, sir," Mark said, "it's just reports and reports and one more report." He put his glass down on the leather table top beside him and hunched eagerly forward. "Sir, the people all have sponsors in this country. They all have visa numbers. And yet Immigration detains them, on one pretext or another, detains them day after day, so they lose hope, they become bitter."

"But some do get through," said the judge calmly. His blue eyes twinkled. "Take it easy, young man. You're doing a fine job. The foundation is proud of you."

Mark sat back. He scowled even harder. He was long and lean. He had on a very good blue suit, but somehow on him it managed to look crumpled. He ran his blunt strong fingers through his hair.

He was gravely intense. He felt the heartbreak every day, that these men and women had been uprooted by tyranny from their rightful homes, their own native country, and been forced to seek homes elsewhere—here, in England and Argentina, in Brazil, everywhere; but especially here in America. He had the look of an artist. He had the look of a poet. Somehow, however, he was only strong; he could work on dull, bloodless reports. He could not express the intensity in himself in words. He heaved a breath and spread wide his hands, smiling at last. He had a boyish, engaging smile.

"That's what the chief says. Take it easy. He says I expect to move mountains in a day, and sometimes it takes two days," Mark admitted ruefully.

"Two weeks, two years perhaps," said Judge Wynstone wisely. "When you are older, you will know that time is relative. Mr. Einstein was right, you know."

Mark said, "But those people are not old—at least not many."

A door opened and the judge blinked behind his glasses (Continued on Page 81)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

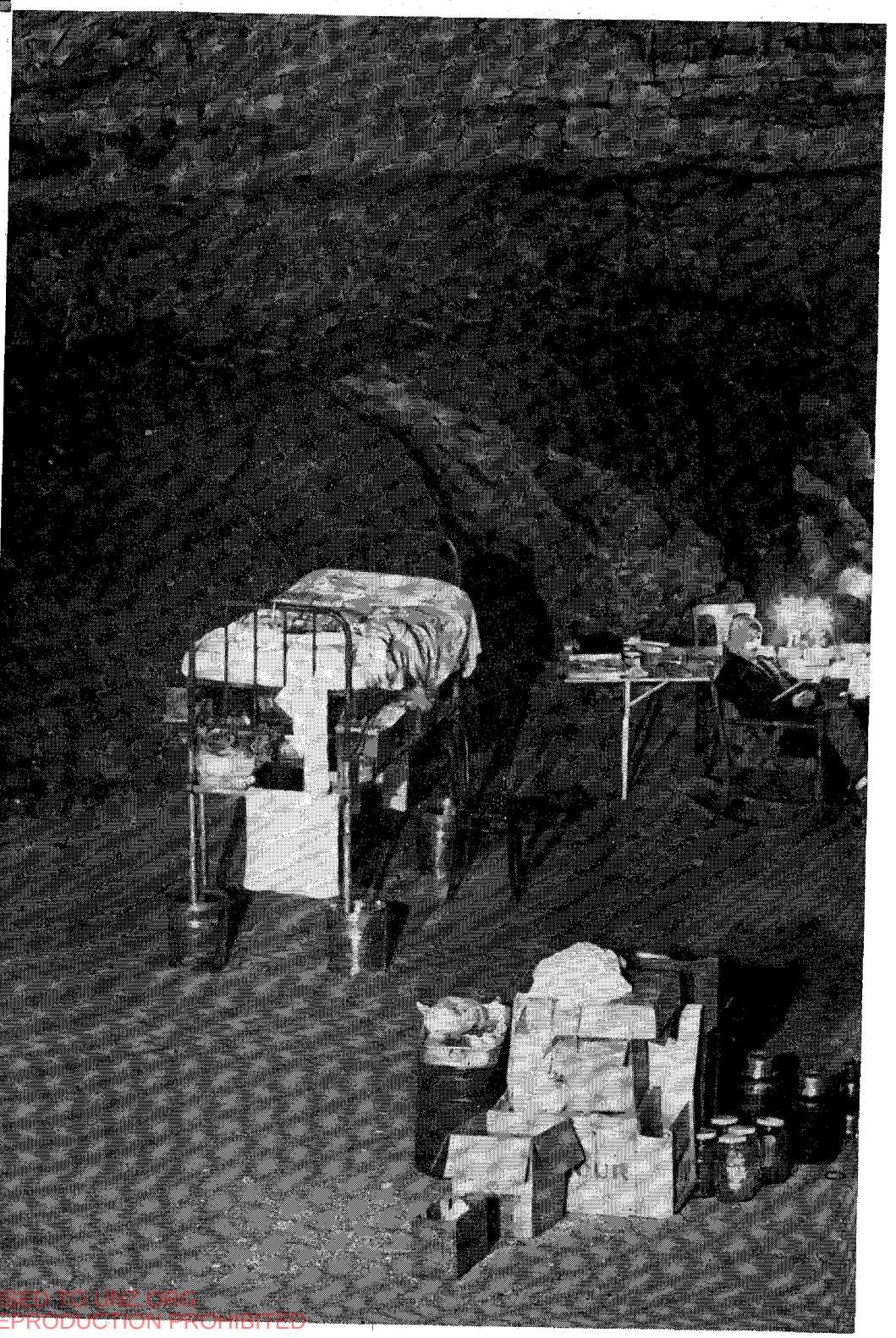
By ROBERT M. YODER

So You Think You Need Eight Hours' Sleep!

Startling new facts on how sleep—or the lack of it—affects your I.Q., job performance and general health.

Slumber specialist: Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, professor of physiology at the University of Chicago, with the electroencephalograph (EEG machine) which he uses to record brain-wave patterns during sleep.

A soldier who volunteered to stay awake for 96 hours lies on a tilt-table while an Army doctor tests reactions of his circulatory system.



Mammoth Cave, Ky., 1938: Here, 150 feet underground, Doctor Kleitman and an assistant lived on a 28-hour day for over a month.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At four o'clock in the morning, on a Midwestern highway, a car containing two men began to wander, then sped off the pavement and overturned. The passenger was killed; the driver survived.

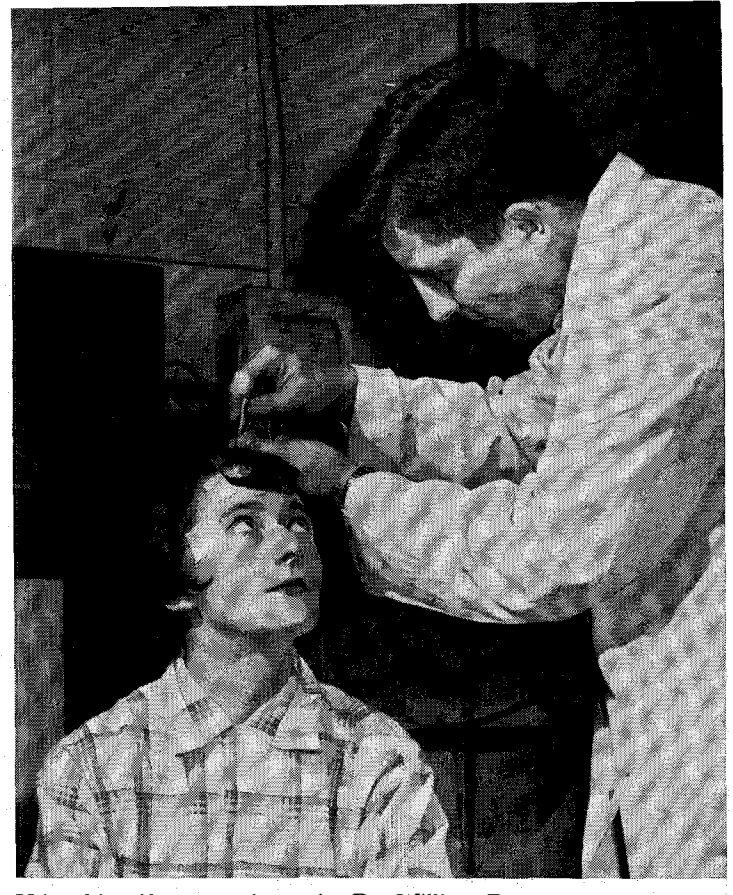
He had fallen asleep. Under the law of that state, if the driver was guilty of gross negligence he was liable in damages for his guest's death. To keep on driving, though knowing he was sleepy, would constitute negligence in the degree required. But the driver swore he hadn't even suspected he was sleepy. Sleep attacked him suddenly and heavily, he said, with no warning.

To some of the lawyers involved, this defense seemed preposterous. People don't fall asleep without getting drowsy first, they figured, and people don't get drowsy without knowing it. But the lawyers were cautious men, so they put the question to a professor of medicine. He referred them to Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, of the University of Chicago, as the man most likely to know the answer.

It has been said of this sixty-one-year-old professor of physiology that "he knows more about sleep than any other man living." This claim annoys Kleitman because it seems gaudy; besides, it brings him a lot of unwanted mail, telling him about Uncle John's snoring or complaining about the writer's insomnia. But it is a fact that Kleitman and his co-workers have been investigating sleep for thirty-four years, and have disposed of many erroneous beliefs, replacing guesses with fact. Kleitman has contributed a great deal to the modern understanding not only of sleep but of wakefulness too. He clearly qualifies as an expert.

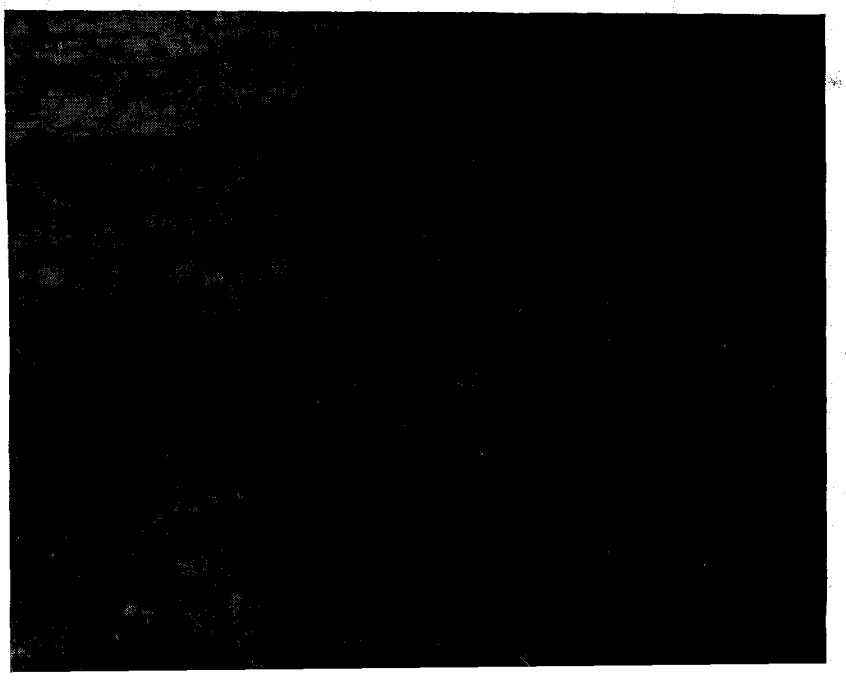
In the negligence case, Kleitman didn't give the answer the lawyers expected. It was entirely possible, he said, that the driver's story was true. Sleep is usually preceded by drowsiness, but under certain conditions it can catch a man unaware. There is a daily curve of efficiency and alertness. Commonly, the period between two and four A.M. finds these qualities at their lowest. The driver's dull state at that time could have prevented him from recognizing the oncoming of sleep.

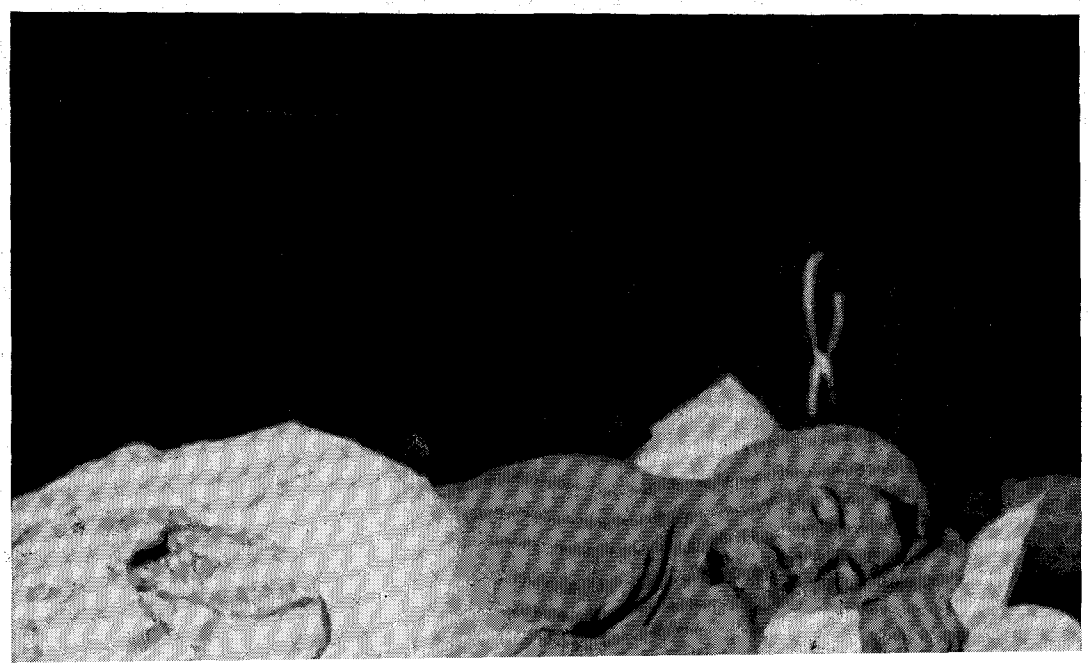
If Kleitman's answer was contrary to common understanding, so is a great deal of what he discovers, proves and says about sleep. It's not only on (Continued on Page 137)



Using his wife as a guinea pig, Dr. William Dement attaches electrical leads from the EEG machine for a sleep-research test at the University of Chicago.

Doctor Kleitman sets a "motility machine" to record the extent and frequency of his companion's sleep movements during their adaptability experiment in Mammoth Cave.





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In accordance with the judge's sentence, the killers were taken to the jailyard and hanged.

The Lady

By CONRAD RICHTER

She had vengeance on the murderers of her brother—at a terrible price.

Shortly after my father's mysterious disappearance, Ellen Sessions asked me to come live in her house. Ellen was the wife of Judge Albert Sessions, my late mother's cousin. She was also a member of the Johnson y Campo family, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in New Mexico Territory.

Cousin Albert, Ellen and their son, Willy, were vacationing at the Johnson y Campo ranch when I moved into their town house. Cousin Albert moved back to town alone the first week in September for the opening of court. I was with him the evening the sheriff reported that a cattleman named Frank Jeffcoat had been killed when, in spite of a warning by Ellen, he tried to drive a herd of cattle across the Johnson y Campo ranch.

Copyright © 1957 Conrad Richter

Ellen's brother, Charley, said he'd done the shooting, but an ugly rumor started that Ellen was the one who fired the bullet. The cattle Jeffcoat was driving belonged to lawyer J. Snell Beasley. Beasley was married to Ellen's sister, Ana, and lived next door to us, but he despised the whole Johnson y Campo clan.

At Charley's trial, Beasley insisted that he had the right, by marriage, to use the road across the Johnson y Campo ranch. The jury, however, quickly concluded that Charley was not guilty of murder, much to the disgust of Beasley and his fellow cattlemen.

That evening there was a big celebration at the house, attended by Tom Dold, the family lawyer, Doctor Gammel and many other friends of Ellen. The next day Ellen took Willy and me out to the ranch for a holiday.

II

We stayed at the ranch for nearly two weeks, school or no school, and if it was a bit long for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me, it was short for Willy and his mother. Tom Dold and Doc Gammel journeyed out from town for both weekends, along with Cousin Albert, and the evenings were lively with late dinners, wine and cards, the days with horses, hunting and game.

I was glad to get away, especially from the game dinners and the dead antelope and deer hanging in a row in the cold, dry air out of reach of the dogs and sun. Town had become somehow peaceful and civilized in my mind, and when we drove out of Ojo Canyon to the East Mesa, I felt escape from something, I didn't know quite what.

Town seemed even better as we drove into Audiencia Street and the plaza. Then we came to the white house on La Placita and saw workmen laying bricks between the two houses.

"What in the world are they doing?" Ellen asked Chepa and Ignacita, who rushed out when they saw us.

They seemed agitated and confused.

"It is to be a wall, señora," Chepa said.

"What in heaven for?"

"Señora! Doña Ana and Felicitas daren't come over any more! Not even Suplicante! They must stay over there and we must stay over here. As long as we live."

"It is to be a high wall, señora," Ignacita added.

"Seven feet up and from street to alley, Suplicante told us."

Ellen did not ask who had ordered this. We all knew. She said nothing for the moment, but as we went into the house I caught a glimpse of her face, and her cheeks and eyes were frightening.

"I didn't tell you," Cousin Albert said, when he came home from the courthouse, "because I didn't want to spoil your holiday. Snell is having his revenge now. He's working off his temper. In fact, it might turn out to be a good thing."

I often thought later on how tragically wrong he was. Perhaps he knew it even then. He may have been trying to put the best possible face on a blight that would be evident to everyone in Moro and for miles around. Certainly I was only a boy and saw it. Could it be that nothing dared be said outright about Ellen at the trial; that it was not the Western code to accuse a lady so blackly? But now, without breaking the code, without saying a word, Beasley was giving notice that he didn't feel her a fit associate for his wife and children, who were her own sister, niece and nephew.

What Ellen thought, I do not know. More than once while the men were at work on the wall, and especially when her brother-in-law came out to look it over, I saw her eyes like agates and that familiar, hard, curiously smaller look on her face, like a tightly nailed but attractive box. It was gone and in its place a kind of gay desperation when friends called.

"Do you know you take your life in your hands to come? We are on quarantine and under siege," she'd greet guests in that playful way they all knew so well.

But the wall was always there; not an idle rumor that could be lived down and forgotten, rather a monument pointing as long as it stood. Words you could reply to, and criminal charges could be defended in court, but how would you answer or disprove an ugly brick wall? Every day, when the town and ranch and mountain folk went by, there it was to see and remember, reviving the dark whispers.

I think it was when she couldn't stand the wall any more that she would drive to the ranch, and that was why during the holidays we went to Rancho Antiguo. But she always gave other reasons for going.

"Wouldn't you like a white Christmas?" she asked us as we walked home from midnight Mass. "The only snow this year is up in La Sierra. How would you like to run up and see the Pereas?"

She made it sound so easy, as if it were only an hour's drive, but I knew the Greenhorns, which she called La Sierra, were forty miles away, and the ranch of the Pereas must be farther. The morning we left, Moro was still in shadow, but far to the north the sun was already red on the snow summits. Critter kept up his trot all the way, except on some grades, when he slipped back into a running walk.

"He's resting when he does that," Willy informed me. "It's the Indian shuffle."

I had never seen anyone received as Ellen was at Rancho Antiguo, like someone of royal family. I suspected the Pereas seldom saw visitors up here near the Colorado border, but next day guests came from Trinidad, and they treated her the same. The men surrounded her, drawing out her talk and laughter. The women did the unheard-of Spanish act of listening, while I saw children watch her in a kind of wondering worship.

But if Ellen was looked up to at the Pereas', Critter was not. The Perea family was noted for raising white sheep and black horses, and they had no use for Critter's *oscuro* shade. "It's the color of the dirt," they said. Also, their horses were their chattels, not their friends. They reined them high and trained them to walk and prance in style. Critter's lounging ways, the low posture of his head and his indifference to showing spirit to order invited their contempt, and their remarks nettled Ellen.

"Why are you such a baby?" she scolded him. "You won't stay with the other horses. You have to hang around the ranch house like a spoiled child around its mother."

Whether Critter understood her, I have no notion. He looked back at her calmly, then went on grazing, but Ellen was plainly impatient with him. So that he couldn't follow us when we went to the mountains, she had him put in a corral. We saw him looking after us as we drove up into scenery more beautiful than I knew existed. The crowning point of the trip was a grassy trail through a high valley called Canyon del Espiritu Santo, or Holy Ghost Canyon, where the blue firs and red-boled pines drooped with moss, and a crystal-cold river rushed down from a snowy peak at the head of the canyon.

We came back elated from our trip, but the first thing we heard as we neared the ranch was Critter whinnying at us from where he stood with his head over the corral fence.

Early next morning I felt a hand shake me under the heavy blankets spun from native fleeces. It was Ellen saying that we must go. Sleepily, Willy begged to stay another day.

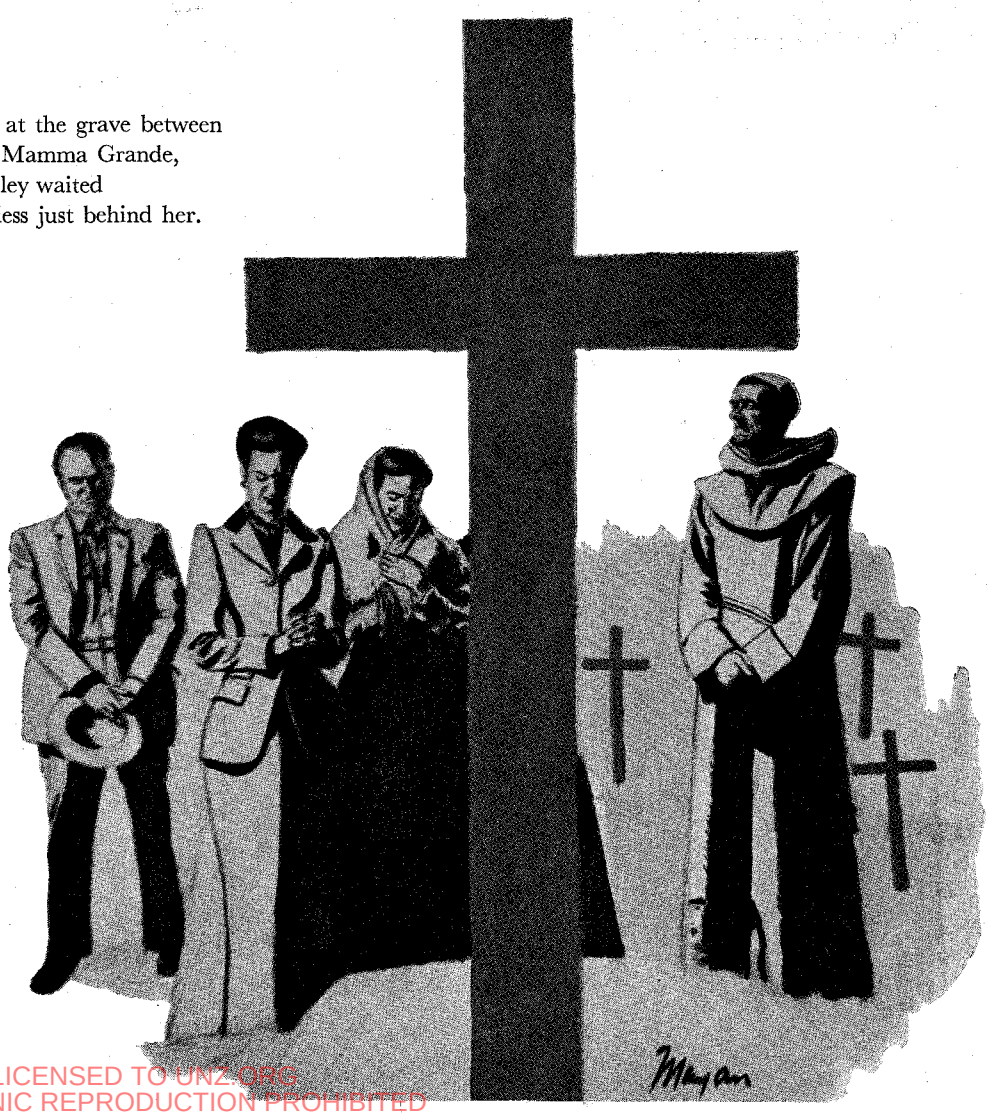
"No, it is impossible," his mother said. "We could be snowed in for weeks up here."

When we sat up we saw the snow. The ground already lay covered, and when we left we could see our tracks deep in the white road. We could also see the Pereas standing on the portal, waving after us, while far above and behind them on the mountainsides gusts of white swirled over the firs and pines.

At first it was pleasant enough racing through the snow, but after an hour or two it had grown much colder and the snow was thicker and finer, a solid white curtain closing us in. The rolling foothills that had been so pleasant when we came through them a few days before were blotted out.

"How do we know where we are?" Willy wondered.

(Continued on Page 70)

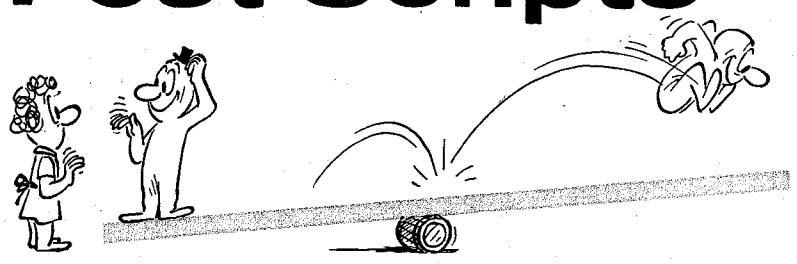


Ana stood at the grave between Ellen and Mamma Grande, while Beasley waited expressionless just behind her.

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



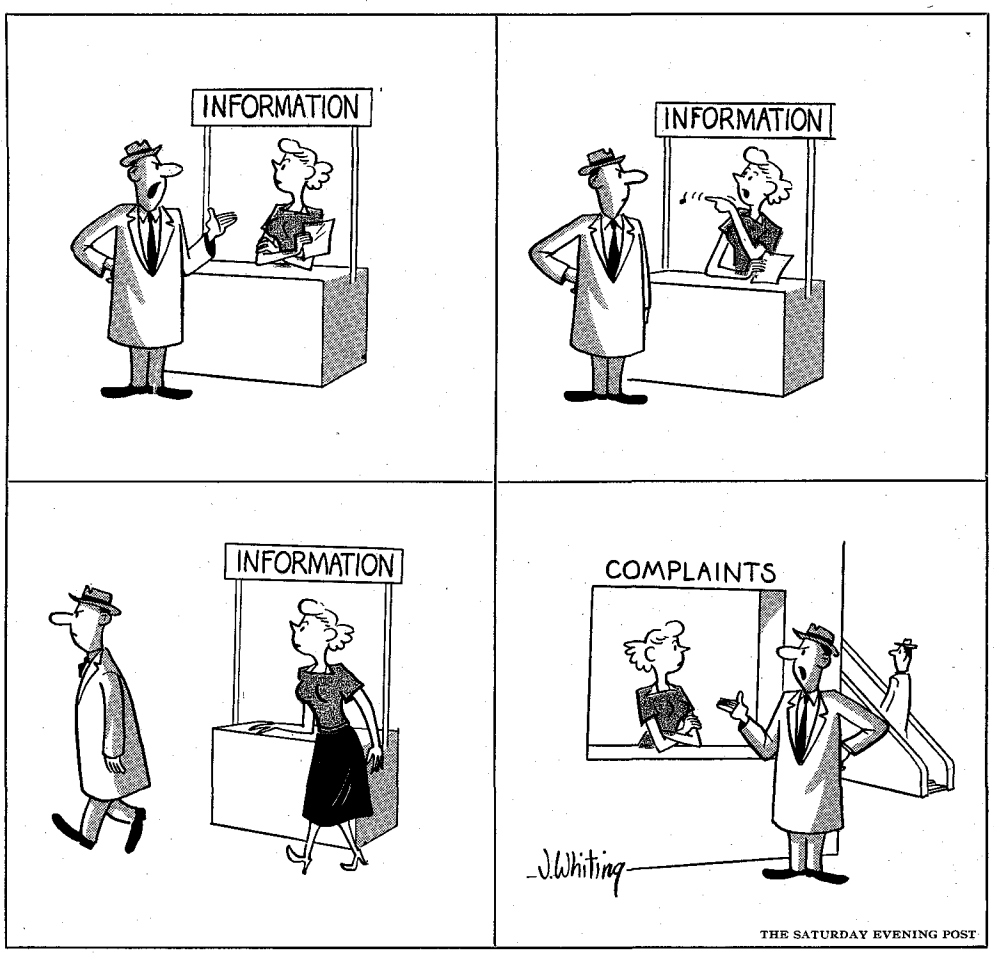
No More Painful Pauses

Excerpt from the column, MIND YOUR MANNERS!: *Don't fumble for something to say after being introduced to some silent soul. Try a conversational gambit on your "new friend." Ask him some provocative question about his occupation. This* never *fails to start him talking.*

It sure doesn't. After trying the occupational gambits below, I'm now seeking some method, short of gunshot, to get my "new friends" to shut up.

Occupation	Gambit
BANKER	"Say, the papers have been full of news about bankers nipping off briskly with their depositors' gold. I wonder how many more are tapping the till without being caught?"
GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE	"Is it true that the well-loved motto of the Civil Service is, 'Sweat On, Taxpayer'?"
PHYSICIAN	"What do you think of this case, doc? My brother-in-law had this back trouble, see, and the M.D.'s couldn't fix it. Then he went to this Indian medicine man who rubbed his back with strange herbs, and presto ——"
PROFESSOR	"Tell me honestly, prof, don't you get bored lying around all summer while we wage slaves punch time clocks?"
LAWYER	"How is it that so many innocent guys get railroaded to the pokey after spending all their dough on attorneys; then study law themselves and get sprung?"
INSURANCE SALESMAN	"It happens that I don't believe in insurance, but I'm always open to argument."
CORPORATION EXECUTIVE	"Wouldn't you say, sir, that what this country needs is lower income-tax rates on the average guy and higher ones on Big Business?"
AIRPLANE PILOT	"Gee, don't you get a lot of reading done, with the automatic pilot doing all the work?"
AUTHOR	"Is there anything to the theory that if you locked a bunch of monkeys in a room with typewriters and paper, they eventually would produce all the literature that has been published?"

JOHN BIRD



"No wonder I can't find it—I've forgotten what I'm looking for!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Her Side

The young man's fancy turns, in spring,
(Or more correctly, whirls)
To love, and that's the normal thing;
But what about the girl's?

The young girl's fancy, shall we say,
When fixed on love is strong:
It doesn't need to turn that way—
It's been there all along.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Great Stories of Famous Singers

Until he was four years old, no one knew that little four-year-old Pasquale Tamale could sing. Yet even his mother had an unusual range, because every time she lighted the oven it exploded and blew the door off.

One day this four-year-old lad, who was destined soon to be five years old, opened his mouth and emitted this shriek. At first his mother and father didn't know he was singing. His mother thought a pin was sticking him and his father thought the dog was caught under the side of the house.

It was only when they discovered that all the windows were broken that they realized that little Pasquale had sung high "W" over high "M."

From then on, Pasquale practiced eight hours daily. His father, who still thought it was the dog, kept running out to look under the house.

When he was thirty-two, Pasquale went to Vienna and got a job with the opera, pulling the rope that made the curtain open. He watched great stars like Sherman Hank and Cholly Oppin, and hoped he would get a chance to study with them. One day he called on the great Cholly Oppin. But Mr. Oppin was not at home.

Ten years passed. Little Pasquale was now six feet tall. He decided to call on Mr. Oppin again. Perhaps the great man was home by now.

While Pasquale waited at the front door, a servant took his message to Mr. Oppin.

"There's a man outside with a black beard," said the servant.

"Tell him I've got one," said the noted singer.

When he was sixty-four, Pasquale found a teacher who agreed to prepare him for opera. He studied hard. Then one day when he was seventy-two he asked when he could sing.

"Not yet," said his teacher.

Pasquale returned to his studies.

Then one spring he entered the maestro's studio. "Am I ready?" he asked.

"Not yet," said his teacher.

Pasquale was now ninety-one. Six years later his big chance came. An operatic baritone was needed to play the part of Däs Rätkätchĕr in the opera Däs Flööpèlmâüsé. Pasquale tried out for the part.

"You have a glorious voice," said the entrepreneur, "but this part requires somebody who can run faster than a mouse. How old are you?"

"I'll only be ninety-seven in October," said Pasquale.

Pasquale never sang in public. But he had one of the world's greatest voices, and young singers can learn something from his career: either get yourself a good agent or get out of the business before it's too late.

JOHN BAILEY

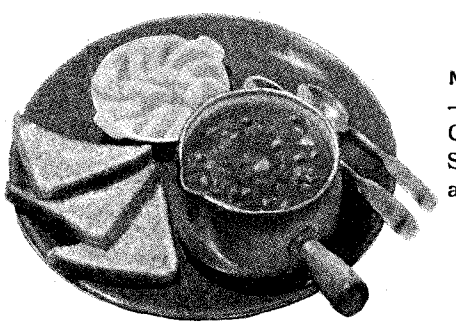
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the soup that beefs up vegetables

There's plenty of brawny, brown beef in *this* soup! There are green and yellow vegetables — so enticingly cooked and seasoned in good beef broth, even a meat lover comes back for more. Just see — and *taste* for yourself — tonight, or *any* night when the appetite's warmed up for one of Campbell's 21 kinds of goodness. Remember, Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup is the soup that beefs up vegetables!

Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup!

Make midday meals more nourishing — with a hardy mug or cup of Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup to enjoy *through* the meal.



Make it a *better* breakfast — Have a cup or bowl of Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup with orange sections and hot buttered toast!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READY FOR YOU NOW

A new opulence in fine-car appointment

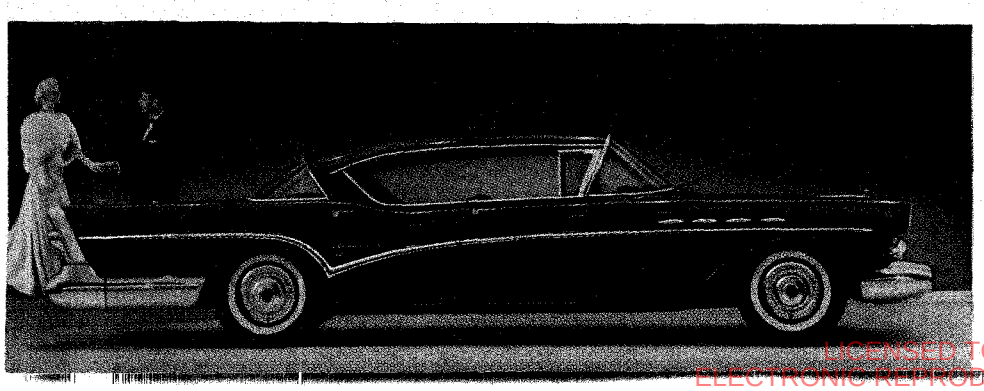
WE SHOW YOU HERE the interior of a new luxury car making its debut this month—ROADMASTER 75.

The fabric that covers its sculptured seats has an exclusive glove finish. Each seat back is topped in soft, supple, hand-buffed leather.

The carpeting yields to your step with a new gentleness. Nearly an inch of foam cushion is beneath it.

The new instrument panel is chromed from side to side.

The doors are softly upholstered right up to the windows. And there are new contoured integral armrests on all doors.



But there is more here than a new richness to interior.

There's a new grace in the way ROADMASTER 75 handles and rides and responds—a new brilliance to its power—a new pace and smoothness to its Dynaflow.

There's even a new kind of braking luxury. For here you find new *air-cooled aluminum* front brakes – with all the advantages of aluminum's better cooling – with extra smoothness in stopping, too.

Your Buick dealer will be happy to make your introduction to ROADMASTER 75. Call him this week.

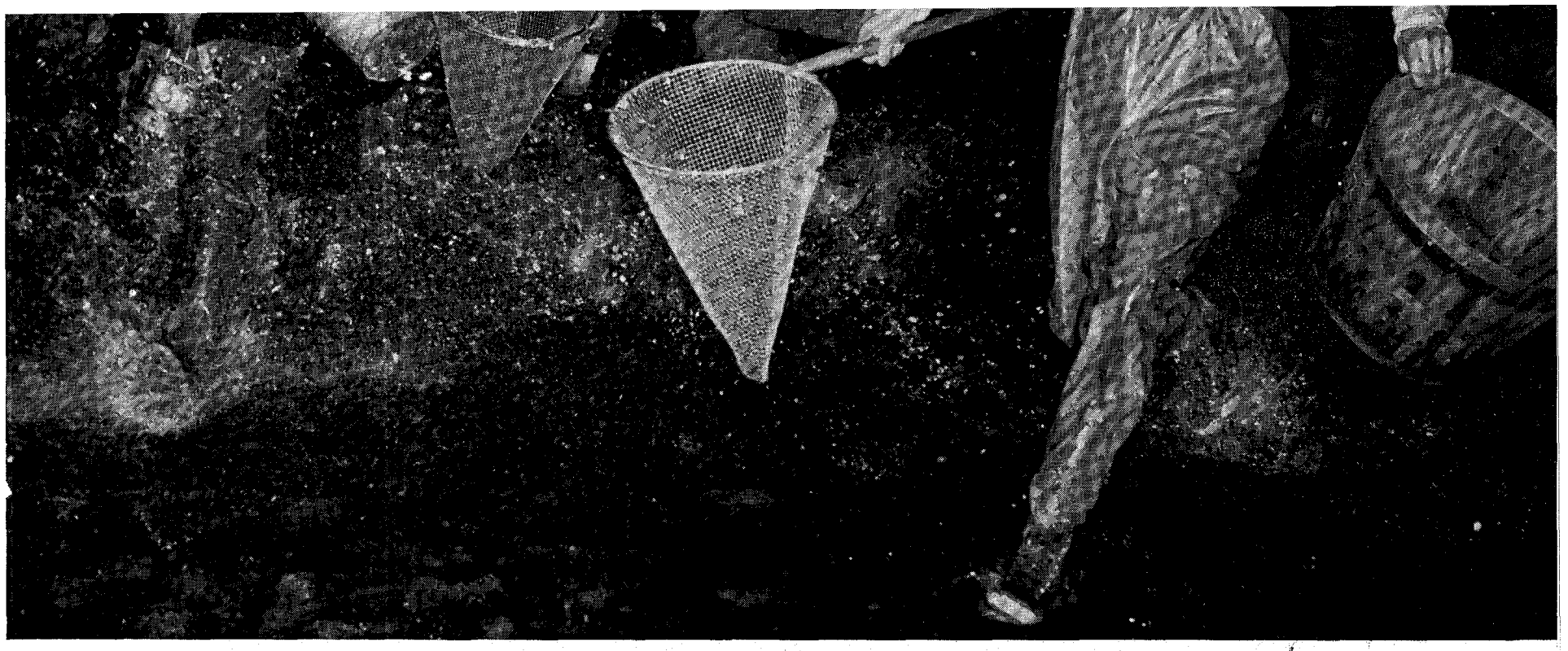
BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Roadmaster 75

CUSTOM BUILT BY BUICK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The smelt stampede begins with the flash of an electric signal. Fishermen plunge in for 15 minutes of furious scooping, and repeat the performance two or three times a night.

Each spring thousands of fishermen from all over the country pounce on this little Michigan town and, in a mass frenzy, go

Fishing in the Dark

By BILL WOLF

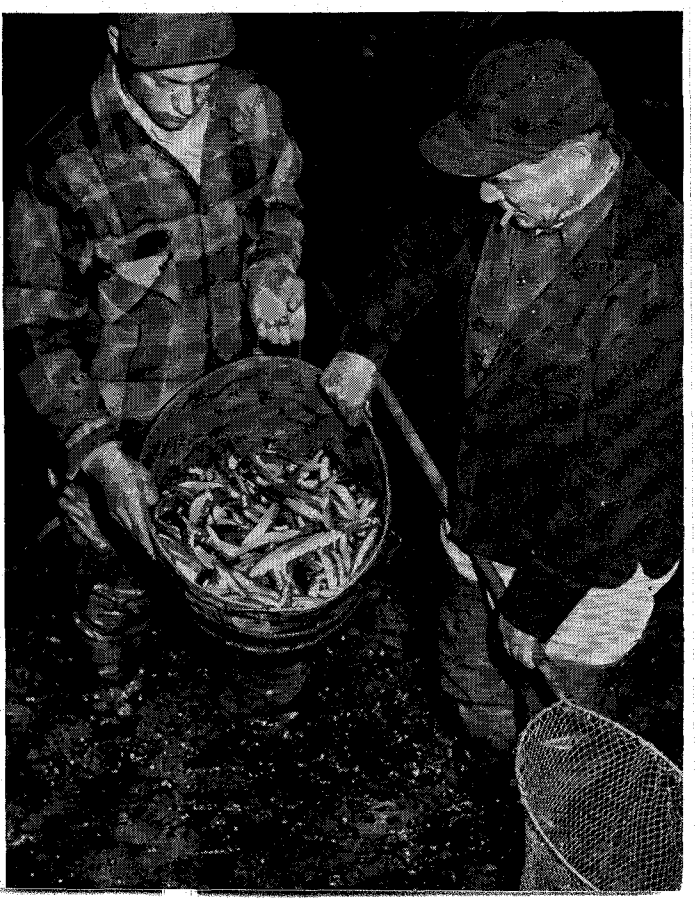
At ten minutes before ten o'clock on an early spring night the banks of Porter Creek, at Advance, Michigan, are cold and deserted. The old, abandoned gristmill is a dark shadow. The water that tumbles over its dam flattens out into a shallow stream which rushes a few hundred yards into Lake Charlevoix. The creek's rattling sound, the call of a few night birds and an occasional bit of activity at the country store across the road from the mill alone disturb the quiet. Suddenly people pour out of hundreds of darkened cars which have been parked along the road, or else they drive up in a hurry, park and head for the stream. They carry hand nets, washtubs, wicker baskets or pails, and wear knee-high, hip-high or waist-high wading gear. In the next ten minutes, 2500 to 3000 persons line one high bank of Porter Creek.

They wait, almost silently, until a string of lights hung along the stream flashes on at ten o'clock sharp. What happens thereafter is spring madness at its maddest. The earth literally rumbles, much as it would from the passage of a bison herd, as the mob gives a concerted whoop and charges down the bank into the creek. Some fall prone in the icy water and are almost trampled into the bottom by those who keep their feet. Nets wave wildly as men, women and children chop into the water and scoop out fish which they dump into whatever containers they have brought, and then scoop some more.

The stream is no wider than a good-sized living room, and every square inch of the 200 yards below the old mill is netted over and over by the horde until the lights blink several times in warning before going out completely. Everyone gets out of the water, lugging pails heavy with fish if his luck has been good. There is a slamming of car doors and a hum of traffic. At a quarter past ten the creek once again is cold and deserted, the gristmill looks lonely in the darkness, and the night birds wonder what in the world happened.

The same mad scene is repeated at midnight, at two o'clock in the morning and sometimes at four A.M.

(Continued on Page 66)



The catch: During the two-week season at Advance, Mich., over 25,000 persons dip 8 to 10 tons of smelts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Introducing the new toaster that's an "oven," too!

The new General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes perfect toast "upstairs" or "down." Heats bread and rolls, toasts buttered bread right at the table!

HERE'S SOMETHING really new in toasters. The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about all your toasting, warming, browning jobs *right at your table.*

Makes toast "upstairs" to any delicious shade you want it. Keeps it warm "downstairs" in the oven. Just set the oven dial for warming rolls, buns or muffins.

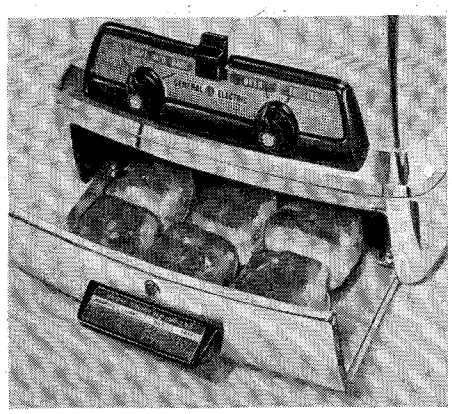
And it's all so simple! You'll love the easy convenience of the General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Love its compact beauty, too. Why not see it at your General Electric dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Toasts 2 slices
Warms 6

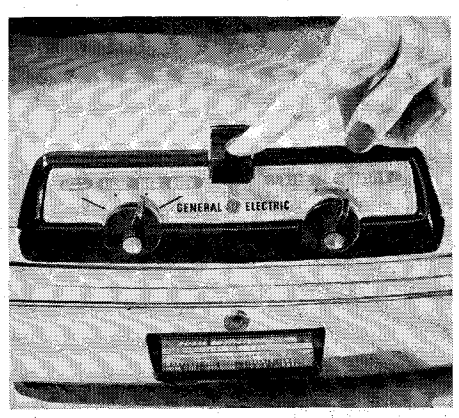
NEW
TOAST-R-OVEN
$29.95*

**Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price*

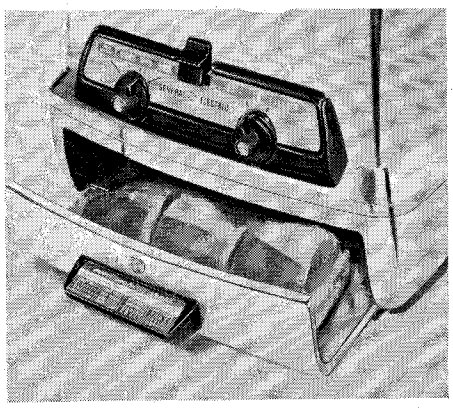
1. Make toast as you like it . . . light, dark or in between with the upper part of your new General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Every slice of toast pops up good and high, so you don't have to dig or burn your fingers.



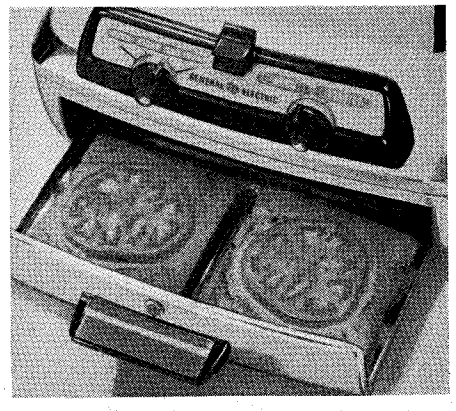
2. Compact oven warms up to 6 rolls, heats muffins, buns—any baked foods that used to mean using the range oven. Holds 8 pieces of toast at one time . . . 6 keeping warm, 2 toasting on top.



3. Press a button to lower toast and start heat. To get the oven temperature you need, set dial at left. Temperature chart on oven door shows you the "just right" heat for whatever you're preparing.



4. Like to toast buttered bread? And how about garlic-y French bread and crunchy oven toast? Just dial the shade you want. You can fix all these treats at the table with this really *new* toaster.



5. Toasted or melted cheese sandwiches, too . . . topped with a slice of tomato for good eating! Lovely to look at, easy to clean. Oven drawer slides out. Chromium finish dazzles at the flick of a soft cloth.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This is Texican land," Ben drawled. "It'll take a sight more than a fat-gutted damyankee to put me off it."

KIOWA MOON

By ALAN LE MAY

The people accused them of treachery and threatened to drive them off the range.

"Those Indians wanted to buy you," Ben Zachary told his sister, Rachel, about the sudden visit by three armed warriors. The Kiowa chief, Seth, had come apparently believing the evil rumor that she was of their own blood. Ben defied them. No one would seize Rachel as long as he was alive to defend her.

The seventeen-year-old girl was increasingly aware that her family's hold on the Dancing Bird range was endangered by the strange circumstances of her adoption. Ever since the mysterious appearance of demented old Abe Kelsey, who spread the tale that Rachel was a Kiowa foundling, she had sensed her brother's mounting fears for her safety. Ben had ordered the deranged man killed, but Kelsey had escaped, wounded.

Now the moon was full. Kiowa war parties stalked the plains, and the Zacharys kept careful guard during the perilous nights. In daylight, no one rode beyond support of gunshot.

Next tragedy struck the neighboring Rawlins family, who owned a share in the cattle Cassius Zachary was driving north. Their daughter, Effie, returning home to be married, had been cruelly murdered by Indians. This and the Zacharys' seeming immunity to Kiowa attack drove a bitter wedge between the two families on the Dancing Bird range.

IV

Time was getting on to where they could begin hoping for Cash to get home pretty soon. They never could tell, within a matter of weeks, how long their trail drivers were likely to be gone. No part of that long push seemed ever to have gone twice just the same. No two drives took exactly the same route, for one thing. Weather made a big difference; in wet years the herd plugged slowly through hock-deep mud, and every creek became both a hazard and a hard day's work. The grass made a difference, for if it was poor the weakening cattle must graze slowly all the way.

Thunderstorms could spook a herd into stampede after stampede or a herd could go "spoiled" of its own accord, and run four nights a week. And the worse the conditions, the more you needed a bunch of fast, game horsemen who knew how to handle this wild-horn Texican stock. You never did have enough men like that.

After the first week or two, Rachel didn't even know which river Cash would be crossing next. Ben's old logs showed that he had not always been sure himself. Not so with papa's logs. These were hastily scrawled, and sometimes illegible, cross-scribbled in every direction with notes on losses, stuff issued from the wagons and every (Continued on Page 148)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Find Your
ALLIED
Mover In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
BRUCE-TERMINIX
Licensee In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
EMPLOYERS MUTUALS OF WAUSAU
Insurance
Office In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Glidden
Paint
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
AMERICAN-Standard
Plumbing & Heating
Retailer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
CARBURETER
Authorized Sales & Service
Representative In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Evinrude
Outboard Motors
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
GOULD
Battery
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
ARMSTRONG
Tire
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

ADVERTISERS WHO USE THIS EMBLEM MAKE YOUR SHOPPING EASY!

Find Your
AUTO-LITE
Battery
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Central Mutual
Insurance
Agent In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Exide
Battery
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Hotpoint
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
ARMSTRONG
Furnaces
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Chelsea
Fan
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
FEDDERS
Air Conditioning
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
HOMELITE
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Black & Decker
Electric Tools
Distributor In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
DeSoto
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
E Z KLEEN
Air Filter
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
INTERNATIONAL
Motor Truck
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

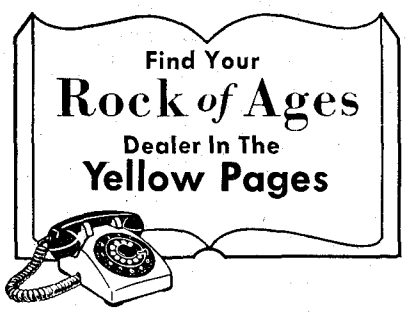
Find Your
BRIGGS & STRATTON
Service Station
In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Dictaphone
Branch Office In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
FRIGIDAIRE
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

Find Your
Johns-Manville
Dealer In The
Yellow Pages

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Look for these emblems in **The Saturday Evening Post**

The Yellow Pages emblem is your sign of quick, convenient shopping. Here are some leading advertisers displaying this emblem in their ads to help you locate their authorized dealers. Look for it in magazines, in newspapers, on TV and on billboards to make your shopping easy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now!
Terraflex
vinyl asbestos tile
in beautiful
Terrazzo
Colors!

So easy with Special Terraflex Adhesive. All you need is a brush and scissors!

TERRAFLEX® TILE and this new J-M Design Book are all you need to create a beautiful floor of your own design. You can choose from the 10 exciting new Terraflex Terrazzo colors shown here or from 27 other Terraflex colors—rich cork type, gay spatter and marbleized tile. The book tells you how Terraflex defies grease and dirt, stays first-day fresh, with only a damp mopping to keep it spick and span.

Send 10¢ for your "How-to" Book!

Johns-Manville, Dept. SP-4, Box 60, N. Y. 16, N. Y.
Please send me new J-M book, "How to design and install a beautiful floor". I enclose 10¢ in coin.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
County_____ State_____

Dealers are listed under "Flooring" or "Building Materials"

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville

The Business of Love

(Continued from Page 27)

She looked at the card in a brooding way. Then she looked at her watch. "I must go now."

I stood up. "O.K. Let's share a cab. We're both on Lincoln Avenue. And I'm crazy to know what Love, Inc., is."

There was no cab at the gate and we sat down to wait on a long wooden crate and she spread her billowy skirt over the crate and looked at my card.

"Just what is Problems, Inc.? An address or a business?"

"You ought to read this week's World View. They've got a whole page telling America all about Problems, Inc."

"So you solve problems. What kind of problems?"

"Business, technical, design, fluency—all kinds of problems."

"And you are The Brain?"

"Modestly, yes. When I got bumped out of Harvard and bawled out of the Army, I could not solve even one of my own problems. So I knew right away I ought to solve other guys' problems."

She sat there silent and absorbing sunlight, and then she began to breathe smoke—a gray-blue smoke that curled out of the neckline of her dress.

"Listen," I said softly, "you're smoking."

"I don't smoke."

She found her face in a cloud of smoke and leaped up in alarm. The smoke was coming out of the chinks of the crate. I lifted up the crate, and the old hobo was lying underneath, smoking the stump of a cigar and gazing up at us with dark and comical eyes in the grime of his face.

He winked at Juliet and spoke. "I'm a problem for you, mister. Old as Adam.... What's your name, honey?"

"Juliet," she said, looking surprised.

The old hobo ground out his cigar and rolled his eyes on her and said, "Yes, it might well be Juliet."

He turned over to lay his shaggy head on his pillow. I looked at his pillow. It was a huge volume bound in leather, all yellowed with age. The name "William Shakespeare" was engraved in gold leaf, worn now from his head.

He looked up and murmured, "You remind me . . . of that first apple I ate in the orchard of Capulet. . . . Ah, it was sweet with the juices of spring. . . . Sleep dwell upon thine eyes."

His eyes closed in a smile. I laid the crate over him again. Just as the cab came along, I heard him snore. . . .

At the doorway in Lincoln Avenue she paused and put out her hand.

"Good-by, Mr. Smith. And thank you for the ride."

I followed her into the lobby and I protested, "But I'm coming into your office. I want to be a client."

"The office is on the fourth. You can come up as a client if you wish, in the usual way."

Boy, there she was and gone! The elevator door clicked and she just shot up skyward out of my life. Gone away up to her balcony, the Juliet of Love, Inc. I was so mad I nearly knocked over Buttons as I jumped into the second elevator.

"Love, Incorporated!" I bawled.

Buttons moved his gum over and spoke. "Guys," he said, "just get loused up with love!"

I paused before the doorway. LOVE, INCORPORATED in plain black on the white panel. I hesitated. Then Buttons pushed me in. He was waiting by the elevator gate, making sure I didn't back away. I pressed the bell, the door opened on a switch. A cool lobby office and a cool and beautiful girl at the desk. Groomed hair, elegant dress.

"Your name, sir, please? You wish to be a client?"

I nodded, handed her my card. She pulled out a card, engraved *S* on the corner, from the index cabinet, wrote in my name, business address, private address, bank.

"The fee is one hundred dollars, Mr. Smith."

I laid the bills on the desk; she crossed my hand with the receipt.

"Your problem, Mr. Smith?"

"I haven't got a problem."

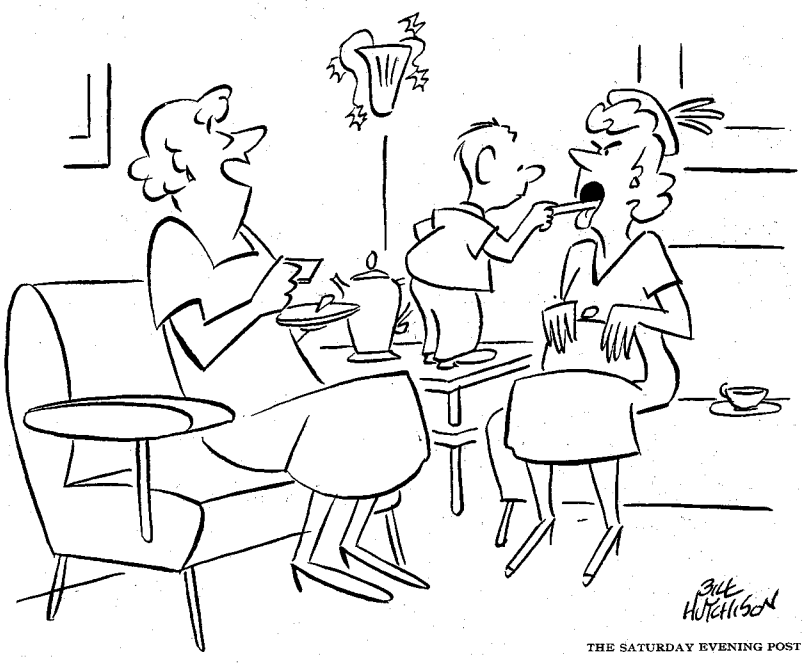
She paused, laid the bills and the receipt aside, indicating the transaction was in suspense.

I said, "I need a problem."

She inspected me with cool eyes. "I think you had better see the principal."

She led me into an office that was like a private room and announced my name. The principal sat in black with groomed hair behind her desk. She had been wearing a billowy dress when I met her with the lady

(*Continued on Page 56*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We're hoping he'll become a doctor."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinctive new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers

Fits flat against wall or square into a corner. Available in Mix-or-Match colors—and white. With right- or left-hand doors.

NEW "STRAIGHT-LINE" DESIGN
NEW "TOUCH-ACTION" FEATURES

THIS SMART new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer with its trim new "Straight-Line" look was designed for beauty —and convenience.

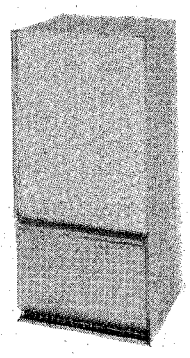
Not a hinge or handle protrudes to mar its smooth, straight lines. Sides, top and back are all *flat and straight*. That's why you can set it flush against the wall in line with your other appliances or square into a corner. You can make it a "built-in" simply by hanging wall cabinets around it.

And General Electric's wonderful "Touch-Action" Features put all foods within easy reach in the 10-cubic-foot refrigerator section and in the 5-cubic-foot Roll-Out Freezer.

Magnetic Safety Door! *A touch of your toe opens the Magnetic Safety Door on the refrigerator. Since this door has no latch, it helps protect children from the danger of being locked inside.*

Consider dependability, too! Today more than 3,500,000 General Electric Refrigerators have been in use 10 years or longer. Ask your G-E dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Dept., General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

13 cubic feet. For people who prefer a smaller freezer section. Freezer is 3.5 cubic feet; holds up to 123 pounds of food. All other features are identical with those in the 15-cubic-foot model.



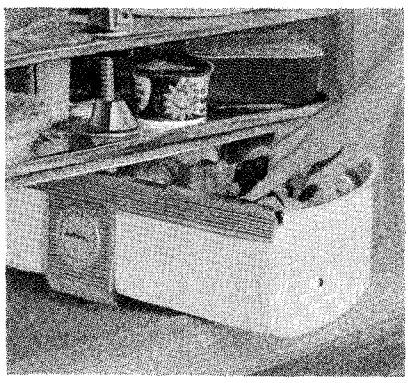
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

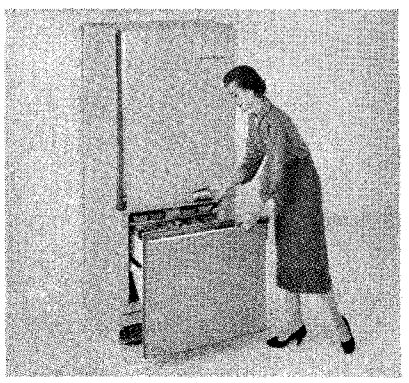
GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC "TOUCH-ACTION" PUTS ALL FOODS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

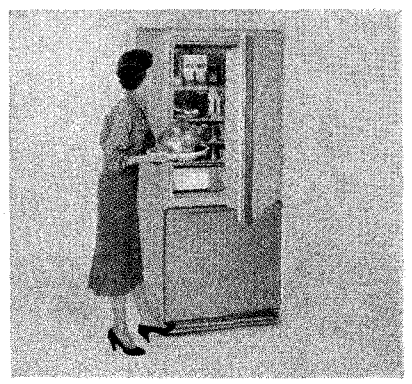
TOUCH . . . and the shelves revolve. All the food you want is within easy reach . . . practically *handed* to you!



TOUCH . . . and the vegetable bins revolve. Vegetables and fruits ride right out in front of you for easy choice!

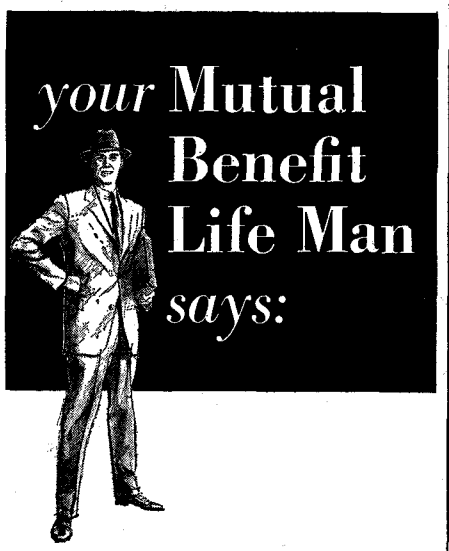


TOUCH . . . and the 5-cubic-foot freezer rolls out. You see what you want at a glance! Holds 175 pounds of frozen foods!



TOUCH . . . and the Magnetic Safety Door opens to the big automatic-defrost refrigerator. Closes silently, securely.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"*Good* life insurance planning frees dollars for enjoying life *now!*"

Tired of scrimping and saving? By-passing the good things of life? With a properly planned life insurance program, you can meet your responsibilities and still have money for the extras you've been doing without. It takes expert planning, of course—the kind Mutual Benefit Life men, like **Stanley Lampert of New York City,** are thoroughly trained to provide.

The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

(*Continued from Page 54*) giraffe. She looked at me as if she had never seen me before.

"Your problem, Mr. Smith?"

"I haven't got a problem, Miss Arden."

"Then I don't think you need the service of Love, Inc., Mr. Smith. Might I inquire why you came in?"

"Let's say I wanted to know what Love, Inc., is."

"Love, Inc., gives counsel and help to people who have personal problems—problems of love, parental, paternal, fraternal, matrimonial, prematrimonial and postmatrimonial. Did you propose to pay one hundred dollars to find that out, Mr. Smith?"

"I guess so."

"You appear to be overcapitalized, Mr. Smith." She moved back her chair, and that meant "out."

I said hastily, "But I need a problem, Miss Arden."

"You need a problem?"

"Suppose you are the principal of a business, and you are so busy solving the problems of other people that you have no time for a problem or a life of your own. Then you are in danger of becoming a personal vacuum."

"That is the great American problem, Mr. Smith." She rose. "But I am afraid we cannot create individual problems to fill personal vacuums. But thank you for calling."

I knew I was licked, but I had to leave an opening. "If I have a personal problem—a real problem—I may come back as a client?"

"Certainly. We shall do our best to help you."

"Can I ask, why are you called Love, Inc.?"

"Because it is a simple name, and includes all human problems."

She was standing by the door and I did not want to leave.

"May I ask you a personal question, Miss Arden?"

"If not too personal, yes."

"You said that you go often to the zoo? Do you?"

"Yes. Why should I say I did, if I did not go?"

I went back to the lobby desk and collected my hundred dollars under a pair of very cool eyes.

I felt baffled and a little angry, and went into a bar and bought myself a long, cool drink and noted by my watch that it was just two hours ago that I had seen a girl in Lincoln Avenue in the spring sunlight and then followed her in a cab to the zoo. I was not given to impulses like that and I was still surprised at myself. I took out the page of World View folded in my pocket and read all about me and learned that I was a forceful and dynamic young executive who masterminded problems. I might be able to do it for Lightborne, but I wouldn't bet one side of a buck that I was going to solve that problem in Love, Inc.

Suddenly I remembered the old hobo who had surprised us under the crate. There was something just a little impalpable about this day. There was an off-beat music in that old hobo, when he talked about an apple in Capulet's orchard that was sweet with the juices of spring. And there was something in Juliet Arden that belonged to her name. There was something under the traffic as I walked along Lincoln Avenue that pulsed in the street. It might have been the heartbeat of spring.

The next day I was looking at the blueprint of the big job for Dynamco when Jim Addison came into my office. Jim was my No. 2 and also the genius of our laboratory. He was out of Case, only four years ago, a clean and sinewy athlete with a clean and sinewy mind. He was a guy with blue sky in his eyes and golden sunlight in his hair. Hopkins, of Dynamco, was coming in after lunch, and Jim was keyed up on the job this morning.

"I've got it all wrapped up for Hopkins. How does that blueprint look to you?" He came over and looked at the blueprint. "What are all the giraffes doing?"

"Giraffes?" I looked at the margins. "Oh, I guess I've been doodling."

"Never saw you make doodles before. Well, I guess we'd best get those giraffes off before Hopkins sees the blueprint."

"I'm sorry, Jim."

I left him with the blueprint and I took a cab to the zoo.

I saw the old hobo sitting on a canvas stool, reading Shakespeare to a bunch of college guys, but I didn't wait to listen. I spent an hour in the zoo, and I even looked behind the hippo, but she wasn't there. I got back to find the great Hopkins already in with Jim.

I knew that if I called her at Love, Inc., I was dead, so I did the zoo for the next three days. I couldn't find anything but animals and I was running out of time and excuses to Problems, Inc. I always said hello to the old hobo on his stool, and I felt as if I were saying howdy to the Bard. On the fourth day he signaled to me as I came out the gate. He finished reading a sonnet to a cop, who saluted him in respect as he walked away; then he scanned me before he spoke.

"Say, junior, are you in animals or in people?"

"In people, pops, if I guess your meaning. Why?"

"You're always busting in that gate like Romeo, and coming out like Hamlet. Doesn't the hippo make you happy?" Then he smiled. "Why don't you let me do the work, son?"

"What do you mean, pops?"

"Have you got a business card?" He laughed as he read my name. "Write your telephone number on it." I did so, and he put the card in his pocket. "I'll call you when Juliet comes by, son."

I handed him five bucks to pay for the call.

"What name do you give when you call, pops?"

"Lochinvar Jones. I got name trouble too."

On the next morning I was working on a memorandum to Lightborne when Jim came in, looking spruce. He glanced at the clock.

"Twelve-fifteen. We ought to go or we'll be late at Camborde."

Hopkins was buying us a lunch to celebrate the contract.

"O.K. We can't keep the great Mr. Hopkins waiting."

Just then Mr. Lochinvar Jones called me in person. He said that she had just gone in the gate of the zoo, and he was going to say more when I hung up on him. I looked at Jim with, I hoped, a groan in my face.

"I can't come to the Camborde, Jim. Family trouble. That was my uncle. Tell Hopkins —— No, I'd better write a note of apology to him."

I jumped out of the cab at the Zoo and hustled for the gate. The old hobo signed to me from his campstool, but I just waved back. I'd give him the extra five bucks on the way out.

I found Juliet in the garden in a green arbor near where the pink flamingos stood in the lake. The light was a kind of lilac music in her hair and she leaned on the seat behind a dark and handsome guy who was tall in the sun as he looked at the birds in the lake. I strolled up, and just then the tall guy turned and went over and pulled her up by the hand and took her arm as they came along the path. I just stood out of their way, and she looked at me, and maybe she was going to say hello, but I walked on and I heard nothing except the singing of a lone bird in a green palm.

The shock didn't get me mad until I went out the gate and saw the old hobo. I grabbed him by the shoulder and hauled him off his camp stool.

"Why didn't you tell me she was with a guy?"

He shook off my hand and picked up the Shakespeare, that had fallen from his knee, and looked at me with old and angry eyes.

"Cool down, son! I tried to tell you, but you hung up on me. Don't blame me if she's got a guy. As a Romeo, you're a ham." Then he spoke quietly, "She's been in the zoo maybe a hundred times, and this is the first time I've ever seen her with anybody. I'll call you again when she comes in (*Continued on Page 58*)

"He'll see you now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

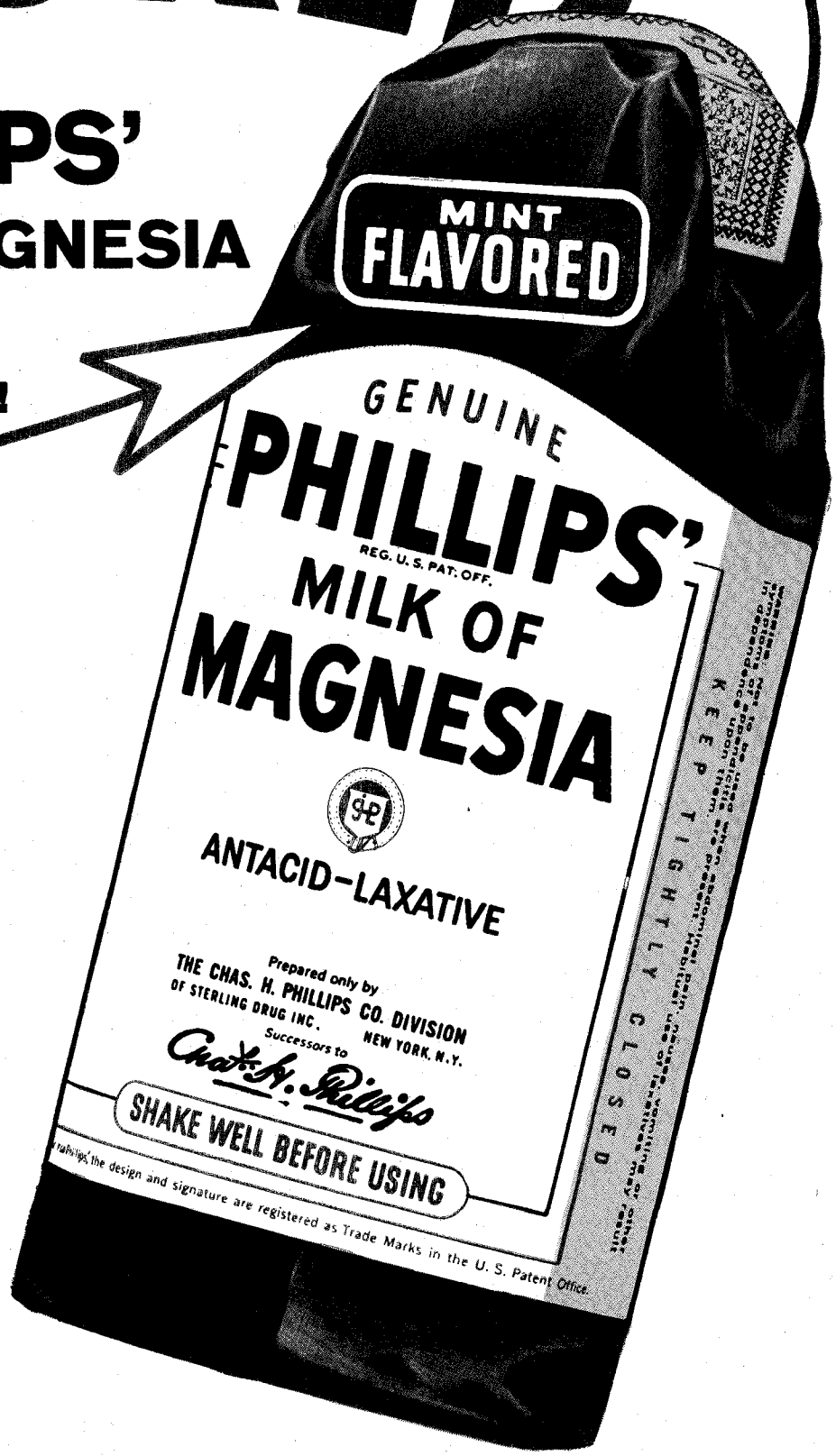
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS PHILLIPS' FAMILY!

FLAVORED

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

AT THE SAME PRICE AS REGULAR!



Now the World's Best Milk of Magnesia is yours in this new mint-flavored form that tastes wonderfully clean and refreshing.

As a laxative, Phillips' gives more complete relief!

Phillips' gives more *complete* relief than laxatives which act only on constipation. This is because Phillips' is actually *more* than a laxative. It also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation. Works leisurely, too —without embarrassing urgency. Three tablespoonfuls of Phillips', taken with water at bedtime when necessary, not only help you get a good night's sleep, but when morning comes, bring you the relief you need to start your day feeling bright and refreshed.

As an antacid, Phillips' settles your stomach in seconds!

Scientific tests show that—in just a matter of seconds—Phillips' neutralizes the excess stomach acids which cause upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion. The reason Phillips' works with remarkable speed is because it is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered. Almost before you know it, Phillips' eases away that hot, gnawing sensation in your stomach—and you're feeling fine again.

REGULAR PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CONTINUES UNCHANGED!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the new flavored form *does not* replace regular Phillips'. For the innumerable people who wish to continue using regular Phillips', it will, of course, always be available—in exactly the same high quality form you've known for years.

NEW, FLAVORED PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has

SOLEX®

SAFETY

GLASS

"the best glass under the sun"

Your new De Soto will be even safer . . . driving will be even more enjoyable and comfortable . . . when it is equipped with a Solex windshield and windows. The soft, greenish tint of Solex Safety Glass lessens eyestrain, guards against the glare of intense sunlight. It keeps your car's interior cooler, because Solex absorbs at least 50% of the total solar heat.

Why not get all these additional advantages when you buy your new De Soto? The cost is less than you think.

SOLEX

A product of

PITTSBURGH

PLATE GLASS PG COMPANY

(*Continued from Page 56*) alone." He paused. "Why does she come to the zoo, anyway? What is she in?"

"She's in Love."

"How do you know she's in love?"

"I mean, love is her business. She's in Love, Inc.,"

He nursed that Shakespeare book like a baby. He let Love, Inc., roll around in his mind. Then he spoke. "Tell you something, junior—that li'l' dog of James Thurber's is still running the world."

He sat down and opened the Shakespeare. I walked away. I didn't take a cab. I wanted the walk to cool down. A little way along I realized I wasn't alone. There was a li'l' doggie going along with me. I stopped and looked at him. No doubt about it, he was Thurber's hound. He came up and licked my hand and wagged his stump. I had to take a cab to get away from him.

The next day was a personal-vacuum day. The void lasted until five o'clock, when Lochinvar Jones called.

"She's just gone in the gate—our Juliet—alone, and sweet as that honey in Hybla stored."

In one minute I was in a cab. I said to Izzy, "The zoo! In five flat!"

"Round the block or through the block?" asked Izzy as he bit on his cigar and beat a light.

By the cage of the lion she was walking in the yellow light. Her dress was of yellow linen, I guess, but I thought she wore the yellow light. The lion was asleep in the yellow dust of Africa, and she walked by him in a dream. This time I walked up and touched her hand.

"You're sleepwalking," I said. "If you don't wake up, you'll go right over the edge of the world!"

"Oh!" Those blue eyes woke up just like the morning. "It's you!"

There we were, sitting on a seat. I suppose we must have sat down.

"I saw you yesterday. Do you often come to the zoo?"

"Yes."

"You like animals?" she asked.

"I like the armadillo."

"The armadillo?"

"And the okapi. I love the okapi."

"The okapi?"

I hoped there was an okapi. "And why do you come?" I asked.

"One day," she said, "I had lunch with a camel."

"In Cairo?"

"No. Here, in the Hilton. He was a bank president and he kept moving his head in and out as he talked, and I knew he made me think of some animal. Then I knew it was a camel. So I came to look at the camel. And suddenly I knew all about the bank president, and since then, whenever I see that a person is an animal, I come and study that animal and I always get the answer to the person."

"So," I said, "animals are people?"

"No. People are animals." She paused. "Then I got fond of the animals, so now I come to see them anyway. Why did you start coming to the zoo?"

"Oh, I haven't been coming here long. I—I'd like to go and see the swans."

The white swans were turning gold in the evening light and there was silence on the lake. We stood under a copper beech that blushed in the red blood of spring. There was plenty of time in the world now, and maybe that made her remember yesterday.

"You seemed in a hurry yesterday," she said. "You didn't even stop to say hello. I wanted you to meet David. He had been talking about you in the magazine, and then I said I had met you by chance, and then you happened along, and —— Then you just walked by."

"I was in a hurry to get back to the office," I lied.

Then the swans made me think of the flamingos and David standing tall and handsome under the sky, and I looked at my watch. "We ought to go. Or we'll get locked inside the gate, and we'll have to spend the night with the lions and the okapis."

"Oh, I spent a night here in the zoo. I am a member. And I wanted to see the animals when they went to sleep. You could know the ones that had come from the jungle, and the ones that had been born here, when they woke up in the moonlight. It was strange."

I wanted to take her arm, as David did yesterday, but we just walked in silence to the gate. All the people going home had taken the cabs, and I thought I might go over and give the old hobo ten bucks as a bonus. We strolled over, and he was folding up his campstool, but he paused when we came along. He looked at us in silence and I knew he did not want any money from me. I said hello and he opened the campstool and sat down again.

"I was just going," he said, "but I would like to read you something."

He opened the Shakespeare and chose a sonnet, but he did not look at the page as he spoke the verse. He fixed his eyes on Juliet and his voice was mellow and it made all the noise around us a silence:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou are more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May ——"

She began to color as the music went into her like the green sap of the spring in Arden. The poem burned in her face in the last beam of the sunlight. The sun cropped out of the sky as he spoke the last line and closed the book. Then he stood up and bowed, and neither of us could say anything at all to him.

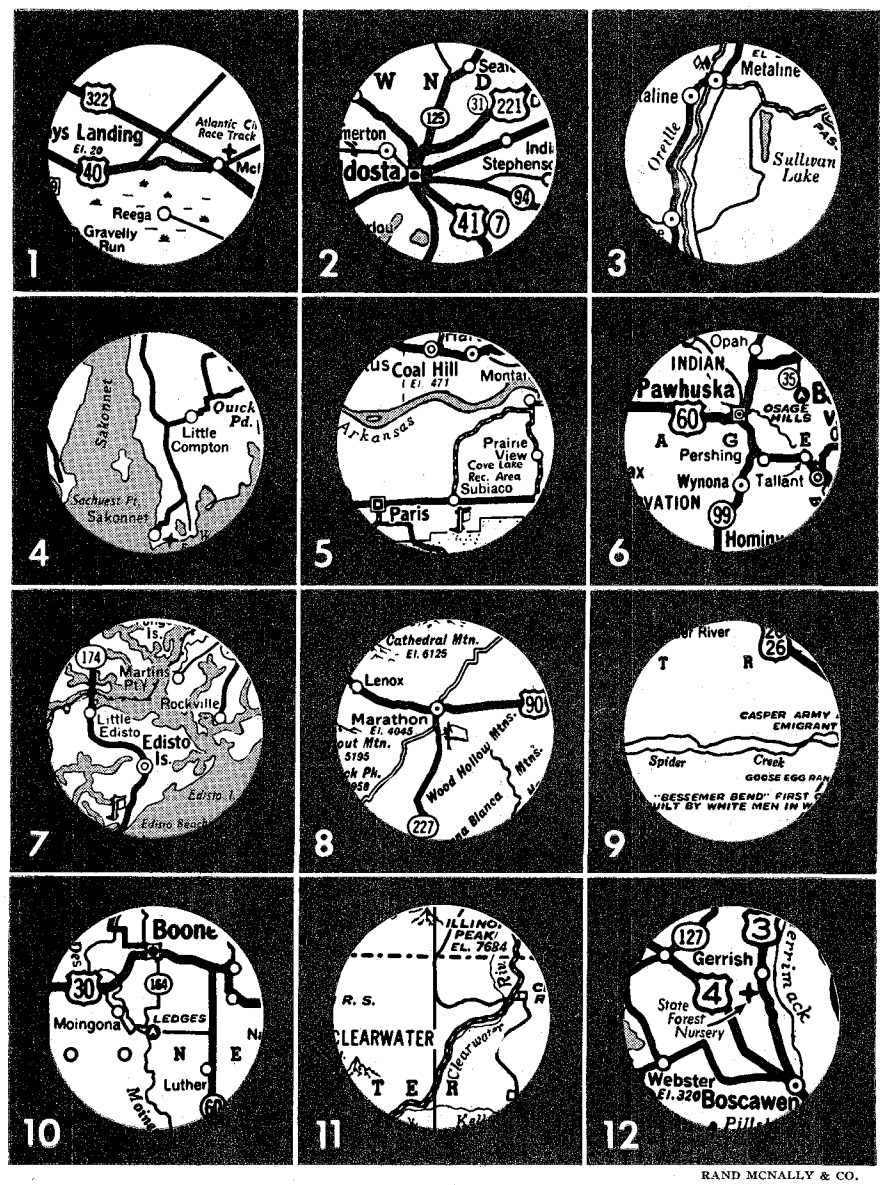
There was a cab alongside now, and I walked over and I handed her in. She put out her hand.

"But ——" I protested.

"I am not going your way. I'm going out to dinner at the club with David." She paused. "Unless you would like to come?"

"Oh—I was going to ask you —— I —— No, thank you —— I mean, I was hoping you would dine with me."

"I'm sorry. But I've got my date with David." She paused. "You see, we are alone now, and we like to be together when he comes in from M.I.T. Both our parents (*Continued on Page 60*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 61*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

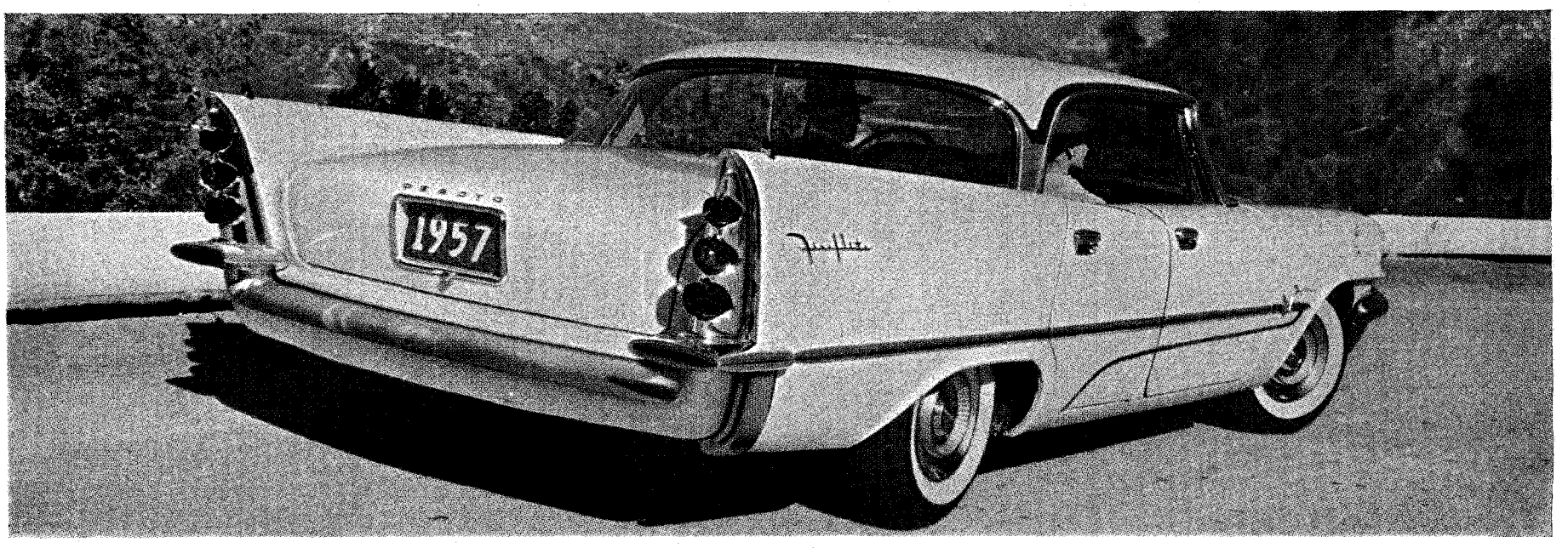
April 6, 1957

DE SOTO Torsion-Aire Ride

smooths the roughest roads...

De Soto Fireflite Sportsman, 4-door hardtop

corners without leaning



stops without dive...

Swing the new De Soto into a tight curve, ride her over a rutted road, then make a quick stop. You'll be amazed at De Soto's Torsion-Aire ride — no sway, no bounce, no front-end dip. The secret is De Soto's advanced system of torsion bars, Safety-Sphere control joints, outrider rear springs and super-soft cushion tires. And Torsion-Aire is *standard equipment* in all three De Soto price ranges. Drive the '57 De Soto before you decide! See your dealer today. De Soto Div., Chrysler Corporation.

WIDE NEW PRICE RANGE . . . STARTS CLOSE TO THE LOWEST!

FIRESWEEP – big-value newcomer for 1957 – priced just above the lowest. 245 hp.

FIREDOME – medium-priced pacemaker—exciting style and performance. 270 hp.

FIREFLITE – high-powered luxury for 1957—the last word in design and power. 295 hp.

De Soto dealers present **GROUCHO MARX** in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV.

DE SOTO... *the most exciting car in the world today!*

Find Your Nearest De Soto Dealer In The Yellow Pages

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 58*) died in an accident last year, so ——"

"Your parents?" I was dazed.

"Yes. David is my brother." She smiled. "Maybe I shall see you again one day."

She closed the door and I stood there, and then I shouted, "Hey!" but it was too late to stop the cab.

I was standing there when the old hobo came along, going home in his patched suit and his broken shoes. He stopped and looked at me. I could feel the blood scorching my face under his contemptuous eyes. Then he said one word, "Milkworm!"

I would be lucky if he called me again when Juliet came by.

I had a hard job keeping my eye on the Dynamco job and the clock the next day. Silence from the old hobo. Then Jim came in to consult about MacDonald, who was coming at five o'clock with M.I.T. laurels on his head.

"We've just got to sign this guy," said Jim. "Handle him like the H-bomb. We can't take the Cleveland job without him." He looked down at the zeros I had doodled on the design. "What are these?"

"Oh, personal vacuums."

"Well, don't be in a vacuum with MacDonald. This guy knows he's good, and ——"

Right then Mr. Lochinvar Jones was announced on the line.

"Is that the milkworm?"

"The —— This is Mr. Smith speaking."

"O.K., milkworm. She's just gone in, all burnished like the golden marigold in ——"

I hung up and looked at the clock. Two minutes before MacDonald.

"Listen, Jim, you've got to handle MacDonald, I have a personal ——"

Jim flushed and his voice was angry. "If you are not here, MacDonald will walk right out the door. What gives, anyway? You passed up lunch with Hopkins the other day. That was bad enough. And now you bring MacDonald all the way from Boston and ——"

Miss Hope spoke on the intercom, "Mr. MacDonald to see you."

That was that, and I saw and hired MacDonald. I gave him what he asked, to get him out, and Jim looked on with cynical eyes. Then I sprang from the desk.

I met a prowler at the curb and I jumped into the cab. "Make it fast!"

He drove fast for two blocks, and then he slowed down and asked, "Make up your mind yet where you want to go, bud?" . . .

I was going headlong for the gate at the zoo when the old hobo held up his hand.

"Did you come around by Mexico?"

"I couldn't leave the office."

"She's gone, son. Gone home in a cab." Then he laughed in my face. "You know, son, I'd like to be like you again. A rarin' crazy, hop-a-head, spring-mad Romeo boy." He actually spat on the ground. "Pah! If you saw a Juliet on her balcony, you'd go to sleep under an apple tree." He picked up his campstool. "Pah!"

The next day I got it organized. Letters signed at four o'clock, my desk cleared of routine. Then MacDonald came back to sign. I studied our new man this time. His father was a Biblical Scot, his mother came from Norway. He was cold and his mind away out of reach on an iceberg. No doubt about it, there was something about a nuclear guy. Brain plus, heart minus.

I asked him, "Married?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"Does that concern you?"

"No. Only I was going to help you find an apartment. I'm not curious."

"I don't need anybody," he said. "I'll check in on Monday."

Jim saw him out and came back and lit a cigarette and said, "I believe him. That guy could get along without breathing." Then he sighed. "Can you give me an hour on the Dynamco thing, over in the lab?"

"O.K."

Just then Lochinvar Jones called from the zoo gate and said Juliet had gone in. I thanked him and hung up before he could say his line of poetry. I looked at Jim.

"I'm sorry, Jim, but I've got to go. Something personal."

"I see. Was that your uncle again?"

"I—Yes. I'll take the Dynamco thing in the morning."

There she was, leaning in the shade of a pine and watching the old tortoise walk around the bole. I stood by her, and she did not look up as she spoke.

"I had a client in this morning, and he said he felt he was carrying himself on his back as he walked along."

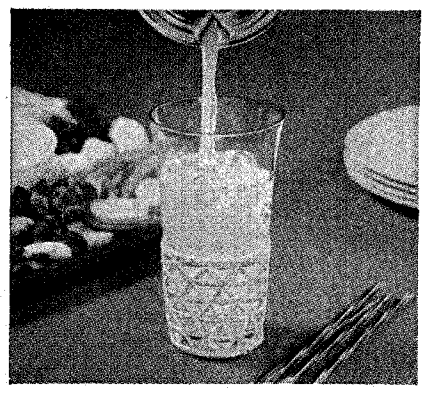
I looked at the tortoise and then I knew why she came to the zoo. I laughed and then we were looking at the flamingos. I liked them again since David had become only her brother. She went and sat on the rustic bench and sighed.

"Tired?"

"People," she said. "They come in and pass their troubles into me, and then they live in me a little while and take a little of me, and maybe I come here to get me back again."

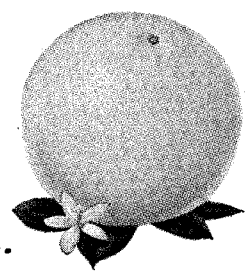
First Course Favorite—grapefruit juice loaded with flavor and vital vitamin C!

So good served "On the Rocks"! Enjoy it at meal time, *any* time.



Always a "Good Mixer" at snack time . . . adds pep, not pounds!

Keep in trim while you keep slim. Refreshing grapefruit juice is low in calories, high in vitamin C!



Nature's thriftiest source of vitamin C . . .

Grapefruit Juice Canned in Florida

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I know an author," I said, "and he said his people breathe in him and use his blood, and he goes up to the mountain to get oxygen from the snow and light from the sun and make himself new again, so that he can nourish more people. Maybe it's like that with you in your job."

"Maybe. They say that what you give to people they give back, but I do not find that is always true."

"Anyway," I smiled, "you are only on loan to them. Maybe you are young to be in Love, Inc., and give yourself all the time. How did you get into it, anyway, or is it your own child?"

"Oh, no. Calhoun, of Columbia, began it, and then it came my way and then I made it all my own." She smiled. "But I'd like to leave it back on Lincoln Avenue now and just look at the flamingos, that are beautiful and don't need people to feed them happiness all the time."

I knew she wanted to get away from Love, Inc., and I changed the line.

"Tell me about David," I said. "You said he would like to meet me. Why?"

"Oh, he read about Problems, Inc., in the magazine, and he's a general scientist, and I think he felt he might like to work with you when he leaves M.I.T."

"Well, I'd like him to come in and see me, and I guess we'll get along." I paused. "In fact, I've just signed up a guy out of M.I.T. He's a nuclear nob called MacDonald." I don't know why, but the air became cold, as if MacDonald had passed by. "Do you know him?"

"Yes, I knew him."

The light was going out of the sky and I feared the silence that was cold and blue in her eyes.

"Well, he's a Brain." I was probing. "And we need him." I paused. "Jim—he's my second—said that MacDonald could get along without breathing." Once again I paused. "I suppose we are talking about the same guy?"

"Oh, yes."

"How do you know?"

"I know because of what Jim said about him." The sunlight had gone behind the hill. "I think I ought to go. I've got to see David away on his train."

When we went outside, the old hobo had gone home. I don't know why, but that was a bad omen. We walked to a cab and she held out her hand and smiled at me from somewhere in China.

"I'm going out to the club to pick up David. Good-by."

I watched her drive away and I walked back home. It seemed a long way and I would have been glad to have Thurber's li'l' doggie along for company.

Thursday. Silence from the old hobo. I doodled giraffes. Friday. Silence again. I doodled zeros. Saturday morning I doodled giraffes inside zeros. At noon when the office closed, I took a cab to the zoo. I told the driver to wait and walked over to the old hobo, and he looked up from a sandwich and shook his head. I wrote my telephone number on my card.

"This is my apartment number. Call me there over the weekend, if ——"

He nodded, munched his sandwich, and did not say a word.

There was no call and I had to face MacDonald on Monday morning and show him around the place, and then Jim and I had him to lunch at the club. We had a bottle of wine, and it tasted like brine and I got dried out in MacDonald's mind. I sent him to the lab with Jim, and I drank about ten glasses of water as I leaned into the Cleveland design.

It was nearly five o'clock when Jim came in with a huge white block in his hand. He laid it on my desk.

"A present for you."

"What's it for?"

"Giraffes. You can do one to each page. Here's the proof of the Dynamco blueprint you passed. There's a giraffe inside the turbine. I nearly sent a giraffe-powered turbine to Hopkins." He sighed. "Use that block, Lance, please." Then he sat on the desk and looked at me. "What's eating you, anyway? You hated MacDonald all through lunch. I don't like him a lot, but I've got to work with him. You got mad with him when he said again that he didn't need anybody and that a woman was just a bad habit that got hung onto a guy. Well, you and I are not a pair of Don Juans, and we get along O.K. with our jobs as wives, so why bite the nose off MacDonald if he lives the same way?"

"O.K., Jim. I'm sorry."

"Why don't we fold up for the day? You don't have to kill yourself just because you've got your picture in the magazine. Let's go down to the Highland Bar and have a Scotch. I'm just all parched in my mind."

I let him have it his way, and we went down the avenue and into the quiet Highland Bar and sat in two leather chairs, and then Jim broke the silence.

"Look, I know we don't discuss our private lives—maybe because we haven't got any personal lives to discuss—but if anything is burning you inside, why not let me know? Maybe I can help?"

"I just don't think you can, Jim."

"Then there is something?" I nodded and he went on, "Listen, you may laugh at this, but I believe in getting these things out, just to anybody, and maybe it is better if you talk to somebody you don't know."

"Now, Jim, don't tell me you are saying I ought to lie on a couch and let some guy open my valves and let all the gas out of me."

"No. I don't believe in those guys. But I know of an outfit that always seems to be able to clear up the troubles of anybody who goes to them. They don't use books, or couches, or sweet music, but all the best doctors send people to them. They've got a crazy name, but they are in high repute, and I know about them from my cousin, Frank, a guy you don't know. They are called Love, Incorporated."

"Love, Inc.?"

"Yeah, I know the name is corn." He smiled. "But they certainly cleared up the life of Frank."

"What was his problem?"

"Well, it was unusual, and they cleared that one up in a very unusual way. Frank fell in love with a twin sister, and then the other twin came along and she fell in love with Frank, and, finally, I guess, he began to come apart at the seams, and his doctor had to send him to this Love, Inc."

"I see. How did they solve it?"

"I told you they cleared that one up in an off-beat way. Frank just fell in love with the principal of Love, Inc., and now they are married and ——"

"You mean, she is married?"

I could feel that the blood had gone out of my face. Jim was staring at me in alarm.

"I said he married the principal. Why shouldn't he? Don't look at me like that, anyway. I'm not just dreaming up a good story." His eyes were puzzled on me. "Boy, you are looking awful. Maybe you need another drop of the old Highland."

"No, thanks." I got up. "What I need is a walk, and a swim in a very cold lake, and I'll leave your cousin, Frank, to get nursed along by Love, Inc. which can only solve a problem by marrying it out of the way."

Jim put down his glass and wagged his head at me. "Boy, you are in a state! I can hardly tell you from MacDonald, the way you are talking now!"

Maybe it was the comparison with MacDonald that alarmed me, but suddenly I knew I had to go to the zoo and let it die where it had lived, and not run

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 58)

1. N.J.	2. Ga.	3. Wash.
4. R.I.	5. Ark.	6. Okla.
7. S.C.	8. Tex.	9. Wyo.
10. Ia.	11. Ida.	12. N.H.

Giant Grand Coulee Dam is one of many "must see" attractions in Washington State. You drive over broad, scenic highways to ocean beaches...fish for fighting salmon or cruise inland seas or recreation-filled lakes. To help you plan *your* vacation in Washington State, write today for a free color booklet to:

WASHINGTON STATE ADVERTISING COMMISSION
Room 335B, Dept. P2, Administration Bldg., Olympia, Washington

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

away. The word "married" was drumming in my head as I walked in the gate of the zoo. She had not worn a ring, like many wives in a job outside the home, and I had guessed it the way I wanted it to be. My worry about MacDonald looked awfully childish now and I felt I owed him an apology.

I just felt alone as I stopped and looked at the lady giraffe and I felt that I was saying good-by to her also.

I knew Juliet would not be there. She was not. I knew the place would be haunted. And it was. In the blue sky I saw her blue dress, and in the yellow light her yellow dress, and I walked with her ghost along to the swans.

The light had gone down when the keeper came up as I stood by the lake. "The gate is closing, mister."

Outside the gate, the old hobo was leaning against the wall.

"I waited for you, son. Why doesn't she come any more?"

"She is married, pops."

He shook his head. "No."

"Yes, pops."

"No."

He walked away, carrying the old Bard in the crook of his arm.

But I knew he could not change things by wanting them his way. I guessed he was an old actor, and I felt he had been playing a Romeo in me, and it was like giving up a love of his own.

The next afternoon was hot, but the sweat on my face was cold as I sat and waited for Jim to come in. I knew he would come in, so I just did things with a pencil. Then he did come in and his face was pale. He sat on the desk and lit a cigarette to calm him.

"Well, that was lovely," he said, "just beautiful. You pick a quarrel with MacDonald in front of everybody in Design, and you would have punched him cold if I had not come in."

"It's O.K. I'm going to apologize to him." I reddened. "And to you, Jim."

"No," he said. "MacDonald sends his apology to you. He asked me to tell you he was sorry."

The sweat began to pour on my face and I mopped it away.

"That makes it worse, Jim. It was my fault and ——"

"Don't waste time, Lance. Let us get to the point."

"What is the point?"

He picked up the block and said, "What are these?"

"Swans."

"And these?"

"Flamingos," I said. "What is the point?"

"The point is, are you going to take a vacation or are you going to tell me or somebody what is burning you up? What are these swans and flamingos, anyway?"

"Birds."

"Maybe they are. Maybe they are symbols. Or maybe symptoms. Why don't you go and talk to somebody if you won't talk to me?"

"Who?"

"I told you. Love, Inc."

"Don't make me laugh."

"That is the point. Go and see them just for the laugh. Maybe that will help you to get this thing into focus."

"Well, that is an idea, Jim. I must think about it."

"You won't get time to think about it, chum." He went over and picked up my hat. "You're leaving just this minute. You can go and see Love, Inc., or have your cold swim in the lake. I don't care which, but all I know is I can't work with you sitting over me like an H-bomb and waiting for you to blow." He laughed. "Boy, if anybody had told me that you could get into this way!" He went over and held open the door. "Out!" He signed with his thumb. "Love, Inc., is just down the avenue. Come back and tell me about the laugh if you get it."

I walked down Lincoln Avenue and I had a curious light feeling, as if I were not touching the sidewalk as I went along.

It was Buttons who woke me out of the trance when he swung the elevator gate and said, "Back again to Love, Inc.? Another babe?"

The cool and beautiful one that looked as if she had been designed in Vassar glanced up from her desk in the lobby and then recognized me.

"Oh, Mr. Smith? Back again?"

"I've never been away. I hope you've kept my name on the file. This time I really have a problem."

She had my card and even the receipt. I laid down the clip of a hundred dollars and she did not count the bills and handed me the receipt.

"Your problem, Mr. Smith?"

This was where my breathing began to miss, but I handled it with a smile. "Oh, the old one that began in Eden."

"I see." She paused. "Prematrimonial or postmatrimonial?"

"Neither. That is the trouble."

"Oh." She looked at her daybook. "Then perhaps you ought to see Mr. ——"

"I'd like to see the principal."

She looked at the page again, then at the clock. "I am afraid the principal has an appointment in twenty minutes. And you are entitled to an hour of consultation, so ——"

"I'll take the twenty minutes. You see, I met the principal here the last time and ——"

"I understand. Just wait a moment, please."

She went in, and then came back and did not seem to notice that I was suspended in space.

"Come this way, please." . . .

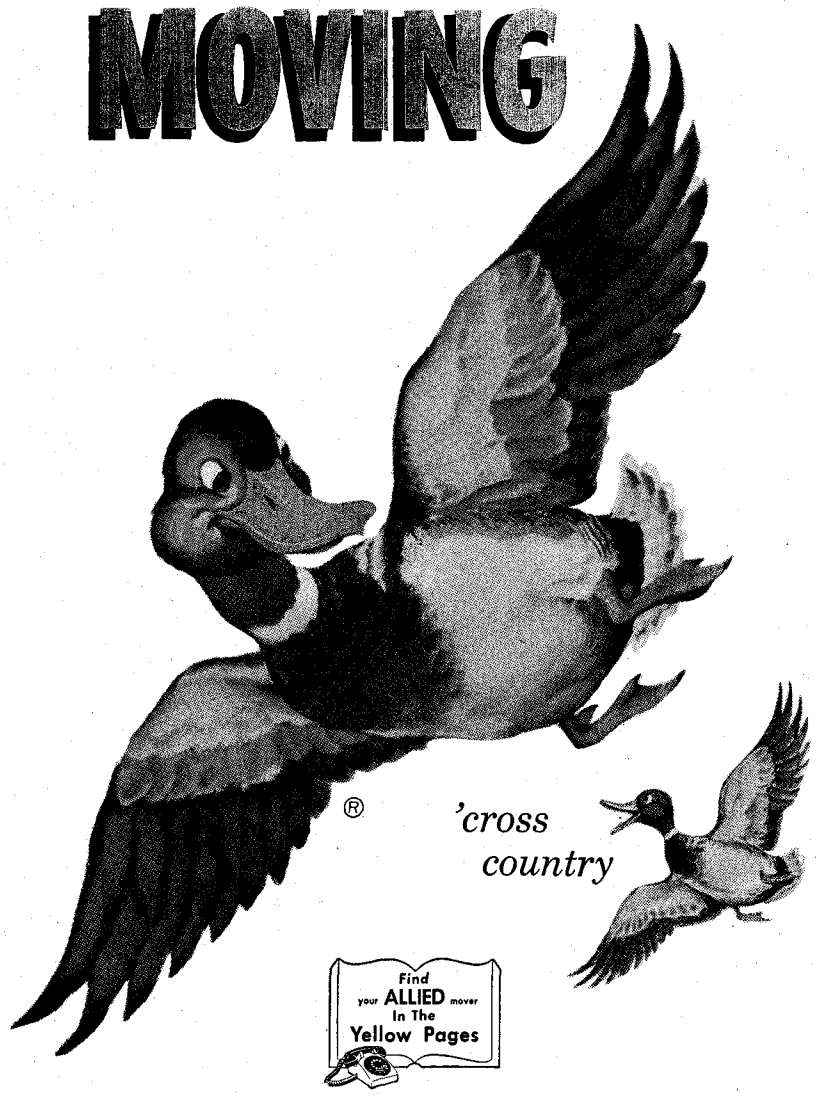
I sat down in a chair across the desk from the principal and there was a pause. I broke it. "I wonder—could we have that window open, please?"

She got up and opened the window, and there was air in the room again. Maybe she needed air, too, because her face was pale and she did not seem to know how to begin. Then, at last, she said, "Your problem, Mr. Smith?"

"Don't you go to the zoo any more?"

Suddenly her mouth was firm and her mind in control of the room.

for DEPENDABLE MOVING



CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER
... he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See the yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.

ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

"Going to throw out the first arm of the season?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. Smith, please be impersonal." She paused. "What is your problem?"

"I am in love with somebody."

She pulled over a notebook and took a pencil. "I see. Then the problem is ——"

"That she is married."

The shock leaped in her face, and I was puzzled.

"Married?"

"Yes. Why do you look surprised?"

"I'm sorry. I—my guess was wrong." She smiled an office smile. "I've got into the habit of guessing the problem of a client, and—I was just surprised that I had made a mistake in your case. Please go on." She paused. "Is she in love with you?"

"I don't know."

"Then —— Do you know her husband?"

"No. In fact, I did not know she had a husband. So I just fell in love and —— That is all."

"Please forgive me, Mr. Smith, but this is all very vague. You say that you are in love with somebody and you don't seem to know if she is in love with you. Does she know you are in love? Have you told her?"

"No. I —— Maybe there is nothing. I —— What are you drawing on that block?"

She looked in surprise at the drawing on the page. "Oh. An okapi."

"An okapi? Oh, that is some kind of animal."

"But you said you loved the okapi." Suddenly her face was in flame.

"I was just talking when I said I loved the okapi that day. I wouldn't know an okapi. I guess I just loved everything that lived on that day at the zoo."

She was pale now and she put the notebook and pencil away.

"Mr. Smith, it is not our practice in Love, Inc., to accept a client who is known to us outside the office, and I should not have accepted you. We are not dealing with your problem. We are discussing animals at the zoo. I think you ought to see Mr. Davenport, who is not known to you personally. You have paid for five one-hour consultations, and this talk is not getting you anywhere at all."

"But —— Listen, I can't open up the first time. Can't I see you again? I don't want to change to Mr. Davenport."

She looked down and inspected her diary. It was a long pause. "Very well. Tomorrow at four o'clock?"

"Yes."

She marked it and smiled in a guarded way. "This talk will not count on your payment, Mr. Smith." That guarded smile again. "But we must not talk about okapis again. That was my fault. I am sorry." She looked at the clock. "I am afraid I have an appointment." She moved back her chair. "But, please, Mr. Smith, don't come back unless you are sure we can help you. We are serious people here, and we do not take fees for nothing at all."

I stood up also and I looked at her masked blue eyes.

"Can you tell me one thing, Miss Arden? Why didn't you expect me to be in love with a woman who is married?"

"I don't know, Mr. Smith. It is—just that one develops an intuition about people, and I ——"

"I'd like to know, Miss Arden."

"I can't explain. Only—I just felt that if you were in love, you are the kind of man who would be lucky and be loved, and that there would not be a problem."

"Well, that is what I believed. But I guess everybody believes it is going to be that way."

She was standing by the door, and she said, "Tomorrow at four o'clock."

"Yes."

"And no okapis!"

She was trembling, and I looked away at the open window.

"I am sorry. You are shivering, and I made you open the window."

She nodded and gave a little smile and opened the door.

I looked at the clock on my desk. It was 3:35. I ought to go soon, if I wanted to walk down to Love, Inc. I wondered if I could take it again, and I just sat wondering. When I got down there, I would have nothing to say. What could I say?

Jim came in and startled me out of a dream of swans on the golden lake in the evening. He laid down the album and said, "I've got it all wrapped up for Cleveland. No lunch. But I've got it all wrapped up."

"Thanks, boy."

"You look all gone. Didn't you get the laugh out of Love, Inc., yesterday?"

"No laugh!"

"What about that break, that week you need away up on the mountain?"

"Forget it. No break. I'll settle it here in Problems, Inc."

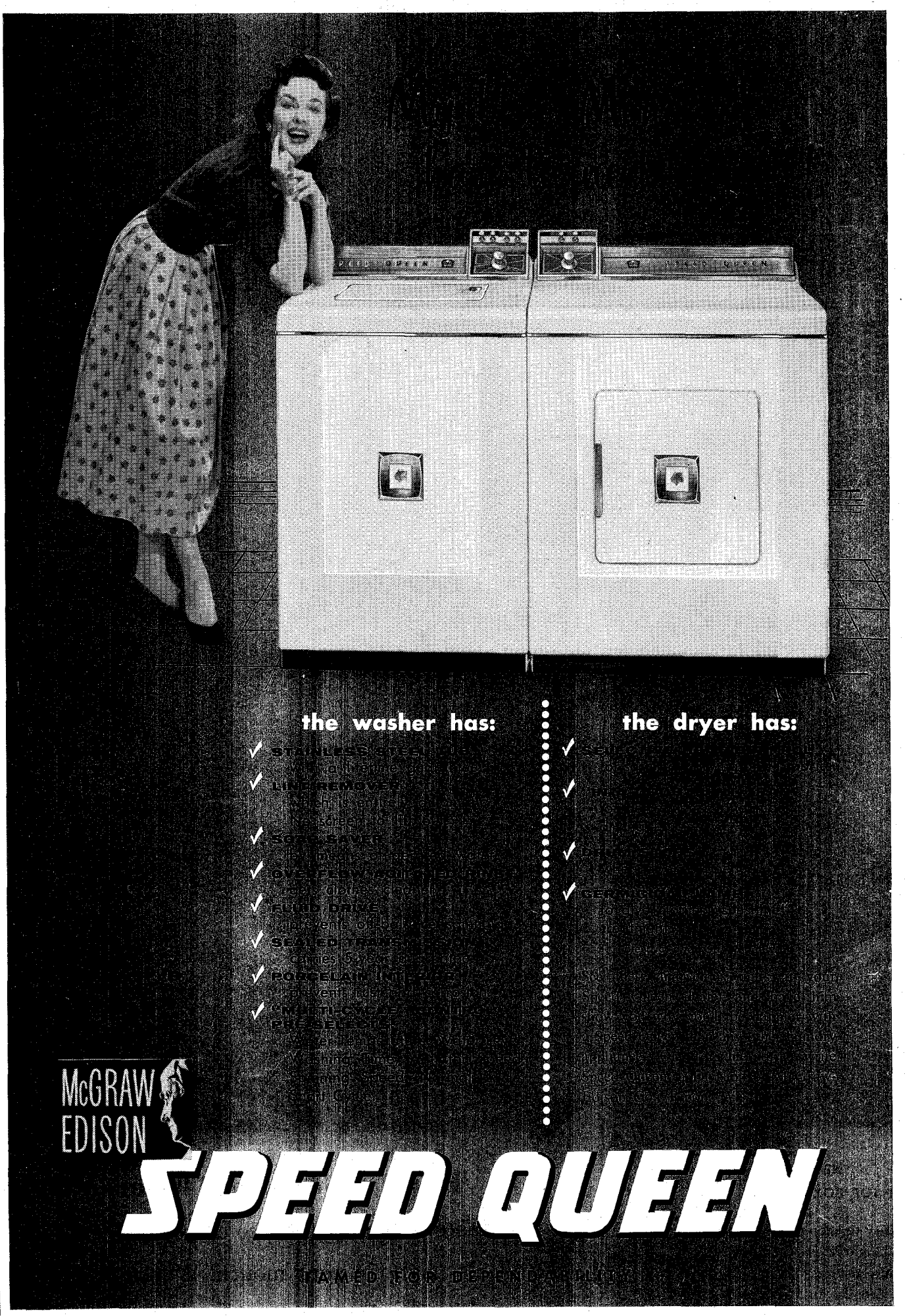
"O.K., chum. Make a blueprint of yourself. But leave out the giraffe. Meanwhile your boy Jim needs a break this very day. I'm going to a party, and I'm taking you along, and right now."

"Not now. I've got an appointment at four—if I keep it. What's the party, anyway? And why at this time of day?"

"Because baby's gonna be there, and baby goes to bed early. It's a christening party, and I'm the guy who bathes baby in the champagne. He gets my name."

"Whose baby?"

(*Continued on Page 65*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marlboro

You get
a lot to
like

-filter
-flavor
-flip-top box

NEW FLIP-TOP BOX

Sturdy to keep cigarettes from crushing. No tobacco in your pocket. Up to date.

POPULAR

Here's old-fashioned flavor in the new way to smoke. Man-size taste of honest tobacco comes full through. Smooth-drawing filter feels right in your mouth. Works fine but doesn't get in the way. Modern Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette firm and fresh until you smoke it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 63*) "Frank's. He became old poppa last Wednesday, so ——"

"Frank? Frank who?"

"My cousin. The guy who married the gal in Love, Inc., and ——"

I stared at him. "Are you gone mad? How could she have a baby last Wednesday? She was at the zoo."

He stared at me. "The zoo? What are you talking about?"

"You mean —— Doesn't she —— She hasn't —— She isn't —— You mean he didn't marry the same girl?"

"Say, are you gone crazy?"

"What's her name?"

"Who? Frank's wife? Mary."

Suddenly I began to laugh. Then I began to shake. Jim came around and gripped my shoulders and said, "Take it easy, boy. You are all gone. You need the doc in."

I just had to hear it said. "You mean, Frank's wife is not the principal of Love, Inc., any more?"

"No. Of course not. She —— What has all this got to do with you?"

I didn't even answer. I put one hand on the desk and vaulted over and ran out the door with an old Harvard war cry.

I didn't know a thing going down Lincoln Avenue until the cop looked at me so hard that I stopped under his eye.

He just said, "Business must be that good if you can sing that bad!"

So all that noise was me singing? And in charcoal gray.

Buttons said, as he hoisted me in the elevator, "Maybe I ought to see Love, Inc. Spring is out all over you in pink buds, honey boy."

But I had no impact at all on the Vassar design in Love, Inc. She just said, "You are five minutes early, Mr. Smith." She looked up again in a moment. "We don't whistle in here."

"I'm sorry. But I was whistling in Italian."

She did not look up again until one minute to four o'clock.

"Oh, I am afraid you are seeing Mr. Davenport. Miss Arden is not in today."

"Not in?"

"No." She paused. "Miss Arden has gone on vacation."

"On vacation? But —— For how long?"

"I really don't know, Mr. Smith. She decided on a vacation—rather suddenly."

"But I must see Miss Arden."

"I am afraid you can't. She is not here."

"But —— Listen, I've got to get in touch with her."

"If you wish to write to Miss Arden, I shall forward the letter in her mail."

"Listen. This is urgent. Can't you let me know where she has gone?"

"Mr. Smith, I see no reason to inform a client where our principal goes on a vacation."

"But this is not office business. It—it's about the lady giraffe at the zoo. She—she's just had a baby, and ——"

"The zoo? Oh!" She paused. "Do you know Miss Arden outside the office?"

"Yes. I —— Can't you see? Can't you understand?"

"Oh." Then she looked at me and almost smiled. "Yes, I think I do see. Miss Arden has gone to St. Paul."

"St. Paul? In Galilee? I mean, in Minnesota?"

"No, in France. Above the Riviera." She flushed. "Look, I just don't understand. Miss Arden—she only decided an hour ago. So suddenly. Are you the cause of all this?"

"Honey, are you going to help me?"

She looked at me a long time. "Maybe I am."

"Has she gone on a plane?"

"She hasn't gone. The plane leaves at midnight."

"Then give me her telephone number."

She paused. She looked me hard in the eyes. Then she made up her mind.

"No. But I'll book you a seat on the same plane. Provided you never give me away."

"I promise." Then I smiled. "Maybe Love, Inc., knows how to handle problems after all!"

She began to dial. "Now, let's fix this seat." She fixed it and booked me through to Nice. Then she asked, "What's this about a lady giraffe and a baby?"

"Oh. I met her with the lady giraffe and —— By the way, how long has Miss Arden been principal here?"

"About a year. Since Mary—I mean Miss Langton, left to get married."

"I've got news for you. Mary has a son."

"I know that. I'm just going to the christening party. Do you know Mary?"

"No. But I love her. And I love that baby. I love everybody. And I love you."

I got everything fixed inside an hour. I could pack my suitcase before dinner. So I had time to relax, and then I remembered the old hobo. He was part of it all and I wanted to go and say good-by to him and give him that hundred dollars I would get back from Love, Inc.

I hailed a cab to the zoo and made up a clip of a hundred as I rode along, and when I got to the zoo gate he had just finished reading Shakespeare to a group of young girls with a nun.

I went over to him and said, "I'm going on a trip and I wanted to ——"

But he was looking at me with a smile in his eyes. He jerked his thumb to the zoo. "She's in there, junior."

I tossed a bill into the cab and I ran for the gate.

When I got inside the zoo I slowed down. I began to yawn. I had not counted on her being at the zoo. I wondered if I ought to wait until I got on the plane with her. The surprise would help. And the voyage out over the Atlantic. There was a water fountain and I drank out of the iron cup. The sunlight seemed to blind out the sun. The sweat pouring on my face had got into my eyes. I cooled my face in the fountain and drank another cup. Then I walked on. I just couldn't hang on in this way until midnight. I had to know.

She was standing in white light and looking at the giraffe, and it looked like cool white linen she wore, and I stopped until I got my breath again. I walked over very slowly, listening to my heart. I heard myself saying, "She is a model, that lady giraffe!"

She gave a start and waited before looking at me. Then she smiled, and the smile ached in her face.

"I—I've been standing. I would like to sit down somewhere."

We walked over to a seat, and I remembered we had sat there before when I told her I loved the okapi. She paused a little. Then her voice was low and calm. "I am sorry that I could not keep our appointment, Mr. Smith. I hope you saw Mr. Davenport and ——"

"No. I did not need to see him. I did not have a problem. It was a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. I told you she was married. She is not. I misunderstood something Jim told me." I paused. "I thought his cousin Frank had married you."

She sat still for a moment and then she leaned her face into her hands and cupped her eyes in her hands, and then drops of water began to come through her fingers and I looked away.

I waited a little time and then I asked, "Why did you not keep our appointment at four o'clock?"

"Because I could not, Mr. Smith. Because I could not."

I stood up and I said, "Can't we go and see the swans?"

She came with me and we walked in silence to the lake. The light was amber on them now, and later on it would make them gold and her white dress would light in the sunset.

Then very soon she was in possession of herself again and she talked in a natural way. "Tell me, why do you come to the zoo?"

"Because one day not so very long ago I saw a girl on Lincoln Avenue. She was standing on the curb waiting for a cab, and I stood and watched her, and then something strange happened. I could not hear the noise in the street, as if something had stopped inside me, and all I can remember is that I got into a cab and told him to follow the cab of the girl, and I found myself here at the zoo. That is why I came to the zoo." I paused. "And now I come because I love the okapi, but I haven't gone to see the okapi because I don't know if the okapi loves me and I don't want to be disappointed. I guess I'm a little nervous about that okapi."

She looked at her watch and said, "There would be time to see the okapi before they close the gate and it is time to go."

"But you said you were a member and you do not have to go when they close the gate. I am not a member, but I have a season ticket now, and I am sure you know the night watchman and he will let us stay."

"But I cannot stay anyway. I am going away on a plane. But I'll talk to old Angus and he will let you stay. But why do you want to stay?"

"I want to stay the night and look at the animals like you did, and see them waking in the moonlight and remembering Africa. . . . And why are you going away and catching a plane?"

"Oh, because—I just wanted to get away and —— Why do you want to spend the night in the zoo?"

"I don't know. It's just a feeling I have, and we can spend the night going round with your old Angus and ——"

"But I am going to St. Paul and ——" She paused. "Why should I miss the plane and spend the night at the zoo?"

"Oh, let us say it is because I am not like MacDonald and I can't get along without breathing and —— Do we go and find Angus and tell him to cook a supper for us along with his and —— Once we've got the animals asleep, we can come back here and sit by the swans, and watch each one sleeping under his own moonbeam on the lake."

I don't know how, but there we were, eating sausages and bacon and drinking beer with old Angus in his lodge, and then he came out with the moonlight silver on his beard, and I learned that you can see silence as a visible thing in a lion asleep and hear Beethoven thundering when a lion wakes up and roars in a dream of the jungle, and that it is true that a swan sleeps in his own moonbeam.

We spent all the night like that with old Angus and, finally, in the light of the dawn, we saw the okapi, and then we bade old Angus good-by and he opened the gate and let us out, and we stopped when we saw the crate where we had sat over the old hobo.

I said, "We must come back and see him after St. Paul. Maybe he'll read you another sonnet and do my courting for me again."

She laughed and said, "Maybe I ought to take him to St. Paul. At least he says something nice to me, and all you do is talk about plane schedules to St. Paul."

We sat on the crate again for the memory, and then she leaped from the snore. I lifted up the crate, and he was asleep with his head on the open page of Shakespeare. Then the light of the sun woke him and he rubbed the sleep from his old and wrinkled eyes. He smiled.

"Ah, I waited for you. You must have spent the night in there. I wanted to know. Ah, how an old whistle-stop Romeo dreams. And how young he wakes in the morning." He looked around at the golden light in the green leaves and at the mountain far away. Then he lifted the book and began to read:

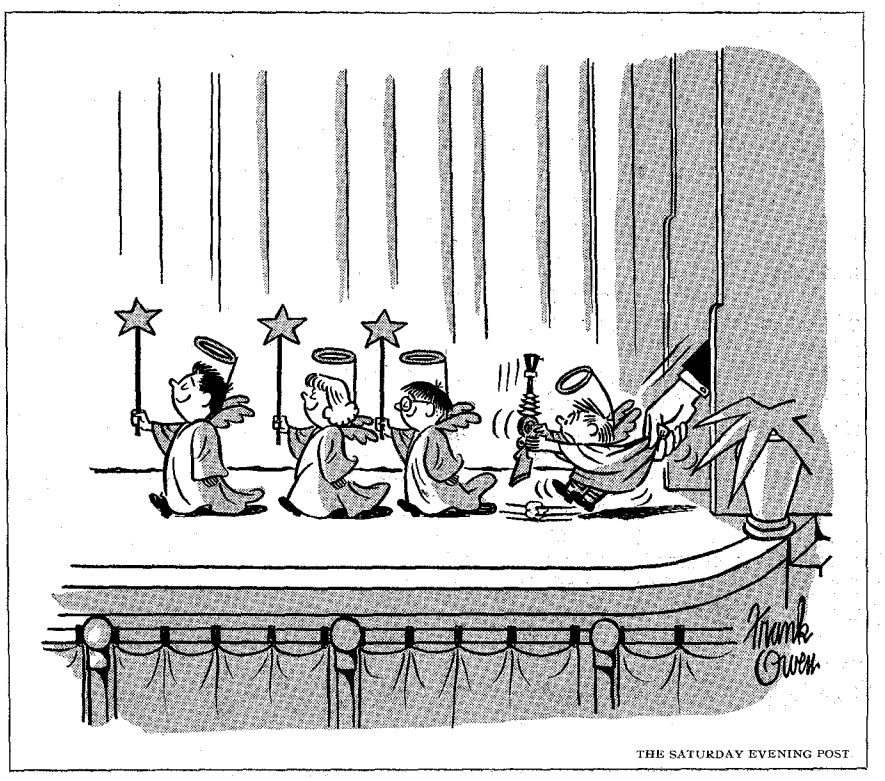
"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green."

Then he laid down the book and smiled at Juliet.

"Maybe you'd best move along and not listen to the old Bard, and get some sleep. Junior here told me you've got a job, and maybe ——"

She slipped her hand into mine and said to him, "There is no hurry." She smiled. "Love is my business now."

THE END



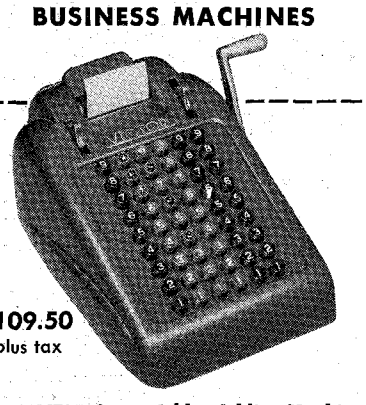
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can't match this quality at these prices...

VICTOR

BUSINESS MACHINES



$109.50
plus tax

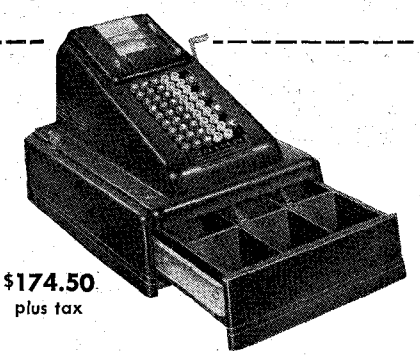
The VICTOR Super Adder Adding Machine

A rugged precision built machine at lowest price. The right machine for any business with a moderate amount of figure-work or excellent for home use. Six hand-operated models. 10-key or full-keyboard available.

$209.50
plus tax

VICTOR Executive Adding Machine

Fast operation and direct subtraction make this a popular choice for all types of businesses. Electric or hand-operated models. Compact, extremely portable. Choice of 10-key or full-keyboard.



$174.50
plus tax

The VICTOR Cash Register

For all businesses, small or large, where there is need for control of cash, charge, received-on-account, and paid-out transactions. Precision-built, compact. Has many features of higher-priced registers.

VICTOR ADDING MACHINE CO.
CHICAGO 18, ILLINOIS
Victor-McCaskey Limited—Galt, Ontario

Look in the Yellow Pages for your nearest Victor or office equipment dealer. Easy to buy—convenient terms.

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages

Victor Adding Machine Co.
Chicago 18, Illinois **Dept. P-4**

Please send me new booklet on low-cost Victor Adding Machines and Cash Registers.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Fishing in the Dark (Continued from Page 49)

This is smelt dipping, or netting. Smelts are sleek and silvery fish, from six to twelve inches long, which ascend small streams by the millions to spawn each spring in the Great Lakes country from New York to Lake Superior. Sensible persons buy theirs at the nearest supermarket, but a large number of do-it-yourself types dip their own from chilly streams, insisting that there is no smelt like a fresh smelt for eating purposes.

Many towns, especially in Michigan and Wisconsin, have smelt-dipping carnivals during the run each spring; people come from as far as the West Coast to participate.

"They seem to go crazy," a veteran conservation officer, who has seen many smelt runs since the fish were introduced into the Great Lakes, told me somewhat disapprovingly. "And they are crazy. They could buy the same fish for a few cents a pound at home. Instead, they come up here by the thousands, and go home with tubfuls which they can't even give away unless they clean them first. Crazy, all over a little fish!"

Some of the dipping festivals are disorganized affairs, actually little more than a name given by ambitious publicists to the ten-to-fourteen-day period in the spring when the fish spawn in their localities. But the one at Advance is carefully organized. The Advance Board of Commerce—a grand-sounding name for a group of forty or so citizens who represent almost the entire adult population of the unincorporated village of Advance—runs everything. Advance itself is a speck on the map, a signpost three miles west of the town of Boyne City at the head of Lake Charlevoix, with not even a central cluster of buildings to indicate that it is a village. However, it rivals more famous Boyne City—home of Smeltania, the village of fishing shanties built on the frozen lake—as a popular spot for winter ice fishing, and its springtime smelt-dipping festival is the north country's first big event after "ice out" time.

When the Board of Commerce decided to make Advance's festival different from all others, it strung 100-watt bulbs along the stream to provide illumination. It set up a luncheon shack in a building donated by the Northern Michigan Electric Co-operative, Inc., which has a power plant adjoining Porter Creek. It established the hours of ten, twelve, two and four at night as the only times when dipping would be allowed, and then only for about fifteen minutes at a stretch, on the cunning theory that the lovelorn smelts, if left unmolested for two-hour intervals, would return again and again to Porter Creek to keep their nuptial trysts. It confines the waiting netters to one side of the stream, barring everyone from the opposite bank, and no one is permitted to flash a light on the stream while waiting for the dipping hours.

The remarkable thing about this is that, while the Board of Commerce has absolutely no authority to enforce its regulations, the crowds observe the rules. The Michigan Department of Conservation sets smelt-dipping rules for the state, and anyone could net Porter Creek at any time during the season, but no one does except at the stipulated hours.

The board's only profit, several hundred dollars, comes from the sale of coffee, hot dogs, barbecue sandwiches and soft drinks at a refreshment shack run by the women members; this money goes into a fund for finishing a Board of Commerce building that is being constructed by the men.

A few minor contributions are received from honorary members in Chicago, Detroit and other cities. A man in Wooster, Ohio, for instance, gives the board several dollars annually, so that it will notify him promptly when the smelt run starts, whereupon he drops all other business and rushes north to Advance.

The spawning period usually covers two weeks, and at least 25,000 persons dip smelts in the short season. Many are repeaters, of course, returning for more than one night. All together they take an estimated, and rather fantastic, total of eight to ten tons of smelts with their hand nets from Porter Creek. Not all dip. Some act as teammates for the netters, handling the pails and tubs on the banks. Not all dips are successful but, when they are, the netters can scarcely stagger back to their cars with their catch. Miss Billie Stanley, a sort of local champion dipper from Boyne City, netted seven bushels of smelts one night, and usually goes prepared for a killing with several large metal washtubs.

"If Billie can't get them, the smelts aren't there," her friends say.

The board has been running the dipping at Advance for eight years. "We had trouble enforcing the rules at first," Lance Russ, a member of the Board of Commerce, told me as we waited for the lights to go on one night. It was a few minutes before midnight, and the dippers were massed solidly downstream from the bridge on which we stood. All we could see was a silhouette of heads and upraised nets against the sky, and an occasional flare from a match or cigarette lighter.

"Some of them told us they could dip when they derned pleased," Russ said, "and we told them to go ahead, but we wouldn't answer for the consequences. The consequences? Well, one bunch of toughs from another town tried it. We stoned them out, and there were fist fights. Now people realize that this is the fair way. Smelts are scary fish and seldom come into the stream from the lake until it's real dark. A few dippers could chase them right back into the lake. This way, we wait until the stream is full—sometimes it's black with them—and let everybody go at once. Then we turn off the lights and rest the stream for almost two hours, allowing more smelts to come in. We don't allow the dippers to build any fires to keep warm, even on a cold night like this. The fires scare the fish away, and the dippers are pretty careless about where they get their firewood. That's why they're barred from lots of private property."

A few good-natured shouts came from the crowd. "Come on, turn on the lights! It's midnight!"

Lance Russ looked at his watch's illuminated hands.

"We never have any trouble with them any more," he continued, "although we couldn't possibly stop the couple thousand from here downstream if they decided to break the rules."

Russ is a rather typical Board of Commerce member—one of the men who "retired" and moved to Advance after working in Flint and Detroit, and running a hunting camp on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Now he is a house painter because he likes to paint. With the aid of his energetic wife, Iva, he also runs a boat livery and bait business in summer, and in winter rents fifteen shanties for fishing through the ice. Rather elaborate "shanties," these, with electric lights, telephone service, a heater and a stove. The shanties are sheathed in stainless metal and all were built by Russ.

Someone turned the switch in the gristmill, and the massed army charged into the illuminated stream. In ten seconds the stream was filled with a seething mass of human beings wearing outlandish cold-weather garb. Some had containers strapped to their waists into which they dumped rocks and smelts which they scooped from the bottom. Others, trying to float tubs tied by ropes to their bodies, succeeded only in tangling up other dippers. Some set their pails on shore, and then tried to fight their way to them with full nets. "Don't ever set down a pail, or somebody'll fill it," laughed Forest Clark, another board member. Still others emptied their nets on the shore where helpers picked up the flopping fish. Two men got their nets hopelessly entangled, and nearly came to blows trying to disengage them. An elderly woman in hip boots slipped and fell into the cold water. Without a word, she got up, fought her way back to the bank and went toward her car.

Michigan law allows nets five feet in circumference, but most of those used in Porter Creek are smaller, because a big net is useless in such a crowd. Most nets had short handles for the same reason. The majority were made of regular net twine, although (*Continued on Page 68*)

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

2. Of the Lady and the Household Law

Now, son, I teach a thing untaught by schools,
Yet vital to connubial calm, and therefore
Attend me well! In each wife's book of rules
Each object has its Why, its special Wherefore.
The towel's for face, not muddy boot (you'll find
That she'll remind you); and the thin Spode cup
Holds tea, not ashes; nor was couch designed
For storm-soaked coats and wrestling with the pup.

Oh, careful be!—else all a husband's guile
Cannot dispel the clouds of total war.
Order, Purpose, Aim, thy name is Wife!
And so reflect upon this, lad, the while
She plants green ivy in your humidor,
And pries up jar lids with your hunting knife.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You find happy people in a home that has a Hammond Organ

. . . owning and playing a Hammond Organ is an experience you can share with the whole family

. . . it gives you the satisfaction of filling your leisure time with something worthwhile

. . . you know the joy of listening to your children create living music

. . . and there's little room for worry or tension or trouble in a home that's filled with music.

Hammond Organ music's most glorious voice

Why a Hammond Organ? Because it differs from all others in several important ways. (1) No Hammond has ever needed tuning. (2) It gives you thousands of different kinds of tones... controlled at a touch by Hammond's exclusive Harmonic Drawbars.

The voices of many orchestral instruments are yours to command with your Hammond Organ. Ask your dealer to demonstrate these exclusive musical advantages.

Easy terms: $135 down at most dealers and about $40 a month

FREE LP RECORDING OF HAMMOND MUSIC

Hammond Organ Company
4204 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
Please send me your new LP recording of Porter Heaps at the Hammond Organ.

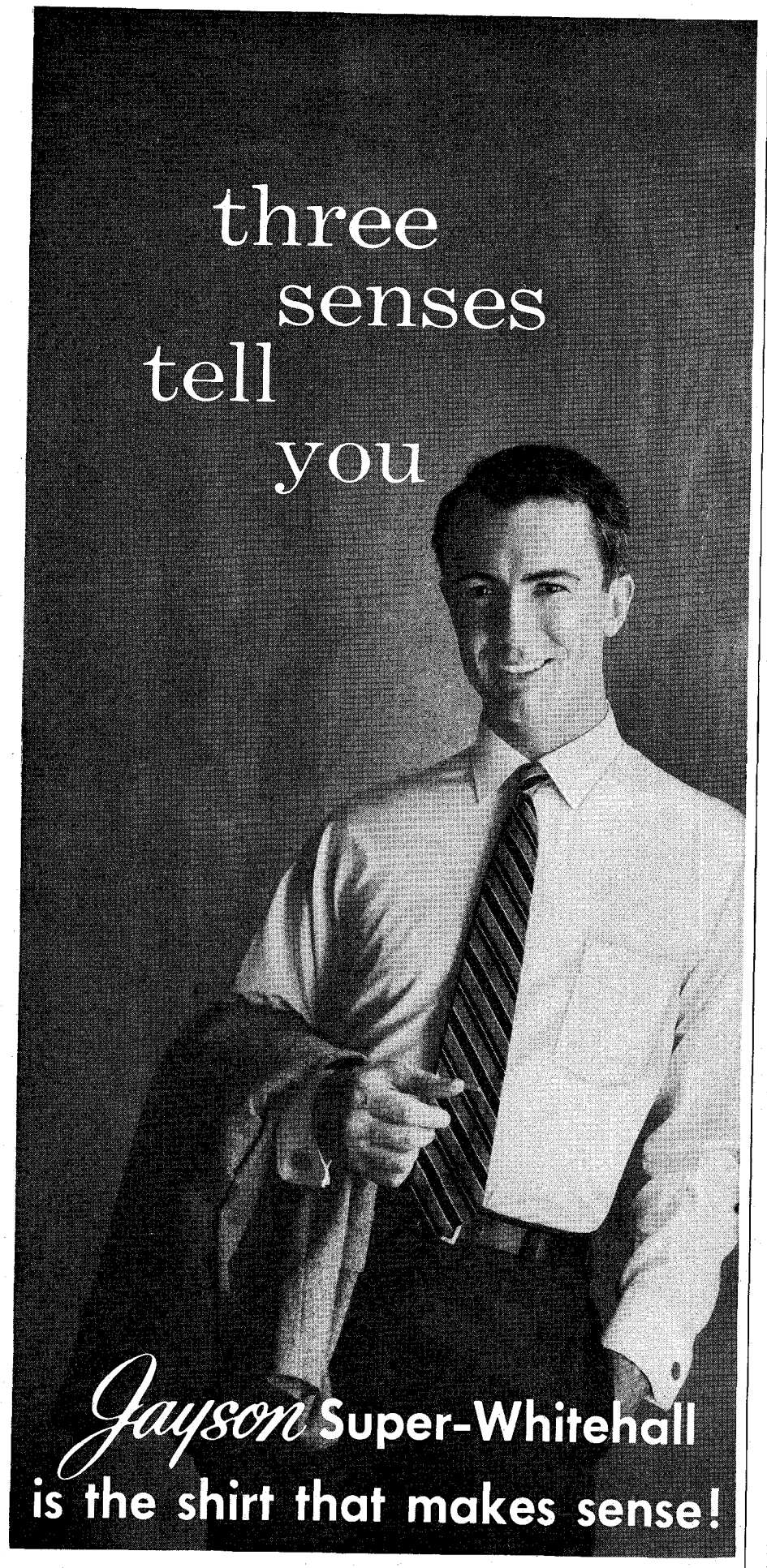
Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

©1957, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



feel the difference... Lustrous broadcloth that's wonderfully kind to the touch. Actually feels better after each laundering.

see the difference... Famous Jayson "fit to perfection" tailoring assures you a shirt that fits and feels better, makes you *look better*. Choice of flattering collar styles.

hear the difference... You'll get compliments on your good taste and good sense when you wear Jayson SUPER-WHITEHALL—America's greatest shirt value, at only $3.95

JAYSON, 1115 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y., *Also makers of* Extello Shirts *and* Sport Shirts

(*Continued from Page 66*) I saw a number made of rigid wire shaped like a cone. The rigid-wire nets are easier to empty. On larger waters, and in deeper streams, the handles sometimes are as much as ten feet long and the nets are as big as the law allows. It was so cold during the 1956 run that the cotton nets froze as soon as they were exposed to the air.

The dipping mania affects people in unpredictable ways. Two girls in evening dress and cloaks, quite obviously out on a slumming expedition, stood shivering on the bridge and watched the mad proceedings. "How can they stand to touch the slimy things?" one shuddered as she watched a boy picking up smelts by hand immediately below the bridge. She was assured that they weren't slimy. Suddenly she pointed and shouted. "There's one! There's a big one. Get it, get it, oh, get it!" She was practically screeching and dancing in her excitement. The boy went on picking them out of the water. Two men spectators on the bank beside him, dressed in street clothing and shoes, started to shout at him at the same time. Heedless of their attire and the cold, they waded in and began to grab smelts by hand and throw them into the boy's pail.

Mrs. Iva Russ, no longer needed at the deserted refreshment shack, joined us on the bridge. "First dip I ever saw was years ago at Boyne City, when it was a pretty popular spot, and I thought it was the funniest thing I ever did see," she recalled. "The conservation officers started the dip in those days by firing a gun. One man was dressed in a big fur coat. The water's deeper in the Boyne River than here, and he got pushed off his feet. That fur coat spread out just like a balloon and he started drifting out into Lake Charlevoix, shouting for help. The conservation men grabbed a boat and saved him."

Someone else recalled an occasion when a dipper forgot his net and, frustrated, set down two big lard cans beside the stream to watch others having fun. Much to his amazement, he found the pails filled and doesn't know to this day what netter, carried away by the excitement, filled them by mistake.

The lights blinked and then went out. The dippers filed from the stream, proudly showing one another their catches. In a few minutes the place was deserted.

The early part of the 1956 season was disappointing at Advance. The smelts appeared in small numbers on Tuesday, April seventeenth, were plentiful on Thursday night, and scarce Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. At two o'clock Monday morning the die-hards along the stream hit their first giant run. There was a nearly full moon, and, on Saturday night, a spectacular display of northern lights. Both the moon and the aurora borealis were blamed for the poor runs. The truth seems to be that it was much too cold.

Prior to the two-o'clock dip on Monday morning, the smelts could be seen as black masses in the stream under the light of the moon. When the lights went on, I watched one family group from Cadillac, Michigan—George Campbell, his son, Dale, his daughter, Georgia, and son-in-law, Leon Belanger—work in teams to fill a huge tub and two pails. Georgia stayed on the bank to pick up the smelts her father scooped out on the bank while the two younger men dipped farther downstream.

The nearby Boyne City area is one of Michigan's popular skiing centers, but the winter ice fishing and the spring dipping for smelts draw more visitors than the ski slopes. The inevitable "queen" is elected. In 1956 the smelt queen at Advance was a healthy, attractive eighteen-year-old senior at Boyne City High School named Mary Lou Snyder.

Many of the visitors are attracted by the coincidence of several seasons opening about the same time. There is trout season, yellow perch start biting furiously when the ice goes out, and walleyes gorge on smelts which escape the netters and return to Lake Charlevoix, Walloon Lake and other bodies of water. Then there is the morel festival at nearby Gaylord. A morel is a large, pitted mushroom which appears soon after the snow melts in spring. Epicures believe it is possibly the best of all the edible fungi. It is gathered in great quantities around Gaylord; the town sends out maps marked to show the best morel-gathering territory.

A lucky visitor to the area, hitting all the seasons right, can dip smelts, catch trout, walleyes and yellow perch, pick morels, and eat of all of them right on the spot.

Lake Charlevoix is an eighteen-mile-long body of deep water, with a big South Arm, which empties into Lake Michigan on the upper west side of the Lower Peninsula. It is one of the few inland lakes with an enormous smelt population, and almost any accessible stream or drainage ditch emptying into it provides smelt dipping, if it is not barred by embattled landowners—who are frequently willing to fend off the invading hordes of dippers with shotguns. Conservation officer Ed Starback took me on a tour of the entire lake and South Arm shore line. At East Jordan, the Jordan River flows into the head of the South Arm and provides good smelt dipping, but the water is more spread out than at Advance, and the dipping is more difficult. On the same arm are Monroe Creek, where the dipping is good, but the landowners are resentful, and Loeb Creek, equally good, flowing through the Loeb Farms, but barred by the caretakers of the property. Monroe Creek is fished lightly, Loeb Creek not at all except by poachers. On main Lake Charlevoix, several tiny streams and Horton Creek provide good dipping.

The Advance spectacle is repeated in varying degrees all over Michigan. Major festivals are held at Beulah, on Crystal Lake, not far from Lake Charlevoix; at East Tawas and Tawas City, on the eastern, or Lake Huron, side of Michigan; and at Menominee and Escanaba, on the Green Bay side of the Upper Peninsula. Some are attended with much more fanfare and drumbeating than the one at Advance, but the end results are the same—people become predatory and pounce on the unsuspecting fish which have come up the streams to reproduce. A fresh-water fishing license is required for all inland lakes, though none is needed for the Great Lakes and their connecting waters—a rule most difficult for the Conservation Department to enforce and for the dippers to understand.

The smelts' invasion of the Great Lakes demonstrates how a single species can become dominant. Except for Eastern Lake Ontario, where smelts have always been common, the Great Lakes had none until early in this century, when Michigan tried, unsuccessfully, to introduce the landlocked, or Sebago, salmon from the

---

By the time a man can read women like a book, he's usually wearing bifocals.

DAVID O. FLYNN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East. Since landlocks feed on similarly landlocked smelts in New England, imported smelt eggs were introduced from 1906 on. In 1912 about 16,400,000 smelt eggs from Green Lake, Maine, were planted in Michigan's Crystal Lake. They took, and it is believed that all of the Great Lakes' present tremendous smelt population came from fish which escaped from Crystal Lake into Lake Michigan. The species was first observed in recognizable numbers in 1918; by 1923 it was abundant on the east shore of Lake Michigan, and the next year it had crossed the lake and was present in Big Bay de Noc, an arm of Green Bay. Since then it has become a fixture in all the Great Lakes—Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie and Ontario—and several other big inland lakes.

The first Crystal Lake find supposedly was made by a man who went to dip wash water from a small stream one spring morning for his wife's Monday washing and came up with pails of a strange fish never encountered before. At Boyne City, a bait dealer went out to net bait minnows one day and ran through the town, babbling about the Boyne River being alive with a new fish.

An extraordinary die-off occurred in Lakes Huron and Michigan in 1942–43 when dead smelts littered the shores and smelled up the air everywhere. The commercial catch, which had become important, dropped off to 200 pounds in Michigan by 1944. Green Bay, which probably contains more smelts than any body of water of similar size in North America, suffered most. However, the smelts have come back vigorously. Last year Michigan's commercial catch totaled 6,184,458 pounds, and it is estimated that hook-and-line ice fishermen and smelt dippers equaled or exceeded that take in 1956.

If a fish can be called beautiful, then a smelt is beautiful. It is a slender, glistening, entirely streamlined fish with a green back, a silvery belly and a sharply forked tail. Its old Anglo-Saxon name of "smoelt" means smooth or shining, and has nothing to do with its odor. The fish when freshly caught has a pleasant smell of fresh cucumbers. There are marine species over the northern part of the world which run from the ocean into fresh water to spawn, and there are landlocked species which live in fresh water, as do those in the Great Lakes. The landlocked kind *(Osmerus mordax)* prefers to live in cold, deep water, and enters warmer streams only during the spawning runs. The water temperature must be about forty degrees or warmer before they leave the lakes and enter the running streams. The males enter first, followed by the bigger females.

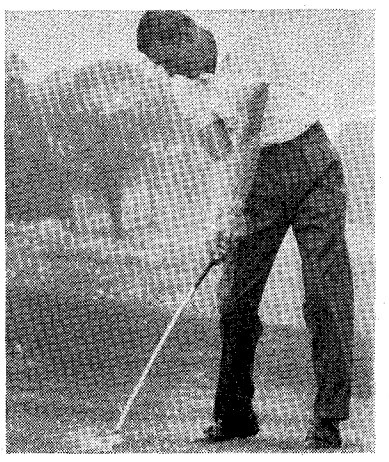
They need moving water for ideal spawning conditions. Some spawn on wave-tossed beaches, much as the similar grunions—although not a related species—do on the West Coast, where they ride the ocean waves inshore to lay their eggs on the sand. Most, however, come up the small streams and ignore the lake beaches. They seldom go far upstream to spawn, except in big and deep rivers. The females' eggs adhere to the rocks and stream bottom, where they are fertilized by the milt. Those young which hatch soon move into the nearby lake.

The first runs start around April first, and all are ended in the various localities by early May. Few adult fish exceed twelve inches in length, and they do not appear to be a serious threat to game species; although it was feared at first that they would drive other species from the Great Lakes, they actually provide food for many game fish.

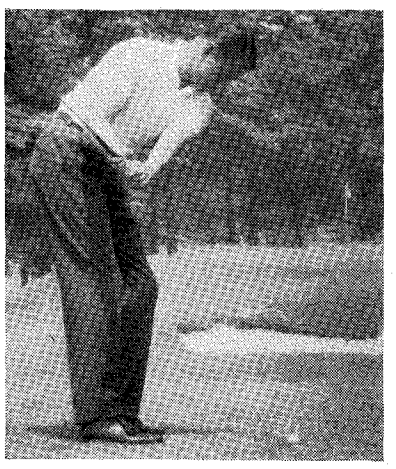
The final proof of their value is in the eating. A person must eat fresh-fried smelts as a group of us did at Mrs. Iva Russ' cottage at Advance really to appreciate them. Lance Russ' wife can clean smelts as fast as an expert can shell shrimps, a not inconsiderable task, and when we arrived she was preparing one batch for pickling and another batch which Mrs. Dorothy Boyer would fry later for a smeltfest. For pickling, Mrs. Russ took out the backbones of the cleaned smelts, rolled them up like Swedish rollmops, speared them with a toothpick and soaked them three hours in a brine of one-and-one-half quarts of water to one-half cup of coarse salt for each 100 smelts. Then she dried them several hours before putting them in jars which contained a solution of one half quart of vinegar, three tablespoons of pickling spice, two garlic cloves and a few bay leaves. After three weeks they would be ready to eat.

For frying—the usual way of preparing them, although they also can be baked—the smelts were cleaned, the heads and tails cut off, and the fish spread open, fanwise. Then Mrs. Boyer dipped them in a batter of two beaten eggs, one-half cup of flour, one-and-one-half cups of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. She whumped up a plateful, and Mrs. Thelma Clark served them to her husband, Forest, to Lance Russ, to neighbor Allen Westfall and his young son Dick, to Bob Williamson, who heads the Advance Board of Commerce this year, and to me. We ate them, bones and all. There are some gourmets—if that is the right term—who like them fried whole after they are dipped in seasoned flour; they eat them fur, fins and guts, without further ado. We'll take ours cleaned. THE END

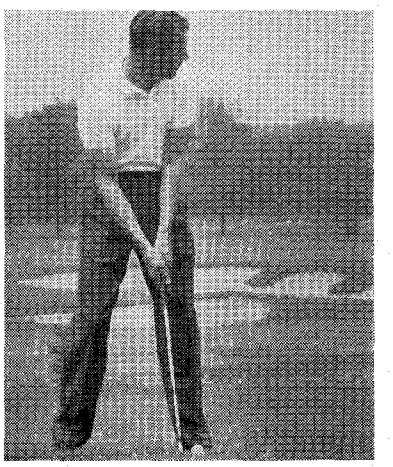
1. SHORT HOLE—TEE SHOT



2. LONG FAIRWAY SHOT—3RD HOLE

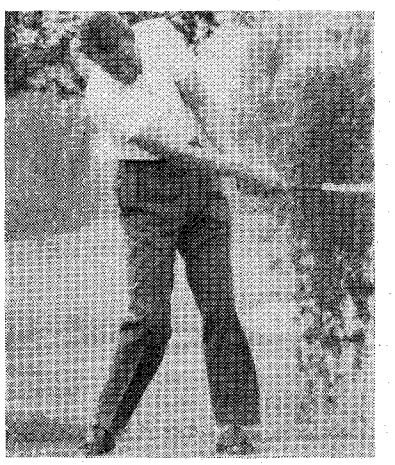


3. SHORT IRON TO THE GREEN



4. SIDEHILL LIE ON THE 7TH

5. COMING OUT OF HEAVY ROUGH



6. LONG IRON TO THE GREEN

7. CHIP FROM THE APRON

8. SINKING A SIX-FOOTER

BEFORE TEST AFTER TEST

Tougher, whiter, easier to identify...

New 1957 Spalding AIR-FLITE

New miracle golf ball passes punishing all-iron test!

TO PROVE the toughness of the amazing new 1957 Spalding AIR-FLITE, we asked a scratch handicap golfer to play a new AIR-FLITE for 18 holes—*with only a set of irons in his bag!*

The un-retouched photos above show the incredible durability of the new AIR-FLITE. After 18 deadly holes of straight iron play, the AIR-FLITE looks almost as good as it did on the first tee. And it still has plenty of life left, too.

The secret is in Spalding's exclusive DURA-THIN cover, with an amazing new indelible white finish that really keeps its shine, hole after rugged hole, washing after washing.

If you haven't tried the 1957 version of this high-compression beauty, do so your next round. Distinct new markings, exceptional durability and long-lasting whiteness put this famous high-compression ball farther out front than ever.

Get *new* Spalding AIR-FLITES at your Spalding dealer's—3 for $3.75. All Spalding merchandise is unconditionally guaranteed.

The 1957 Spalding AIR-FLITE will outplay and outlast any other ball your dealer sells!

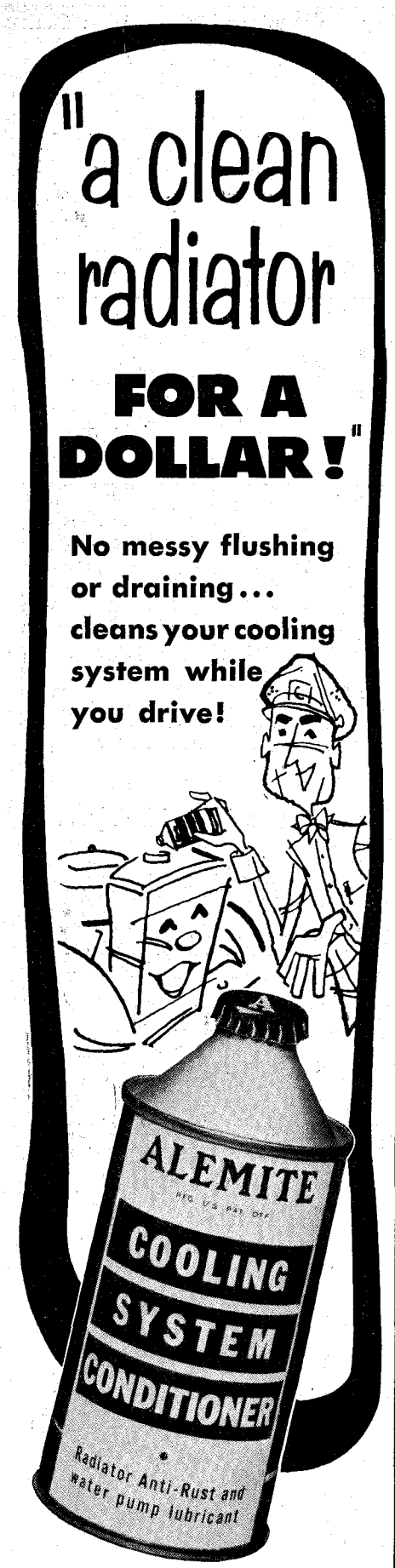
SPALDING

SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"a clean radiator FOR A DOLLAR!"

No messy flushing or draining... cleans your cooling system while you drive!



New Alemite Cooling System Conditioner cleans your entire cooling system while you drive—and *keeps* it clean. Not only removes rust, but *prevents its formation* for a full year. Guards against clogging and overheating—lubricates water pump! Saves you costly repair bills.

Try it today! Just pour it into your car's radiator and drive. Guaranteed effective or your money back.

Only $1.00 a can at your service station, car dealer or auto supply store.

STEWART SW WARNER

ALEMITE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Division of
STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

The Lady (Continued from Page 45)

Ellen did not answer at once, and I guessed that she knew no more than we did.

"San Antonio knows."

"He might have forgotten us here in the Arriba country," Willy pointed out.

"No," she promised confidently; "I told Father Goshard I'd get a new robe for San Antonio, the best China silk and a gold hem. If we get lost up here in the snow, San Antonio knows he'd never get it."

I gazed at Ellen curiously. Sometimes, when the Spanish came out in her, she surprised me.

The cold by now was intense. We huddled under what blankets we had, the rubber shield of the buggy buttoned up tight from dash to top, with the reins passing through a slit. The isinglass peepholes were almost constantly blinded with snow, except when a jolt from the wheels or our hands would clear them. But when we looked out, all we could see was the brown, furry shape of Critter, a tiny moving island in the midst of a white wilderness with neither sky above nor solid ground beneath.

For the last hours Ellen had made no attempt to guide Critter, letting him choose his own way in the barren waste. Now I knew that he must be lost. More than once his trot dragged to a walk and we could feel the snow pushing against the buggy box. Sooner or later, I felt, the snow must stop him and bury us in its depth.

The day dragged without once growing lighter. It seemed a week since we had left the Pereas and even since we ate the lunch they packed for us. Suddenly Ellen startled us by her cry. Looking out of the peephole, I saw what appeared to be a wide gray streak in the snow. It ran at right angles to our course and disappeared into the blizzard.

"You wonderful thing!" she screamed. I thought at first she called to this mysterious outline on the white earth. Then I realized it had been to Critter. "It's the Baca road!" she told us. "He never took the road to town. He's brought us down behind the Prietas straight for the ranch."

As if recognition of the familiar landmark raised his spirits also, the brown, furry shape, almost black now with sweat, stepped up his pace. By all accounts he should have been worn out, brought to one of those violent trembling spells that in a Western horse spell exhaustion and death. But now his legs fairly flew. The stable and alfalfa ahead seemed to tap new energies in his being.

There was great excitement at the ranch when we arrived. They hadn't known we had ever left town. Mamma Grande, aroused by the commotion, called demandingly from the portal that we come in at once. But Ellen refused to go until she saw Critter cared for.

The blizzard did something to Ellen. I never knew exactly what. Perhaps it was Critter that did it. Perhaps it had been the close call of death—not so much on her life, but on Willy's. As she drove us back to town I felt her definitely changed from the person who had driven us to Rancho Antiguo. In the days that followed, I noticed that she avoided the wall, staying in parts of the house where it couldn't be seen, sewing with her own fingers the promised robe for San Antonio and taking it to church several times to measure and fit.

The second week she called Willy. "I want you to go over to your Tia Ana for me. Say I hope they will come to dinner Saturday evening. It will be just family, theirs and ours. Of course, I expect Uncle Snell and Felicitas. Say I hope Felicitas can stay up for the evening."

Willy stared at his mother. This was a new Ellen, one I had never seen before, and evidently Willy hadn't either.

"But do you think he'll let her come?"

"He might—if we think of him with charity and kindness. Charity and kindness can do wonders, Father Goshard says, even to Snell Beasley. If we treat him decently; then perhaps everything will be all right."

Once we were outside, Willy made a face to me—a face of wonder and things unspoken, as only those of Latin blood can. Reluctantly he took his way toward the forbidden wall and then behind it, keeping me close behind him. I could see that he was uneasy. When Felicitas sprang out at us in the patio, he fairly jumped.

"Willy Sessions! You better get out of here!" she threatened.

Willy seemed relieved, if anything, by the encounter. "I don't need to get out," he stammered. "Mamma says we love you and you love us, and everything is going to be all right."

The girl stared at him. She moved up and planted herself directly in front of him. "What did you say, Willy?"

"Felicitas," Willy implored her, "do me the favor. Go and tell your mother for mamma. Tell her that we love you and you love us and she wants you over for dinner Saturday night. Uncle Snell, too."

"You better go, Willy Sessions, before papa comes home and hears you!"

"Felicitas!" Willy begged. "Do me the favor. Just tell your mamma for mamma. Tell her ——"

Felicitas put her fingers over her ears. "I don't hear you," she chanted. "I don't hear you. I didn't hear a word you said."

Willy looked at me. His face was haggard. He considered his aunt's and uncle's brick house like a prisoner the gibbet.

"Come along in, Jud," he begged. "Whatever you do, stand by me. Don't run off."

I could see that he was afraid. Slowly he pushed open the side door and went in, with me close behind. There, looking at us as frightened as we, stood his aunt. I think she had been watching from the window.

"Tia Ana!" Willy cried, grateful to see her, and stammered out his mother's invitation.

He spoke incoherently. I could hardly understand him, but she must have, for she startled us by bursting into tears. She hugged him and cried over him, then pushed him aside and looked quickly out of the window.

"Now you better go, Willy. Tell your mother a thousand thanks. Tell her I have a day to think about. But tell her we can't come next Saturday. Maybe not the next either. But one of these Saturdays God will smile and it will be all right. Then we will come and I will let her know."

When Cousin Albert came home, Ellen told him. Cousin Albert nodded. I noticed that he also looked at her gravely, as if this were a strange Ellen, she who used to make light and poke fun at such things. But if he had judicial reservations, he kept them to himself.

What puzzled and almost awed me was the stretch of peace and content in the house that followed Ellen's offer of love. Even the icy heart of winter seemed mellowed by some unknown beneficent influence. I had never seen a gentler January in Moro, with warm, temperate days and a great balminess to the winter air.

But the Beasleys never sent further word about the dinner. Ellen kept Saturday evenings open for them, and when they did not come, Willy and I would stay up to eat with her. Cousin Albert was at court in San Ysidro County. On this certain Saturday night, I remember, we were to have *sopadillas* for dessert—a sweet hollow puff fried like a doughnut, of which I was very fond. I never got enough of them. We were still at the mutton when we became aware of excitement in the kitchen. Then the kitchen door opened and Teofilo, from the ranch, burst into the dining room.

"God help us, mistress!" he groaned, and fell down on his knees by the side of Ellen's chair.

"What is it, Teo?" Ellen asked. "Is it Doña Sofia?"

"No, thanks to God."

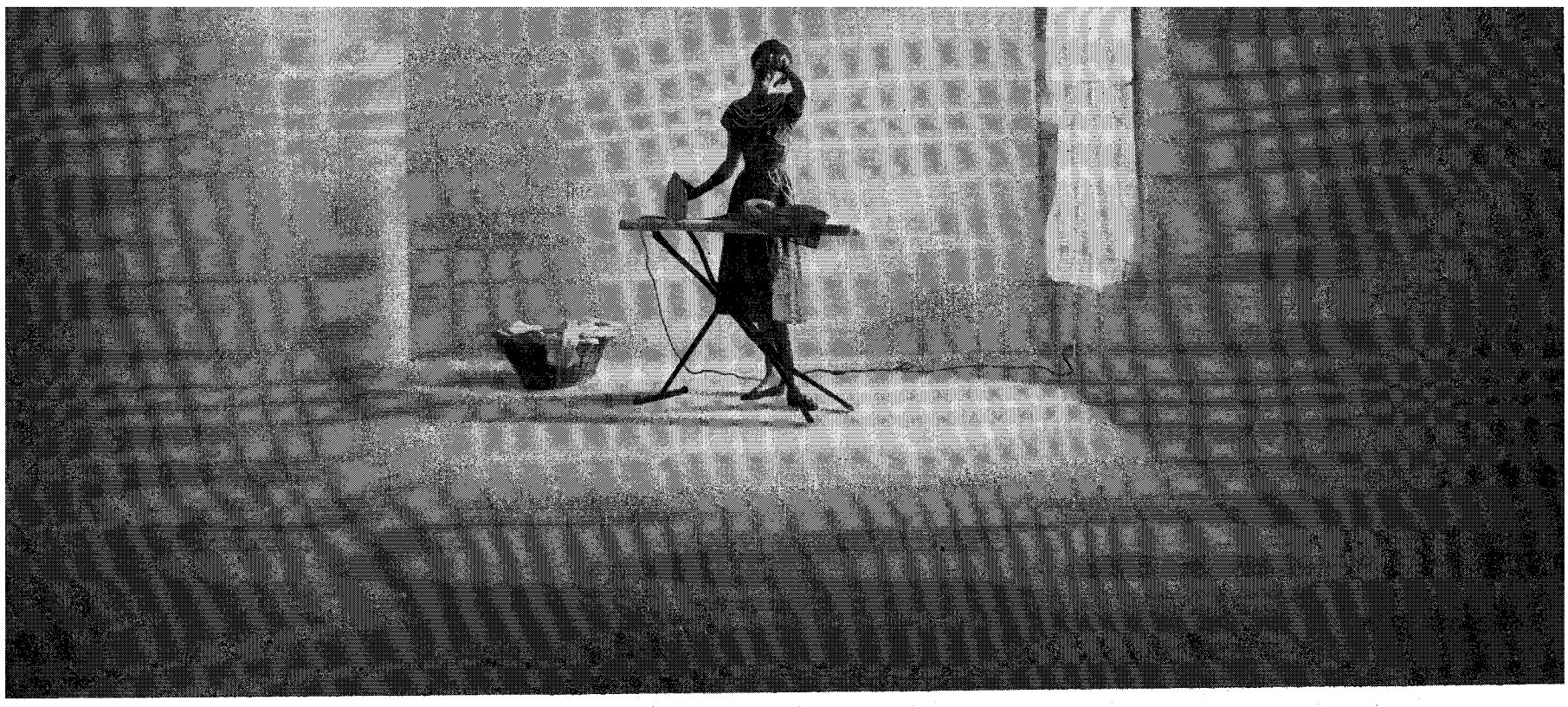
"Is it Don Carlos?"

He ducked his head lower, as if a sensitive spot had been touched. "He is the one, *doña*." (*Continued on Page 72*)

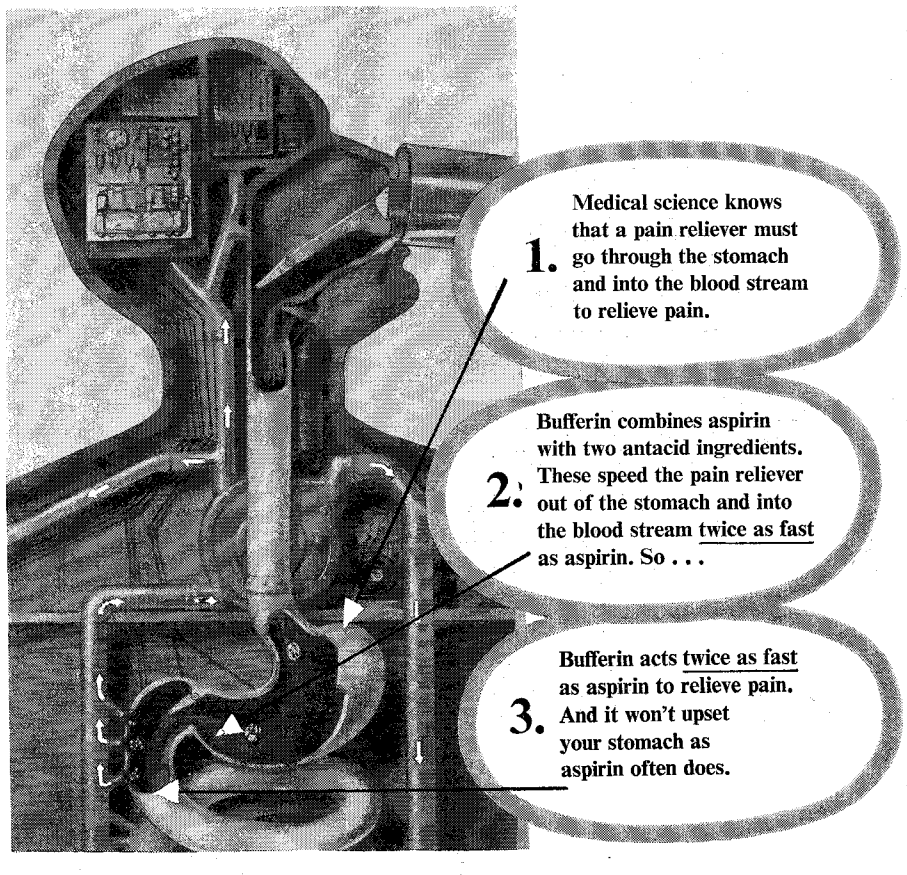
"I sense a scowl."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pain? Headache? Cold Miseries? Muscular Aches?



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

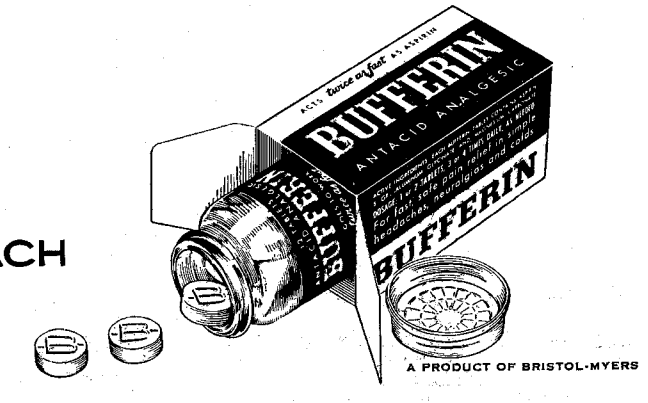
2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

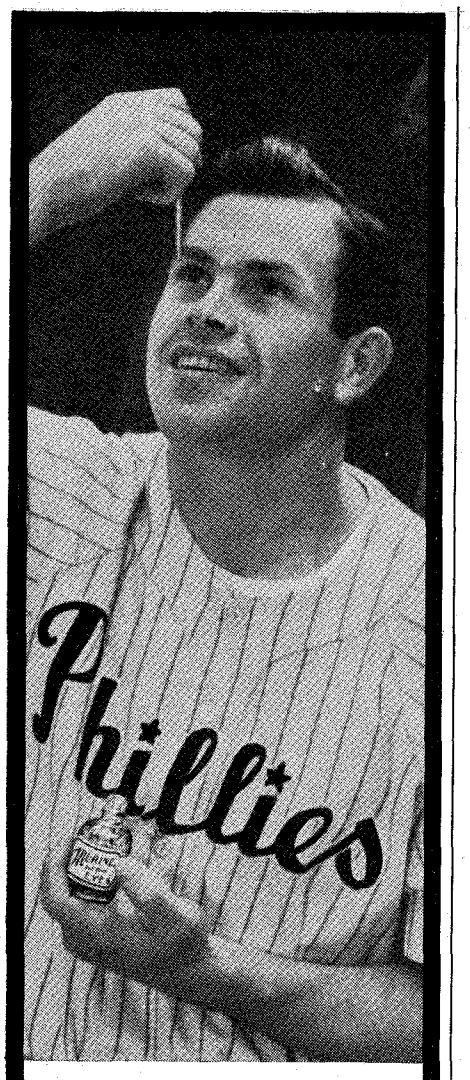
WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



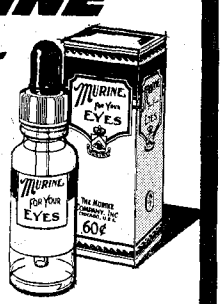
"How I use Murine to rest my eyes"

ROBIN ROBERTS

Star pitcher,
Philadelphia Phillies

"There's nothing like that cool, clean feeling Murine gives my eyes after a hot, dusty ball game," says Robin Roberts. Good trick for comfort in any job. Next time your eyes feel gritty or tired, soothe and relax them with gentle Murine. Just blink two drops in each eye. Great way to rest them! Helps make work go easier. New *unbreakable* dropper.

MURINE
*for your eyes**



The Murine Co., Inc.,
Chicago, U. S. A.
*Trademarks Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from Page 70*) "Is he living?"

"Thanks to God, when I left. But the holes in him are deep and he lost much blood."

"Blood!" Something hard and ugly had come into Ellen's voice.

We all felt it, including Teofilo. Before saying more, he got to his feet as if what he was about to tell would be blasphemy from his knees. Once he was on his feet, the story came out swiftly and with such passionate hissing of sibilants and rolling of *r*'s that it was difficult for me to follow. But I understood enough—how Charley had started that afternoon for town on his regular Saturday-night spree. In the canyon he had met two cowboys from Baca County. They had stopped him and asked if he was Charley Johnson y Campo. He had said yes, he was. Then they asked was he the one who had sworn in court that he had shot and killed Frank Jeffcoat. When Charley said yes, they pulled their revolvers and fired on him and galloped off. Charley himself told all this to the sheepherder who discovered him and who had run to the ranch with the news. Except for jumping a few feet to one side, his well-trained horse hadn't moved.

When I looked at Ellen, the new gentleness of the last few weeks had vanished. Her blue eyes were almost black.

"Run for Doctor Gammel. Send him to the ranch. Tell him to hurry."

"The doctor is already gone, mistress," Teofilo said. "I stopped at his house first. Doña Sofia said that is the way I must do it."

"Then you can help Manuel harness Critter. I will drive out myself as soon as I change my clothes."

Before she could get away, Fidel arrived from the ranch with another smoking horse and the word that Charley was dead. He had met the doctor on the mesa and told him, but the good señor doctor said he was the coroner and had to go anyhow.

Epifania and Chepa acted like stricken nuns, and Manuel was a subdued mountain of flesh. Even Fidel, one of the most competent and self-reliant Mexicans I ever knew, was much affected. But if Ellen mourned, it was in secret. Her cool English blood seemed to disengage itself from the warm Spanish blood and take charge. She dispatched Manuel for Amado Martinez. The door was shut to the second parlor while she talked to the sheriff. All I heard was his promise to send a telegram to Cousin Albert when he left.

Ellen drove Willy and me to the ranch. Once we had left town, she seemed more Spanish than English. The cry of grief with which she and Mamma Grande greeted each other sounded almost foreign to me, as did the gathering a night or two later in the big house, with the natives coming in and sitting on benches around the white walls, the songs of death and sorrow, murder and revenge, and the supper served with the inevitable coffee and wine.

Services for Uncle Charley were held in the ranch chapel, with Father Goshard and priests from Santa Clara and Porvenir. Only the family and important family friends could get into the chapel. It was a chilly, gray day. There was no heat except from the candles, and it felt cold as a cave, but not so cold as outside, where more than a hundred Mexicans from the ranch and surrounding region stood in the bitter wind.

Services were delayed, waiting for Doña Ana. Not till they had given her up and Father Goshard was at the altar did she come with Beasley. I thought he tried to keep her to the rear, but she slipped up to the front between Ellen and Mamma Grande, where she held a hand of each.

That was also the way they stood at the grave, while Beasley waited expressionless just behind her. Standing next to him, I had full opportunity to inspect the man then and measure him, see the dark blood in his temples and the thick, unmovable way he stood.

It was an unforgettable scene. A desert graveyard is to me one of the loneliest sights in the world, an expression of man's transience and unimportance on earth, and the Rancho Zelandia cemetery was no exception.

How anyone could harbor hate at a time like this, I didn't understand. A short distance from the open grave was a patch of unsanctified desert waste where two or three men slept unblessed and unmarked. Here could be seen the still partially fresh mound of Frank Jeffcoat. His grave and Charley's were not a hundred yards apart. They stood out like unhealed scars from the rest of the landscape, and I wondered how many more lives would be dragged down into the dark and silent earth before it was over.

Willy and I stayed until the last shovelful of dry New Mexican soil was thrown on the coffin. When we turned away, all we could see of Uncle Snell and Aunt Ana was a buggy vanishing up Ojo Canyon.

There was difficulty finding the men who shot and killed Charley. No one had seen two strangers on horseback in the vicinity that day, not even the sheepherder who had first found the wounded man.

But a week later, Apolonio Sena, a sheep rancher who had testified for Charley's character at the trial, was shot and killed on his ranch, and this time the men who had done it were recognized and named. They were Grover Reid and Earl Paulson, of the Muleshoes in Baca County. Most everyone, I think, felt at once that these were the same men who had done the earlier killing. First there had been two of them, as Charley had said. Then the shooting of Frank Jeffcoat was involved in both cases. Both were outspoken Jeffcoats, a term we had begun to call cattlemen and their sympathizers. It became a recognized word in Moro and was used in testimony during the trial.

At first most of us were not too excited over the fate of the Sena killers. Then we grew aware that there might be more to their trial than we thought. No evidence had turned up to name the murderers of Charley, but there was plenty against those of the second victim, and if they were the same men in both cases, it didn't matter too much for which crime they were tried. The far more important thing was that they be convicted and, if guilty, hanged.

In fact, by the time it came around, the trial of Reid and Paulson became perhaps the most important and significant ever to take place in the county, not so much for the crime named, but because it was associated with and stood for the more sensational murder never mentioned in the (*Continued on Page 74*)

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

After making a fortune, Baxter wearied of civilization and its luxuries. He moved to a South Sea island paradise. There he lived in a thatched hut with a native bride. When he learned that it was both legal and customary to have more than one wife, he ran up his total to five huts and five wives. Finally the bliss wore off. Baxter quit his five wives and returned to the United States. There he died. His first wife promptly came to claim his estate—followed by the four others. A five-way lawsuit ensued.

"In the United States, a man can have only one legal wife," the first wife argued. "As I was his first bride, under United States law I was his one-and-only. His marriages to you four were illegal."

"Not so," Baxter's four other widows retorted. "Under our island customs, all five marriages were equally legal. That gives each of us as much right to his estate as you have."

If you were the judge, how would you rule concerning Baxter's widows?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The court split the estate five ways. Although polygamy is contrary to United States law and public policy, it said, multiple marriages in countries where polygamy is legal will be recognized in this country for the purpose of settling estates.

Based upon a 1948 California decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steaks, cheese, milk . . . and a unique way of working

Wausau Story

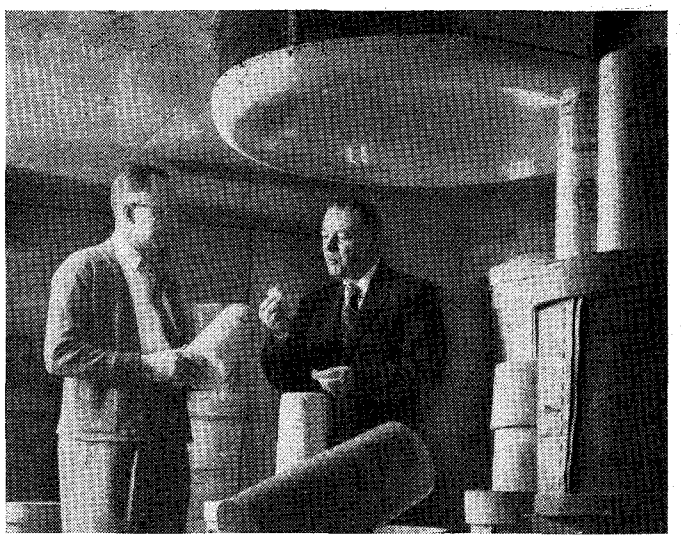
by **JOHN O. SABATOS**
President, National Restaurant Association

"My suitcase hasn't really been unpacked since last May when I began my yearlong term as President of our association. I find I've traveled about 74,000 miles...visited almost all 48 states...and talked to practically everyone who represents the 180,000 restaurants in the nation.

"I've discovered that the people who prepare and serve food have an attitude toward their work that isn't found in every business. They have a personal interest in what they're doing and they're proud of their work.

"I wanted to visit Wausau because I'd heard people in the community feel the same way about the work they're doing. What I'd heard is true. Wausau people like their work. They do it well. By their helpfulness and courtesy, they prove they have a genuine concern for the best interests of everyone they deal with. With their home office in a community like this, I can see why Employers Mutuals people have a reputation for being 'good people to do business with.' "

"7 billion quarts of milk a year are produced on Wisconsin dairy farms like the one we visited out on Wausau's Route 3. Mr. Leo Sann is the owner. The young man helping Mr. Sann load milk cans on the truck is Leo, Junior, 17 years old and a proud member of the Future Farmers of America. The little fellow next to me is 10-year-old Lyle . . . not sure now what he wants to be when he grows up. One thing I know: he'll be a fine man. That's the only kind raised on this farm!" ▼



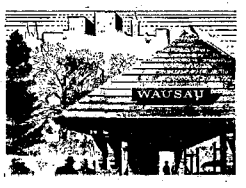
"'Any cheddar?' I asked Mr. Edward Berres, manager of the Wausau Branch of the Milwaukee Cheese Company, when we visited there. We stepped inside the refrigerated storeroom and there were 80 different kinds, shapes and sizes of cheese. Including cheddar, of course, because Wausau is in Marathon County, a leading producer of this flaky, nutty-flavored favorite of mine."

Employers Mutuals thanks Mr. Sabatos for visiting us and revealing another facet of the Wausau Story. Admittedly, we are proud of our community and the way of working it inspires. Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance (including automobile) and is one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Our business is growing and we need more people to help us—especially in our sales department. If you are interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals' nation-wide sales organization, write C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wis.

Find Us Fast In The Yellow Pages

"Dinner at the Palm's—just outside Wausau—a delightful restaurant where Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Palm are hosts. You can't keep an ex-cook out of a kitchen so Mrs. Palm let me watch as Larry Seliger prepared our steaks. Then they were served by the Palms in the new Candlelight Room. This proves it. A talent for good food isn't confined to large cities. Almost anywhere you go, there's a restaurant to suit your taste and your pocketbook. No wonder the food service industry is the nation's 4th largest business."

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who says...

All Batteries are Alike?

"Sure, they may look alike, but there's a big difference when it comes to how long they will last and how much you get for your money. I should know because I service all kinds of batteries.

"Take it from me, Exides last longer and what's more I know why. They're made with new kinds of plate metals that cut down the wear on the battery. The Exide people have found a way to beat 'old age' in batteries. That's the difference between Exide and the others."

These revolutionary plate metals are listed among the company's 221 patents now in force. This great backlog of outstanding developments in materials and processes has made Exide the undisputed leader in the field—*proof positive that all batteries are not alike.*

You can buy an Exide that is guaranteed nationwide for as long as 4 years. You are assured new, vital freshness, either with a *Dry Charged* battery (filled by your dealer) or *Wet* (filled at the factory).

Exide prices are as low as $11.95 exch.

Find Your Nearest Exide Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

WHEN IT'S AN Exide® ...YOU START

(*Continued from Page 72*) trial—that of a Johnson y Campo. The first time I became conscious of the possible ugly complications ahead was before the two men had been arrested.

"I hope those two Jeffcoats cleared out for old Mexico," Tom Dold said to Cousin Albert.

It sounded strange to me from him. I expected Cousin Albert to reply that no matter whom they murdered, the two men should be caught and tried. To my surprise, he turned to Tom with that certain expression on his face which means "This is in confidence, but you are more right than you know."

"If I wasn't an official sworn to recognize the legal processes," he confided in a low voice, "I'd be tempted to send a friend to suggest that they get out of the country before those processes catch up to them and us all."

Now what made him say that, I wondered, and especially the words, "and us all"? Whatever his thoughts, I'm sure he said nothing of them to Ellen. She had been hard hit by Charley's murder. She might have made light of Charley in life, become impatient with him as a rancher and been annoyed by his heavy drinking, but his tragedy, after his ordeal in court on the behalf of her garden, if of nothing more, had affected her harder than I had supposed possible. This was brought home to me when we were back in the house at Moro. Cousin Albert had returned to court in San Ysidro County. That evening Tom Dold, the Kidds and others were at the house.

"Well, Paulson and Reid were brought in today," Tom mentioned. "The first thing they wanted was their lawyer."

I saw the quick lift of Ellen's head. "I should think no decent lawyer in Moro County would be anxious to defend them."

"I'm afraid they hadn't much trouble. They didn't have to go very far."

We all knew whom he meant.

"I'm not surprised," Ellen said bitterly. "I hope you will volunteer your services to help prosecute them."

"My services wouldn't be very welcome, Ellen."

"Well, I shan't rest till both of them are convicted and hanged," she answered, and her vehemence surprised me. When I glanced at Willy, his face, usually pale enough, looked ill.

"The Jeffcoats are saying," Tom went on, "that since Charley was freed by the court, Reid and Paulson should be freed also."

"But Charley didn't go free," Ellen declared swiftly. "He's dead, and that should be the fate of these men too."

She said it with such passion and devotion to her dead brother that I felt strong sympathy for her and her cause. I thought her admirable as she sat there, constant, steadfast, with high principles that refused to give, and yet very feminine and attractive too. When the motion was brought by Beasley that Cousin Albert disqualify himself from sitting in the case because of the linking of the two killings in the public mind, I silently applauded her quiet relentlessness that, I am sure, left him no other course than to insist upon hearing the case himself.

"To abandon the bench in this case would be deserting your mother," I once heard him tell Willy. "She'd think it public admission that I thought those two Jeffcoats had cause to do what they did."

I thought it fine on Ellen's part to bear such an influence on the court for right and justice. Not till the grand jury had returned an indictment, the two men been arraigned, and threatening Jeffcoats from several counties had begun rallying in their defense did I realize what lay ahead of us—another ugly and interminable trial, vindictiveness and more vindictiveness. I saw that the one on whom the brunt would fall was not Ellen so much as Cousin Albert, who had little or nothing to do with it, but must stand up for her interest, bringing in, if possible, a verdict she would regard as just, and then endure the storm that must break on him.

The trial was set for the fall term of court. For some time I had noticed that Willy was not himself. In the morning when he first sat up in bed, his face looked dead white against the heavy black bang that inevitably came down over his forehead. Ellen had Doctor Gammel examine him and leave twisted white papers containing an ugly-tasting brown powder.

All spring while the peaches and apricots were in delicate bloom against the raw brown land, when cottonwoods were budding and the major domo had his men cleaning out the irrigation canal, Willy's complaint grew no better. When Cousin Albert was in town and Ellen sent the boy to his father on an errand, Willy would get me to go.

"I don't feel so good, Jud," he would say.

There were only two places around Moro that drew him. One was the stable. Here, with the scent of horses, with Critter's calm presence and the deep sound of his molars grinding hay and corn, Willy would spend hours, talking about horses, sheep and the ranch, addressing his remarks to Manuel or to me.

The other place Willy haunted was the Big Bosque. He would bridle Critter, then he and I would ride him bareback across the river through the unplanted grove of ancient cottonwoods. Here the town disappeared. All he could see was sky and the wide land, the craggy trunks and the plain sloping to the mesa beyond. The grass was already greening up in wet places and far ahead a violet haze spread over the ground, but when you got there you found it was endless patches of early pink loco in bloom.

Now, as I look back, I think that Willy felt things ahead that I didn't. He wasn't trying to forget so much as to recapture while there was still time. For this he was given an exceptional summer. Everyone said the range had never been greener. When school was finished for another term and we had moved back to the ranch, he cleaved to his saddle like an ax bit to the handle. With Critter and Cousin Albert's pole-buggy team, there had been no stable room in town for his pony. Now he made up for it, and I had to ride with him.

Willy, I think, had begun to feel the dark ancient influences of the house, perhaps shadows cast by the future. We never spoke of them. All I knew was that when we went out of the house, he seemed to feel better, as I did, and that, once lifted to our ponies' backs, we had freed ourselves for a time from the presence of evil or its power to harm us. Even the ugly little cemetery with Frank Jeffcoat's and Charley's graves became at once harmless, something beneath us, to be left far behind. Riding out we were prisoners suddenly escaped to the unfettered world of land and sky. Before, behind and beneath us swept the open range, fenceless, seemingly without border or end.

"Well, gentlemen, shall we retire to the . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June was the perfect month at our altitude. As the calendar turned to July, the priceless rains came, especially such rains as used to come then. Mornings were, as a rule, brilliant and clear. Gradually after lunch giant thunderheads would build up, Himalayan cloud peaks that could be seen for sixty or eighty miles. Promptly at four o'clock every day the heavenly irrigation would be turned on the grass. Mamma Grande used to say that she could set her clock by it. Sometimes it would rain gently all night; sometimes it would be over for the day in an hour or two—in either case leaving a drenched and fragrant world.

This is the scent more than any other that takes me back to Willy—the penetrating pungence of wet cedars. The smell of the sun on dry cedars is something entirely different. Through both wet and dry cedars Willy and I rode unreckoned miles, the familiar deep body sounds of our loping horses in our ears, the moisture from their occasional loud sneezing pleasantly cooling our faces.

Willy hated, I know, to see the summer days go by, and especially in the cedars. They grew in a belt two to five miles wide and unnumbered miles long at the foot of the Prietas, a rolling, sometimes almost-level country of riders' delight. The open range is nearly always the same, the cedar country different, filled with constantly changing scenes. On the open range the rider is conspicuous for miles. In the cedars he is hidden, swallowed up in an endless succession of glades and parks like small clear green lakes of grass, where, for the distance of a few yards or rods, the cedars and piñons, for some unknown reason, refuse to grow.

An old-timer is one who remembers when you could promise a child the moon without having to buy him a space suit.

EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK

I remember two or three spots Willy showed me that the Mexicans said were evil. They looked to me like any other, patches of grama grass swarming with blue or black seed heads, surrounded by clumps of the dwarf trees.

"Once in the past a very bad thing happened here," Willy told me in a low voice.

"What kind of bad thing?"

"Blood. See, even our ponies know it."

It was true that they didn't like to stop and graze here as they did other places. Willy and I would stay as long as we dared, tasting the sensation of chill. Suddenly, as if some unknown thing was about to burst out of the deformed cedars, we would look at each other, dig our heels into our ponies' sides and gallop off, heading for the open range, where, as far as we could see, lay the calm peace of the wide spaces.

There was one thing, we were to learn, that we couldn't gallop away from so easily. This was the trial to come, the contest between good and evil—or was it between evil and evil? Anyhow, it lay directly ahead, coming nearer and still nearer each time the sun rose.

When we left the ranch in September, the coming trial had already taken over the town. Crossing the mesa we could see numerous black dots on the public road north of us, indicating an unusual number of rigs and riders converging on Moro. Fall's Wagon Yard near the river looked full, we noticed, as we drove by, and we found the plaza and even some of the narrow streets of Old Town choked with horses and unhitched teams.

It was all the more significant since this was roundup time on the cattle ranches. Of course, some of the visitors were sheepmen intent on seeing judgment overtake their enemy who had shot down in cold blood two of their fellow ranchers. But most were cowmen, who hated sheep. I noticed that those in the street gazed at us belligerently as we drove by.

"Pay no attention, boys," Ellen said. "Looks don't kill. We won't perish."

"They carry guns," Willy reminded.

"Yes, you can tell the devil by his hoofs and horns, and the cowman by his spurs and pistols."

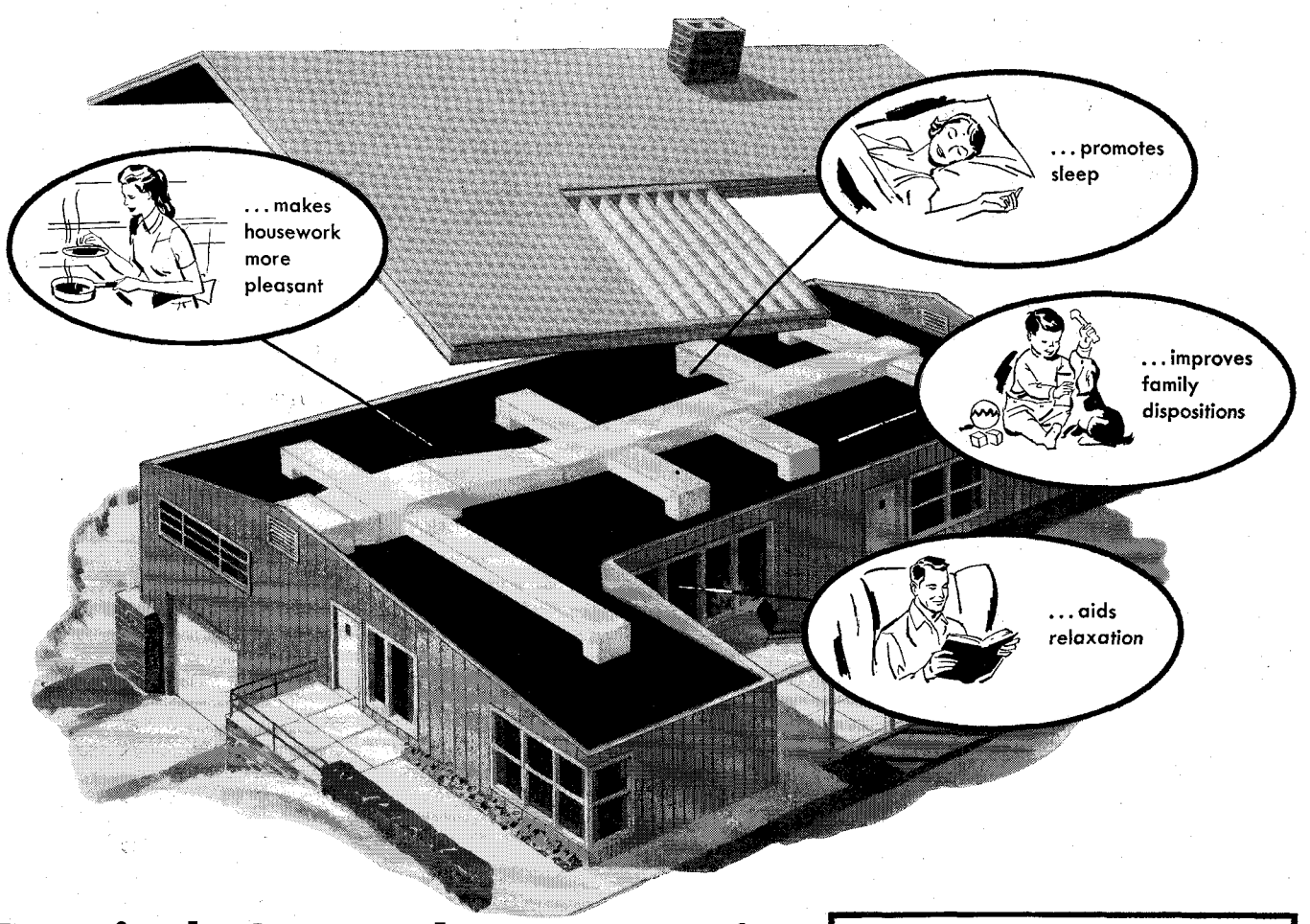
Even in the sanctuary of the big white house on La Placita, I could feel the tension in the town. In this high dry climate of New Mexico sultriness is almost unknown. But here it was in Moro, an oppression that did not pass like a storm, in a matter of hours, but hung black over the mesa for days, gathering force and fervor until it should finally break and discharge its burden on those beneath.

Ellen must have felt it as I did, but reveled in it. This was the Spanish in her, responding to crowds, emotion and suspense.

Anyone could see now that the trial concerned more than justice to Apolonio Sena. The house had never been so crowded since I knew it. First Mamma Grande, who was to be a witness at the trial, came in for the duration. Then ranching friends of the family visited while they attended the trial—the Pereas from La Sierra, and others I had never seen before.

Cool Comfort For Your Whole House With a York Pathfinder Air Conditioner! Costs From...

$495.95 Ductwork and installation extra



Amazingly Compact! Even turns tiny Attic Space Into Cooling Headquarters for the Average 5-Room Home!

Imagine! Now you can enjoy all the wonderful benefits of "whole house" air conditioning at a fraction of what you'd normally expect to pay! The new, air-cooled York Pathfinder unit, *plus* a new installation process, eliminates the need for cooling towers, circulating pumps and extra plumbing. Ductwork, one of the costly items in air conditioning a home, comes pre-fabricated, ready to install at low cost. Or, the Pathfinder can hook up to standard ducts in homes already equipped with a warm air heating system.

So, if you're building, buying or modernizing a medium size home, be sure to get full details on the amazing low-cost York Pathfinder. Larger units available for larger homes at slightly higher prices. Call your York Dealer today for a free air conditioning survey!

THERE'S A YORK UNIT FOR EVERY AIR CONDITIONING AND HEATING NEED!

Remote Installations—a complete line—with capacities from 2 to 7½ H.P. Space-saving, because condensing units are located outside the house—in the garage, carport, on the porch or patio. Available in air and water-cooled models.

Furnaces. Three types: (1) for heating only; (2) for heating now and use with a York Add-On Air Conditioner later; and (3) for combination heating and cooling all year 'round. Gas or oil-fired models.

the quality name in air conditioning

YORK CORPORATION, YORK, PA., Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corporation

York refrigeration air conditioning

YORK B-W BORG-WARNER

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

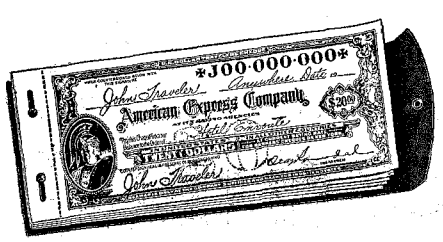
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

play safe —carry

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only 1%.
- Sign them when you buy them; sign them as you spend them. Your matching signatures are the only identification you need.



This time Willy and I were not required to go to the trial, but hardly a detail was spared our young ears. News from the courtroom reached our kitchen and stable as quickly as and sometimes quicker than it did the two parlors. At dinner and supper the long, cloth-covered plank table in the dining room supported a lively discussion of the trial in general and the last session in detail and particular. At the head of the table, on her rawhide-seated chair, overlaid with a scarlet cushion to raise her a little, Ellen reigned over her court, never letting it get out of hand, injecting lightness and wit when it became too serious, bringing it back to proper decorum when it grew too lively, delivering the crowning comment on the person or thing under discussion.

"There are two places," she would say, "where, no matter how dull, we must listen and never interrupt or ask questions or argue. One is in church." Everyone would laugh at Father Goshard if he was there. "The other is in court." And then the laughter would be at Cousin Albert.

To my surprise, the name of the lawyer who defended the murderers was never mentioned. But a great deal was said about *el culebron*, the large snake, and it took me some time to realize that this was their name for Snell Beasley, and then I understood the scorn and contempt with which the word was spoken.

Cousin Albert would say little or nothing about the case. At times he inserted a few calming sentences, often in English, which in itself had the effect of dignity and restraint.

"Ask me a month from now," he'd say, when appealed to for some opinion bearing on the trial. "Today I'm just a piece of furniture pulled up to Ellen's table; I don't speak and I don't hear."

He spoke Spanish well enough, but with a Missouri accent like mine. Neither of us could ever hope to equal Willy, who, raised in the language, had only to let the Spanish flow out of him like his breath, belying his three-quarters Anglo blood. His pronunciation of words like *guarniciones*, almost like a guttural clearing of the throat, ever excited my admiration.

The only time Willy and I had to attend the trial was when Cousin Albert sentenced the killers. A verdict of first-degree murder had been brought in by the sheepman jury, a great victory for the prosecution. Only Willy and his father didn't seem to share in the triumph, not even when the verdict was upheld and appeal for a new trial denied. Cousin Albert's passiveness seemed unfortunate to me because, of all the participants, he had had the hardest time, hearing the endless testimony and arguments, ruling on allegations, statements and motions for dismissal, silencing the chiding demonstration of the Jeffcoats from time to time and keeping the case generally in hand. Now at the sentencing, he looked very formidable, his black beard and stern eyes frightening me a little from the bench as he gazed at the two prisoners standing in the box.

"Grover Reid and Earl Paulson, like other citizens of this territory, you enjoyed the privileges of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. You watched the grass green in the spring and the young calves leap. But you were unsatisfied and cruelly and forever deprived a fellow citizen of the said life and pursuit of happiness, one Apolonio Diego Luis Felipe Sena. You are now remanded to the custody of Sheriff Martinez to be returned to your cells and on Friday, February twentieth, you will be taken to the jail yard and duly hanged by the neck until dead."

The words and the way he spoke them sent a chill down my spine. He turned and glanced down into the packed court. I fancied he was looking at me, but immediately I knew his eyes were on Ellen, sitting nearby. For a moment something passed between them. His look seemed to say he had vindicated her trust in him and delivered the murderers not only of Apolonio Sena but also probably of her brother to their proper end. Then I thought he looked suddenly tired as he turned away.

"Well, thank the Lord, they'll get theirs," I said to Willy in Spanish as we went out.

He didn't answer, and when we reached the bright New Mexican winter sunlight, I saw that he kept his face away.

Ellen had wanted to give a supper party that evening in celebration, but Cousin Albert overruled it. He said it would look unseemly and if she held it, he wouldn't attend. It was the first time I heard him take such a firm stand in opposition to her, and I thought the ordeal of the trial had steeled him. To my surprise, she did not mock or disregard him.

"Whatever you think, Albert," she said.

From this time on, I detected a change in their relationship. Up to now, Cousin Albert had been the one to come to her. Now it was she who came to him. Was he all right? Could she or Epifania do anything for him? And when there was nothing else, she would set herself to entertain and amuse him, to put him in a happier mood. She would act out her story, talk like this or that person we all knew, intersperse her chatter with amusing exclamations like "carambambamba," which was a burlesquing of "*caramba*" and was much like saying "phooey" or "fiddle-faddle." She had such charm with it, Latin ways of playfully crinkling her young face, that no one could resist it, and Cousin Albert didn't try. But when he left or she turned away, I noticed that the grave melancholy returned to him.

I thought at first that her increased affection for him was gratitude, payment in her kind for his justice in avenging Charley, but later was not so sure. I knew that some cattlemen were still in the town, and heard that they had made threats against us.

"You cannot stop the bull from bellowing," Ellen said.

But one night after the sentence, men on horseback came riding up La Placita in the early hours of the morning, shot out the plate-glass windows of both front parlors and rode out again, yelling and shooting into the air. It took several days to get fresh glass shipped by train from Pueblo, and this time Ellen did not say "carambambamba." She gave Willy and me strict orders to stay off the streets except on our way to and from school. Mamma Grande grew alarmed and would let Ellen go nowhere alone on foot. Only Cousin Albert went his usual way, marching his doughty figure twice daily to his court chambers.

All the time the hanging was growing closer. Since early fall Willy had had a cold. *Romadizo*, or hay fever, some would call it today, but we all knew you didn't get hay fever in the middle of winter. Now Willy grew untalkative even to me. At night he sweated like a colt that had eaten locoweed, and I helped him to change to a dry sleeping garment the night after Manuel told us that the two godless savages had been finally hanged, after refusing to kneel with the executioner and preacher when he prayed for them.

Now I expected the full fury of the cattlemen to be directed against us. For several nights Willy and I lay listening for the quiet of our Old Town street to be broken. But nothing happened. The hangman's victims were duly buried in the Protestant cemetery. The last cattlemen who had stayed for the execution, we were told, drifted back to their ranches in Baca and San Ysidro counties.

"It's all over now, praise God," Mamma Grande said, and went home to the ranch.

But I wasn't so sure. Once Tom Dold came to seek Ellen when Cousin Albert wasn't at home; I noticed they were closeted behind closed doors. What they talked about I don't know. Twice a day she seemed to grow restless until Cousin Albert would return from the courthouse. Long before his usual hour she began looking for him—extraordinary in someone so self-contained and active as she.

Term of court at Moro was over now. Next on the calendar was the spring term in Baca County. No railroad had then reached Baca County, and to get there from Moro meant a three-days' journey by horses. Some earlier judges in the territory had ridden the circuit on horseback, and many stories were told about them. But main roads were being used more and more today, and Cousin Albert made his rounds with Dan and Choppo in his black pole buggy.

"Will you do me a favor, Albert?" Ellen asked him at the dining table one day.

"Gladly, if I can," he told her.

"Ask Judge Otero to take over Baca this spring."

He looked startled. "Judge Otero? But how could I do that?"

"You could say you were indisposed." And when he looked pained, "You must be very tired. You've had a long and difficult ordeal."

"I am a little tired, yes," he admitted, "but not indisposed."

"It's the same thing. Wouldn't you do it for me?" she begged. Her eyes were so soft and helpless upon him that I didn't see how he could resist.

Cousin Albert looked profoundly disturbed. "I would do anything for you, Ellen—anything within reason. This, I'm afraid, is impossible. Judge Otero and many others would think me afraid."

It was the word "afraid" that suddenly betrayed to me what she was driving at; revealed, as by a blinding light, the specter that haunted the back of Ellen's mind. For a

(Continued on Page 78)

... ...

Female Fashion Expert

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

The female temperament,
says he,
Is clearly mad for finery:

For jingles, jangles, rings
and bangles;
For ruffles, lace and ribbon
dangles;
For ornaments for dress or
head
And any color (mostly red).

And who should know as
well as he
Who has a daughter almost
three?

... ...

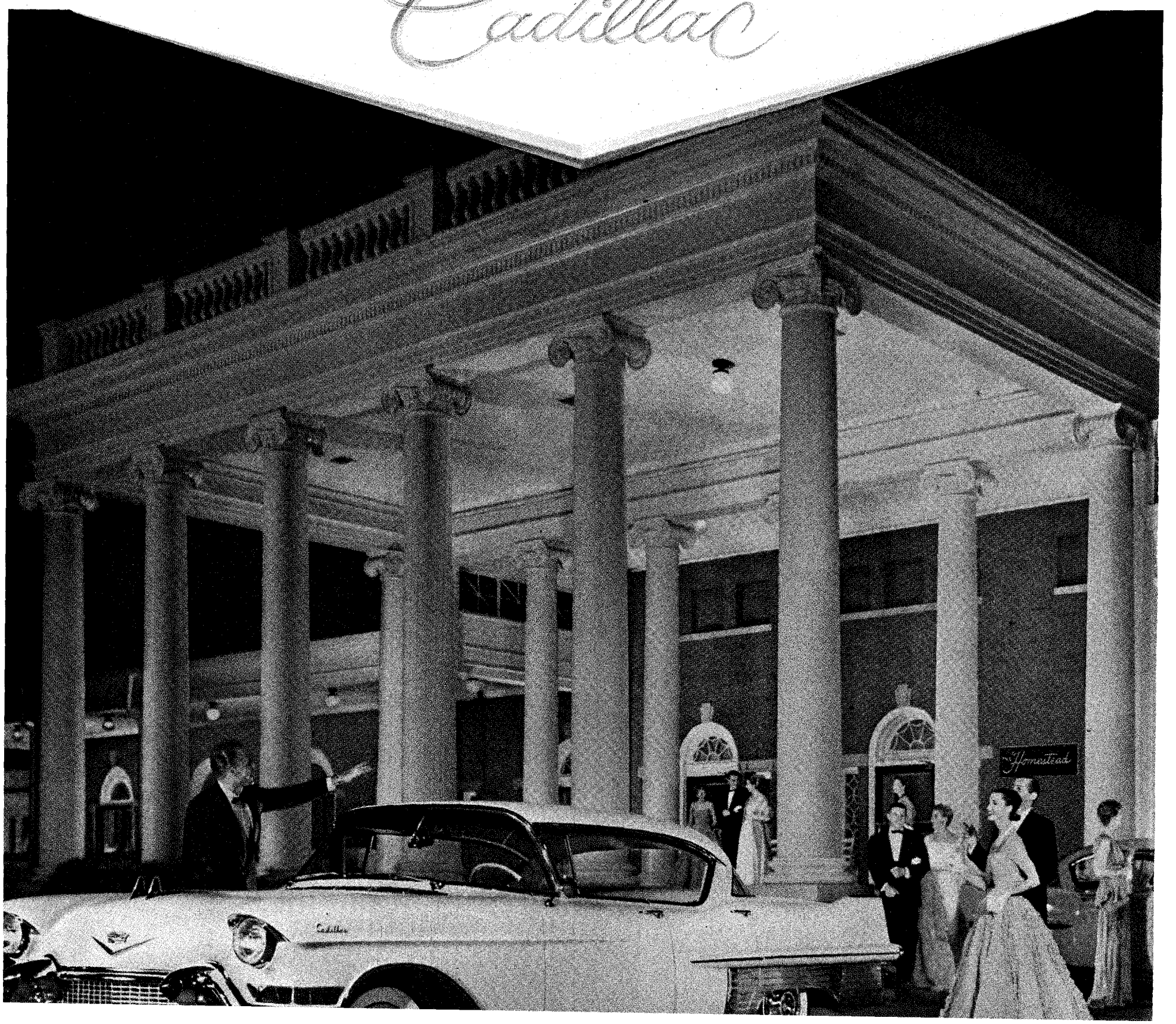
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gowns by Eleanora Garnett

A Man Needs No Introduction . . .

. . . to those about him when he sits at the wheel of a Cadillac. For the car reveals, with remarkable clarity, so many wonderful things about his person and his personality. Because of its long association with the world's distinguished motorists, it indicates his own high standing in his world of affairs. Because of its obvious quality and elegance, it testifies to his taste and judgment. Because of its great luxury, it bespeaks his concern for the comfort of his family. And because of its renowned economies of ownership and operation, it testifies to his practical wisdom. Have you considered how wonderful it would be to let a new Cadillac speak its message on *your* behalf? Then we urge you to visit your dealer—spend an hour in the driver's seat—and learn the amazing Cadillac story for yourself. Sixty minutes at the wheel and you'll want to make the "car of cars" your own personal spokesman.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 76*) moment I could see the wild, uninhabited region he must traverse on his way to Baca County, the lonely canyons he must pass through, the remote mesas to be crossed and dry stream beds to be threaded.

For about a week I didn't hear Ellen bring up the matter again.

"Will you take Willy with you, Albert?" she suddenly begged him the day before he left.

"Willy?" He drew back. "Ellen, you ask the most impractical things."

"Why is it impractical? A change often helps a cold. You know how miserable he's been."

She saw him hesitate and pushed her advantage. A very torrent of Spanish words and a woman's reasoning ensued. Now, when I glance back, I think I can read her thought, her realization that it was she who had got him into this position from which there was no retreat, and this was her last resort to protect him. Her intuition told her that not even the most hardened of men would fire on a buggy if it contained a young boy. Her religious faith was small and her theology smaller, but it may be that she believed that if, like Abraham, she would offer her son as a sacrifice, *Dios* would not take the life of one so innocent and unsinful.

"I cannot do it, Ellen," Cousin Albert declared. "If I did ——"

"This time I will not let you go!" Ellen interrupted. "If you won't take him, you must take me!"

I knew then, by her emotion, and Cousin Albert knew, too, that she meant it. I knew also that if there was one thing a man hated, it was to hide behind a woman's petticoats. He considered a long time and his face was pale, but in the end he agreed reluctantly to her demand.

Willy's eyes lighted when his mother told him, and the first color in weeks came to his face. He looked half cured already, and pleaded that I be permitted to go along, but that would put too big a burden on his father, Ellen told him, and besides, didn't he want me to stay and look after her? He did not protest too much then. You could see he was wild with excitement over the chance to be with his father, to be free from school and out in the country he loved. There would be mountains and canyons he had never laid eyes on. But most of all, he would be away from Moro, would leave the hanging and the two graves behind him.

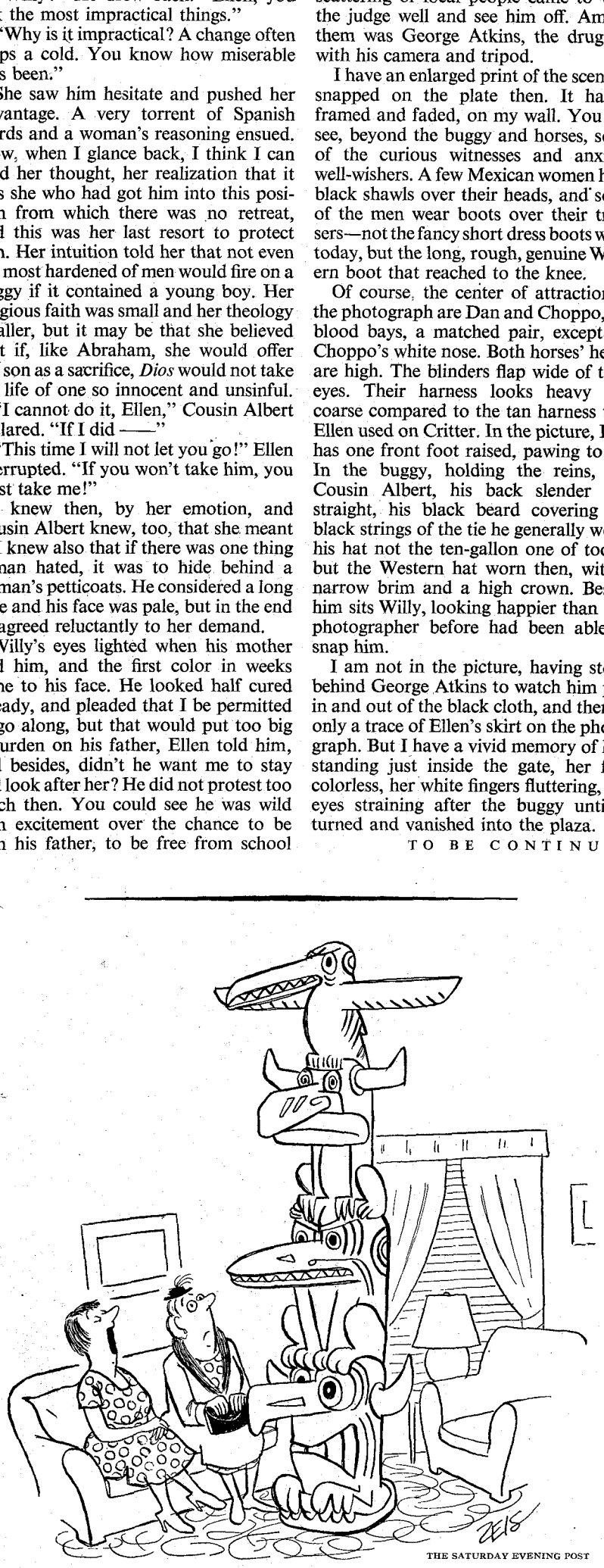
Court in Baca County was to open on Monday morning. Willy and his father left the previous Wednesday in the black buggy. Manuel brought it around in front of the house in the morning. A scattering of local people came to wish the judge well and see him off. Among them was George Atkins, the druggist, with his camera and tripod.

I have an enlarged print of the scene he snapped on the plate then. It hangs, framed and faded, on my wall. You can see, beyond the buggy and horses, some of the curious witnesses and anxious well-wishers. A few Mexican women have black shawls over their heads, and some of the men wear boots over their trousers—not the fancy short dress boots worn today, but the long, rough, genuine Western boot that reached to the knee.

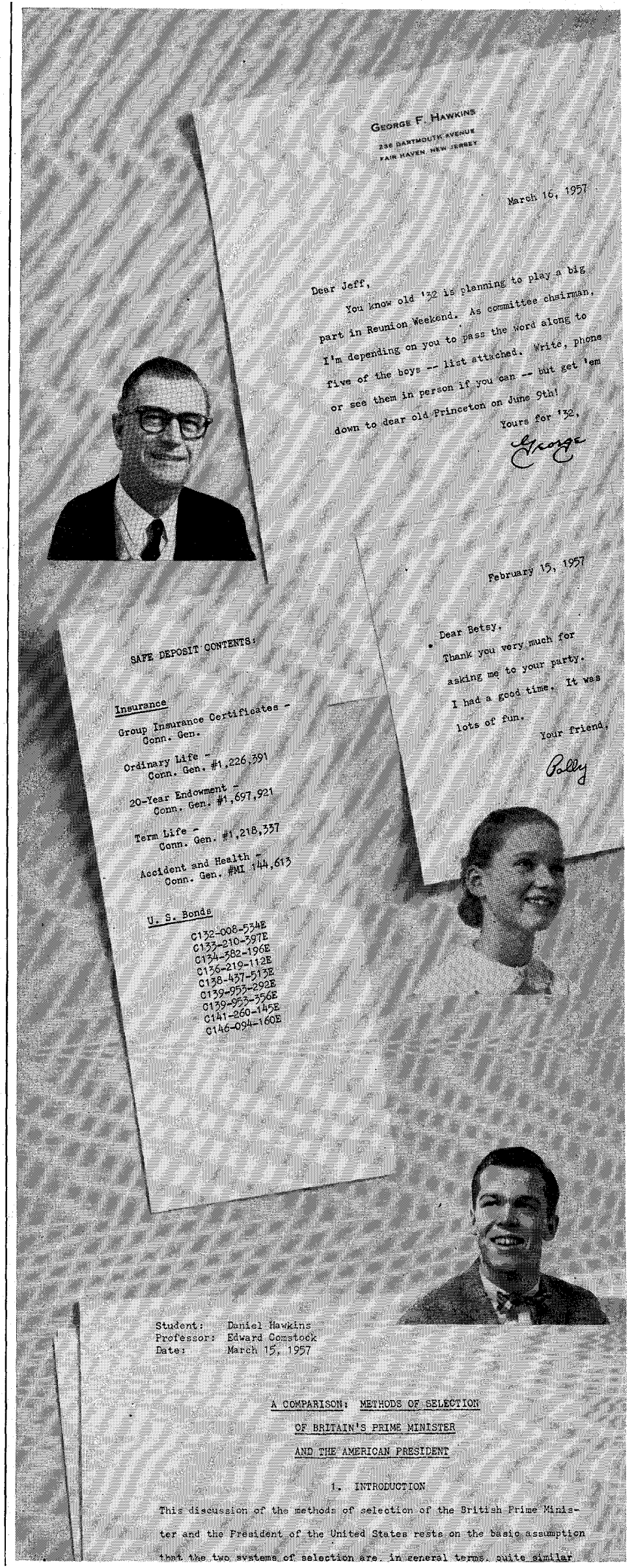
Of course, the center of attraction in the photograph are Dan and Choppo, the blood bays, a matched pair, except for Choppo's white nose. Both horses' heads are high. The blinders flap wide of their eyes. Their harness looks heavy and coarse compared to the tan harness that Ellen used on Critter. In the picture, Dan has one front foot raised, pawing to go. In the buggy, holding the reins, sits Cousin Albert, his back slender and straight, his black beard covering the black strings of the tie he generally wore, his hat not the ten-gallon one of today, but the Western hat worn then, with a narrow brim and a high crown. Beside him sits Willy, looking happier than any photographer before had been able to snap him.

I am not in the picture, having stood behind George Atkins to watch him pop in and out of the black cloth, and there is only a trace of Ellen's skirt on the photograph. But I have a vivid memory of her, standing just inside the gate, her face colorless, her white fingers fluttering, her eyes straining after the buggy until it turned and vanished into the plaza.

TO BE CONTINUED



"It's a conversation piece."


GEORGE F. HAWKINS
236 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
FAIR HAVEN, NEW JERSEY
March 16, 1957
Dear Jeff,
You know old '32 is planning to play a big part in Reunion Weekend. As committee chairman, I'm depending on you to pass the word along to five of the boys -- list attached. Write, phone or see them in person if you can -- but get 'em down to dear old Princeton on June 9th!
Yours for '32,
George
SAFE DEPOSIT CONTENTS:
Insurance
Group Insurance Certificates - Conn. Gen.
Ordinary Life - Conn. Gen. #1,226,391
20-Year Endowment - Conn. Gen. #1,697,921
Term Life - Conn. Gen. #1,218,337
Accident and Health - Conn. Gen. #MI 144,613
U. S. Bonds
C132-008-534E
C133-210-397E
C134-582-196E
C136-219-112E
C138-437-513E
C139-953-292E
C139-953-356E
C141-260-145E
C146-094-160E
February 15, 1957
Dear Betsy,
Thank you very much for asking me to your party. I had a good time. It was lots of fun.
Your friend,
Polly
Student: Daniel Hawkins
Professor: Edward Comstock
Date: March 15, 1957
A COMPARISON: METHODS OF SELECTION OF BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER AND THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT
1. INTRODUCTION
This discussion of the methods of selection of the British Prime Minister and the President of the United States rests on the basic assumption that the two systems of selection are, in general terms, quite similar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATIONERY GREETING CARDS CANDLES

The Candle Light
"For gifts that are different"
770 RIVER ROAD
FAIR HAVEN, N. J.

Mrs. George F. Hawkins
236 Dartmouth Avenue
Fair Haven, New Jersey

The Candle Light
770 River Road
Fair Haven, New Jersey

No. 546
March 14, 19 57
$14.75
George F. Hawkins
The Candle Light
Fourteen and 75/100
The Chase Manhattan Bank
Patricia B. Hawkins

Geo. --

Am at hairdresser's. Back at 6:30. Please pick up at store:

2 qts. milk
bread
1½ lb. hamburger
coffee
breakfast rolls

Pat

MRS. GEORGE F. HAWKINS
236 DARTMOUTH AVENUE
FAIR HAVEN, NEW JERSEY

January 4, 1957

Dear Mimi,

Thank you so much for the wonderful visit. Your new home is even more exciting than your description! We enjoyed seeing it -- and getting acquainted with Melissa.

George sends his love, too, and we're both looking forward to seeing you in June. Again, many thanks for the fun-weekend.

Love,

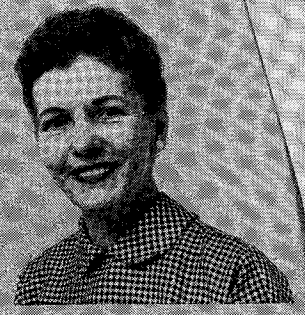
Pat

SUNSHINE DESSERT

SUNSHINE SUGAR HONEY ICE CREAM BARS
(Serves 4)

6 Sunshine Sugar Honey Graham Crackers
½ cup chopped mixed nuts
1 tablespoon Honey
1 pint refrigerator package vanilla ice cream

Finely crumble Sunshine Sugar Honey Graham Crackers; add nuts and honey; blend together well. Cut ice cream into four slices. Cover each portion completely with crumb mixture; serve immediately.



The busy, busy machine the whole family can use!

So handy for parents . . .
for letters, lists and business "homework".

So helpful for children . . .
grades head skyward when themes are typed.

So simple to use . . .
even beginners can quickly acquire a usable speed.

So easy to own . . .

Now! no money down
as little as $1.00 a week!

Also at your Smith-Corona dealer's: Newest miracle of the Electronic Age! The world's first ELECTRIC portable typewriter by Smith-Corona. Ask for an eye-opening demonstration!

SMITH-CORONA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

number one shopping center

YELLOW PAGES tell at a glance who sells, rents, repairs almost anything.
No wandering from store to store. Just open your telephone directory
to this handy buyer's guide and you'll find what you want—*fast!*
Still another way the telephone saves you time and trouble.

GENERAL SYSTEM **GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM** Find it Fast in the 'Yellow Pages'

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom Calling! (Continued from Page 41)

at the shaft of light. They had been sitting in the gray-gold twilight, gazing out the double window at the dovelike evening sky. A small woman in a nurse's uniform bustled forward.

"My, my, sitting in the dark again. So depressing," she said reprovingly. She began switching on lamps.

She turned on the peony-shaded ones on either side of the sofa, and the green-bronze one by the antique desk where the niece was sitting.

"Natalie, dear, you shouldn't let him sit in the dark," Miss Anderson objected.

Natalie Montgomerie was poised and fragile and shy. The shyness was not withdrawing, not an inverted conceit, as it so often is in young girls, but a sweetness not quite sure of itself. She started; she actually jumped. Then she laughed. "Oh, I am sorry, Andy. I forgot. But Uncle Willie does so love to sit in the twilight."

"My father used to like the twilight," said the judge, remembering.

"Has anybody ordered dinner?" asked Miss Anderson briskly. "I do declare, I don't know what you all would do without me. . . . Mr. Neville"—she put her hands on her hips—"I think we will just send you back to Geneva."

"Now, Andy," Mark bantered easily.

She nodded firmly. "Don't 'now, Andy' me. You're the worst of all. You would never eat or remember the time of day, or anything," said Miss Anderson, "not pertaining to your precious refugees. I say it's time to eat. . . . Shall I order, Judge Wynstone?"

"If you please, Andy," he agreed in a courtly manner. "Lamb chops, Andy, and a bottle of wine. . . . What about you, Natalie?"

"I always like the things you order, Uncle Willie." She smiled fondly. She was nineteen. She was spending the winter with him, to keep him company, and attending college. She was very pretty, in the circle of light the mellow lamp made. Her sweater and skirt were the color of butternuts. Her hair was that fair, pale color too.

"And you, Mark?"

The judge took his duties as a host seriously. He was the chairman of the Brannand Foundation. He considered it his duty to look after Mark Neville while he was here in New York writing up a report on the refugee situation for the home office in Geneva, Switzerland. The Brannand Foundation was American in origin, and so was this young man. The judge was keeping an eye on him, with the idea of putting him on the permanent management committee of the foundation. The judge liked him. The judge liked young men who lost themselves in things larger than themselves. At his age, the judge had been immersed in law. He had devoted himself to making money. He had millions now; he was on the boards of many charity foundations and banks and railroads. They all amounted to the same thing. They were all looking after people.

"Speak up, Mark," said Judge Wynstone. "Lamb suit you?"

Mark got his mind back to the judge and his eyes away from the lovely picture the girl made. "Suits me fine."

So Miss Anderson went to the phone on the desk and called room service and ordered up dinner. "We would like it as soon as possible," said Miss Anderson into the phone briefly. "We are going to the theater." She put down the phone. "Have you forgotten, Natalie?"

The girl flushed. "Yes. Oh, Andy; I forgot." She touched her uncle's sleeve. "I must run and change. Please, will you excuse me? I'll be only a minute."

The judge chuckled. "Take as long as you like. I enjoy seeing young people dressed up. Eh, Mark?"

Mark Neville scowled. "Yes, sir." Then he regarded his own hands critically. "I had better wash up a bit myself."

He hurried after her. "Mark?" The sage old voice halted him. "I have four tickets. Are you sure you wouldn't join Andy and Natalie and me?"

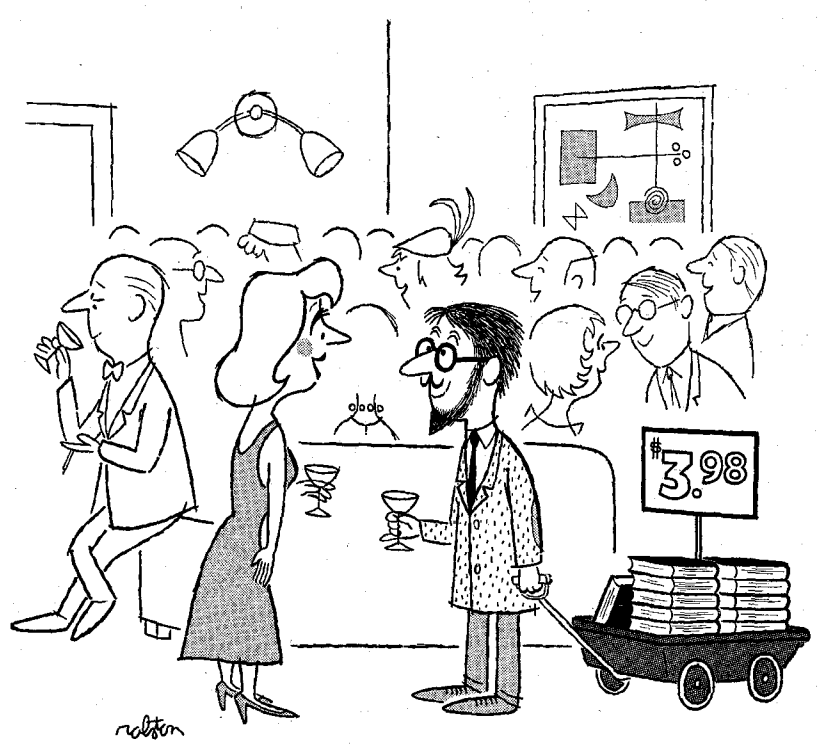
Mark was tempted. Mark would have liked a night of relaxation. But the weariness in him, the memory of those others in the camp, refused to be put down. "I'd better not, sir. Thank you all the same."

He went away down the little hall to his room. He went away hearing the judge say, "Well, Andy. Call up that Paul fellow. Might as well make somebody happy. Seems like Roger Paul's a good lawyer and a coming politician. He might make Natalie a fine husband. . . . Eh, Andy? Must find you a husband, too, Andy. Eh?" He heard the old gentleman chuckling delightedly, and Miss Anderson protesting.

Miss Anderson was fifty-two, and quite, quite plain. Miss Anderson was something of a dragon, really; she guarded the judge loyally. He did not need a nurse as a medical partner. He had discovered that a nurse shooed away annoying people more effectively than a secretary, so that, after a mild bout with a heart condition twenty years ago, he had kept the nurse on. He married his nurses off periodically. He prided himself upon always selecting old maids and giving them such a high good time that they relaxed and turned soft and feminine, and married. This the judge had explained to Mark in wicked detail, in strictest confidence.

He had tapped Mark's knee. "My grandnieces go the same way. They come here from South Carolina—that's my real home, young man—and up and marry. Beats anything you ever saw."

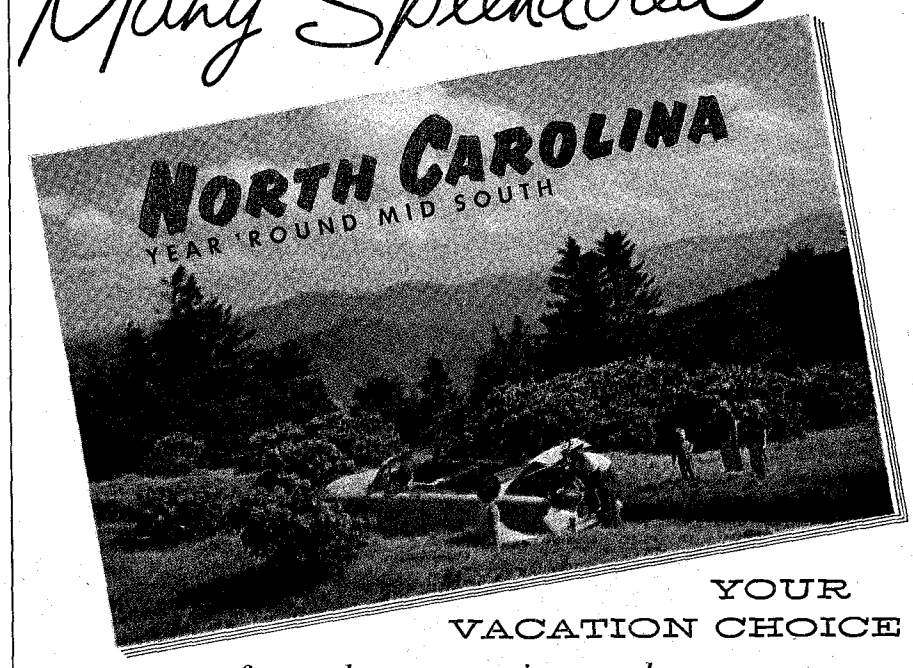
Mark could hear Natalie in her room next to his; their bathrooms adjoined. He heard the water splashing. He imagined he (*Continued on Page 84*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They tell me you're an author."

Many Splendored

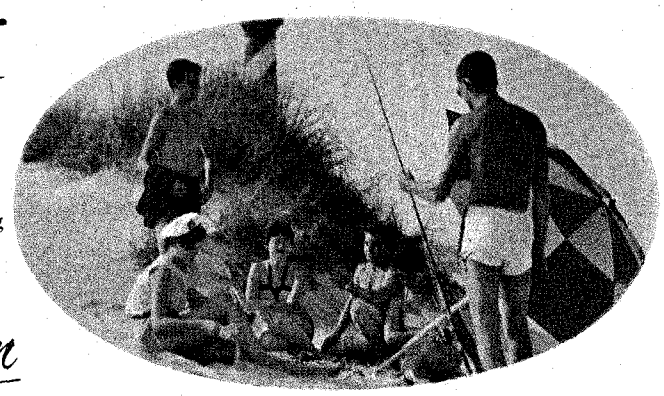


YOUR VACATION CHOICE

from the mountains to the sea . . . . . .

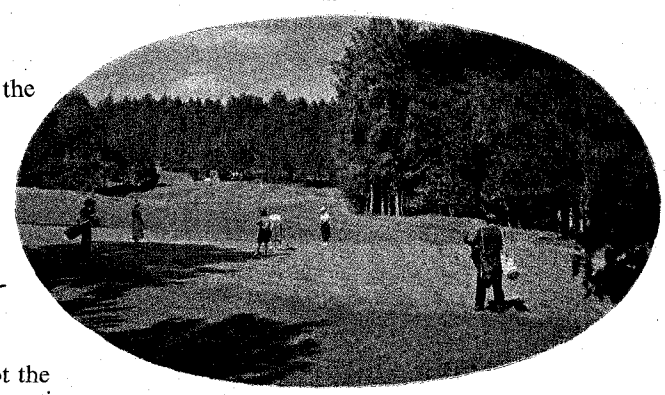
Variety

Swimming—bathing—wading—beachcombing or just sunning. Boating—fishing—all kinds, and good, too.



Vacation

131 golf courses—in the Piedmont—in the mountains—on the coast. Spring gets an early start in North Carolina.



land

Ever climb a mountain? We've got the Highest in Eastern America—accessible—air conditioned.

Send for this *vacation planning* booklet *now*.

READ ALL ABOUT IT

DEPT. CONSERVATION & DEVELOPMENT
Box "A-1", Raleigh, North Carolina

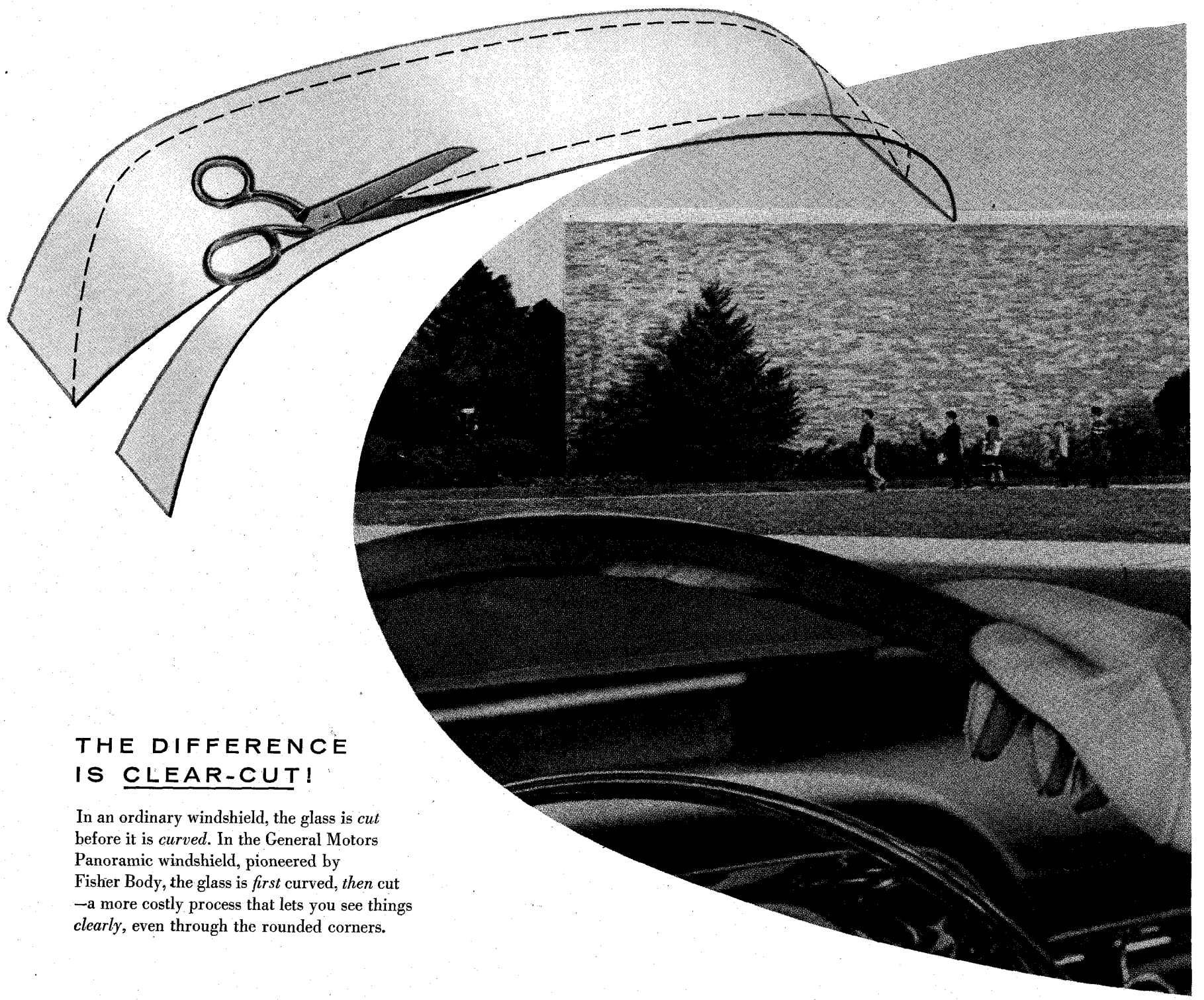
Please send, free, the full-color Variety Vacationland booklet.

NAME_____
(please print)

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE DIFFERENCE
IS CLEAR-CUT!

In an ordinary windshield, the glass is *cut* before it is *curved*. In the General Motors Panoramic windshield, pioneered by Fisher Body, the glass is *first* curved, *then* cut —a more costly process that lets you see things *clearly*, even through the rounded corners.

How to see clear

When you look into a new car, be sure to look *out* of it.

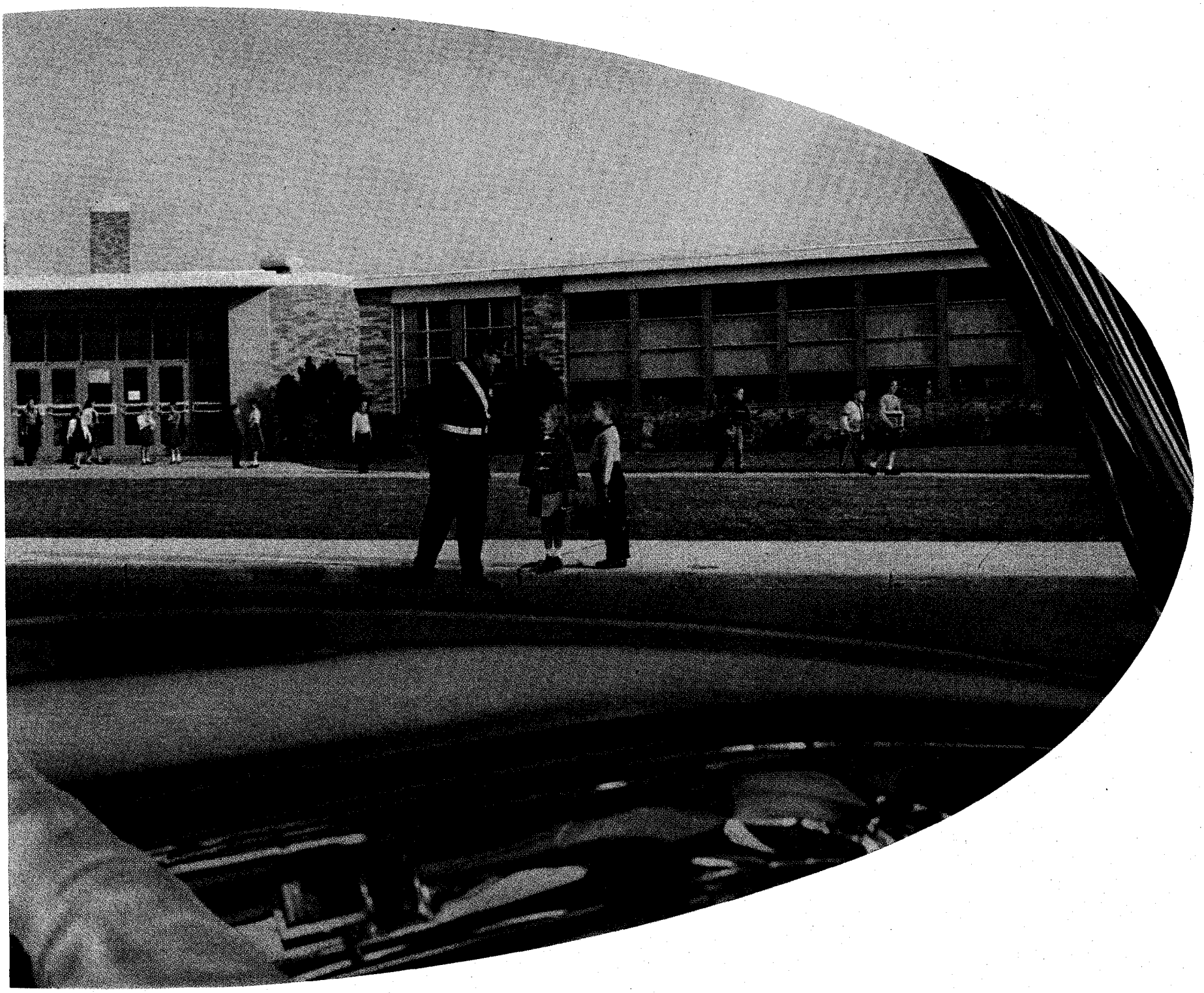
In a Body by Fisher, you get a clear view of things all the way around. Because Fishe Body, the first to produce and use the Panoramic windshield, is also first with *plat* safety glass, front, rear *and side*.

That is one difference. There are others, seen and unseen, which point to a single cor clusion: a Fisher Body is America's most *carefully* built body.

Care—and *caring*—make Body by Fisher safer to drive, better to look at, more pleasar to live in through the years.

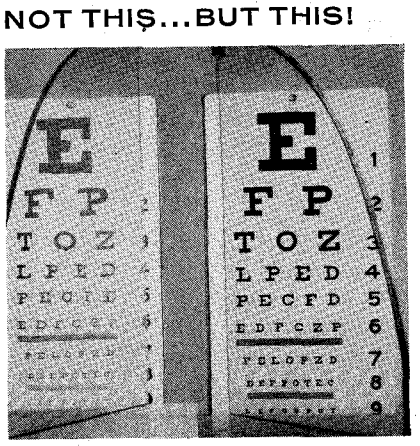
It has been true for over 49 years. It is true today in all General Motors cars, the onl cars with Body by Fisher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



around a corner

NOT THIS...BUT THIS!



At the left is an eye chart seen through an ordinary side window made of *window* safety glass. Compare the shape of the letters, seen *accurately* through a Fisher Body side window. Only Fisher Body uses *plate* safety glass front, rear *and side*. Look for the letters P-L-A-T-E. They spell better all-round visibility.

Body by Fisher

Better by Far

GM GENERAL MOTORS

On General Motors cars only:

Chevrolet · Pontiac · Oldsmobile · Buick · Cadillac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 81*) smelled the wood violet of her perfume. Her eyes were violet, he remembered, looking into the mirror above his own washbasin, into his gray eyes. Hers were almond-shaped; there were thick golden lashes. There were tiny golden freckles on her cheekbones just under the lashes.

His face was wan and drawn. Lines dragged down from his nose. He was not handsome. He had nothing to offer a girl; his ears were too big. His nose jutted out.

He was not from a wealthy family like that Roger Paul. He was not a rising lawyer nor a coming politician. Mark Neville handled a great deal of money, but it was foundation money. Mark Neville traveled endlessly; he knew the great of the earth, people like William Wynstone, and he knew the helpless and the hopeless of the earth, all too well, and he was doing all right for a young man from a little crossroads in Kansas. He had been fresh out of Kansas State, a lieutenant in the Navy, assigned to help a Brannand Foundation team of relief workers evacuate children in war-torn Korea. He was so useful and so interested that he had stayed with the foundation after the war. But he had nothing to offer Natalie Montgomerie.

He swallowed, like sandpaper going down his throat, swallowing the dream of Natalie. He changed his shirt. He brushed his hair. He went back to the sitting room, and supper was being wheeled in on a linen-covered table.

"Well, Jon," boomed the judge heartily, greeting the waiter. "How are you doing?"

The waiter, a large blond man of thirty, shook out a napkin over his arm and began rearranging the silver dishes.

"Everything goes well with me, Judge Wynstone." He smiled. "I bring many thanks from my little girls for the candy last night."

There was a dining room and a pantry. But the judge preferred dinner to be served here unless there was a special party—here before the windows with the glow of New York below.

Judge Wynstone adjusted his pince-nez with pleasure and hitched himself forward in the easy chair and began upon his lamb chop. "Take some more, a piece for each; take some more candy tonight, Jon. We will begin, all right. Natalie will be a trifle late, eh, Miss Anderson?"

Jonathan Gordy nodded, suavely, handing around the crackers. He had been serving the judge for eight years now. He had begun as a mere boy, waiting on table and now he was the head-waiter on this floor. He was a man doing what he wanted to do, and doing it well.

"How is the bank account coming?"

Jonathan Gordy was used to this, the question each evening; the judge knew that he possessed three babies, two, three and four, so young all of them, three baby girls. The judge knew that he had not intended to marry; no, not until he had saved enough for his own restaurant. But there had been Margaret. He had not been able to resist Margaret. Jonathan Gordy had married her out of the cashier's cage at a neighborhood theater; the restaurant would wait. He was saving his tips for the restaurant.

There was a heated discussion of interest rates now with Jonathan, all of which the elderly gentleman enjoyed hugely. Mark ate his food, hardly knowing what he tasted. Natalie came at last and was seated in her usual place, the ladder-back desk chair. She had put her hair up in a Psyche knot. She was wearing a robin's-egg-blue dress, a floating kind of dress.

"Beautiful, my child," approved Judge Wynstone. "Beautiful."

She avoided looking at Mark, even though she was seated directly across from him. She attended gravely to the eating of her food.

"Tell me, Mark," said the judge, sighing and coming back to the topic that had been on his mind all the time. "Aside from these people who are not getting through Immigration"—he attacked his dessert with energy—"are there no other troubles?"

"At the moment there is an old lady, sir," Mark said. "She is presenting quite a problem."

"How old? What do you mean by old when you use the word old, young man?" said the judge crisply.

Mark said, "I mean seventy-two, sir."

"That isn't so old. . . . Eh, Andy?" said the judge reprovingly.

Mark explained, "I mean, prospective employers consider it old. And this lady insists upon a job."

"So?" The judge speared a pear half neatly with his spoon. "Is there no one to look after her? Does she not belong in a family?"

"She escaped with her son, who was a bricklayer. He died on the flight over. She is very brave. All these people are wonderfully brave. They do not complain. But they are stubborn. We have offered to board her in a nursing home. She insists that she wants a job, and so far, we cannot find her one." Mark pushed his dish aside and rose. A compulsion inside him drove him. "I must get back to the camp, sir. Excuse me."

"Sit down—sit down," ordered the judge. "You have not finished your wine and I have not finished my advice to you." Judge Wynstone peered owlishly over his glasses. "Are you going, Jon? Eh, Jon?" he called out as the waiter was withdrawing silently, discreetly.

Jonathan turned back instantly. "I beg your pardon, Judge Wynstone. I thought to come back for the table later."

"Yes, perfectly right. But you have forgotten the candy for the children. Mind," admonished the judge, "a peppermint for each. Some for me also, Jon. I need some for my pockets. They go well at a theater."

Dutifully Jonathan went to the shining mahogany sideboard and removed the cover from a crystal apothecary jar, and, smiling, took out three peppermints, and these he ceremoniously put in his inside pocket. Then he brought a handful of the paper-wrapped sweets for the judge.

"It needs filling, Natalie," reproved the judge gently. "I like to see the jar nice and full, Natalie. . . . Good night, Jon. My best to Margaret."

"Yes, sir." And Jonathan went away.

Natalie Montgomerie had rosy banners in her cheeks. "I am sorry, Uncle Willie. I thought I had filled the jar just last night."

Miss Anderson said, "Never mind, Natalie. He eats too many sweets as it is."

Mark put down his wineglass. Mark had a sudden inkling of what the conversation was about. "It's my fault, sir. I have been taking the peppermints." He looked like a bashful small boy at that moment. He flushed hotly. "Every morning, before going out, I have got into the habit of filling my pocket with peppermints. Your peppermints, sir," said Mark wryly. "The people at the camp rather like them. It often makes a difficult interview less difficult. It's a—a—well, they often smile for the first time when I produce the peppermint. But I should have asked, at least."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Mark." The judge waved the matter aside. "Now we will be serious. I am to give you advice."

ALL-NEW

Worcester

Rugged, reliable . . . fine performers!
Worcester rotaries give a clean, smooth cut . . . even through tall weeds or matted grass. Four models, including a self-propelled. Gasoline- or electric-powered. 18″ to 21″ cut.

All-steel deck: won't crack or shatter; for years of rough use. "Sta-Temp" hardened blade stays sharp longer.

Powerful engines: nationally-famous 4-cycle engines use regular gas; no messy oil-mixing. Plenty of reserve power for tough jobs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mark Neville nodded. "I've tried everything that I can think of. Nothing works. The Army and Immigration insist that some of these people have given insufficient background information. Often they cannot give more, sir, because of the danger to their families still in the homeland."

"Just keep plugging along," said Judge Wynstone. "That was always the secret of my success. Keep plugging, but not," said Judge Wynstone, "aimlessly. Find the boss of any given situation and work on the boss. There's always a top man. Find him and hammer away at him."

Mark grinned. "I've been hammering for the last two weeks. I've been hitting them with everything I can muster."

"Call in the newspapers, if you think it will help. Use my name in any way. I repeat, in any way." Judge Wynstone's hand trembled slightly; he was deeply involved. He was obviously disturbed.

Miss Anderson intervened. "We'll be late for the theater." She stood straight as a ramrod. "I'll get my cape and your hat, Judge Wynstone."

"My cane also," the judge reminded her retreating back wisely. "There's no hurry. I have yet to tell this young man that I will be away in Boston overnight tomorrow night. Andy is not going with me. Sometimes," said the judge, sighing, "it is good to have a day or two away from Andy. But of course Natalie will be here. You will look after Natalie, if she needs you." His eyes were grave.

Mark answered politely, "Naturally, sir." He added, "I hope you will have a pleasant trip."

"Oh, Uncle Willie, I will be perfectly all right. Roger has asked me out to the fights, and, really," she said again breathlessly, "I shall be fine."

Mark made a small bow and turned and walked rapidly out into the foyer and down the hallway toward the elevators. Light footsteps came running after.

A shy voice called, "Mark!"

He paused and looked over his shoulder, half in his overcoat and half out of it.

... ...

Individual

By Jane Merchant

I was a thousand people
When I was barely seven,
Fairy, leprechaun and elf
And all the saints in heaven.

I was a hundred people
When I was seventeen,
Pioneer and martyr
And shepherdess and queen.

I wish I hadn't dwindled
To this maturity
Of being daily, hourly,
Monotonously, me.

... ...

It was Natalie. She stood on tiptoe and kissed him, the kiss bouncing off his chin.

"What was that for?" he asked, vastly startled.

She said, "That is because you are so good. Because you took the peppermints."

They regarded each other. Her eyes were swimming in tears and he was still halfway in his overcoat and halfway out, and then Jonathan Gordy appeared in the hallway, coming back for the table, and Mark could say nothing. He watched her go hurrying inside the apartment.

He himself stepped into the elevator, which noiselessly appeared just then, and went back to the camp in the reclaimed swamp in New Jersey. But his heart was pounding, and he could not get the yielding, soft feel of her out of his mind.

She went and stood quite close to the judge, waiting until the waiter left, wheeling the table away. She did not look at him. "Uncle Willie?" she whispered. "I kissed him."

"When?" asked the elderly gentleman. He did not sound surprised.

"Just now."

"And what did he say?"

"He—he asked me why. Oh, Uncle Willie," she said, gaining courage, looking at him now, "he doesn't know I exist—I mean, as a girl."

The judge took his time replying. "He is enchanted," the judge informed her lightly. "He has never known anyone quite like you, spoiled, sweet—nicely spoiled, you understand. Give him time."

"But he is leaving next week. There isn't any time. There isn't enough time, Uncle Willie," she said.

He said seriously, "There is always enough time."

Jonathan Gordy wondered about time that night, also, as he hurried along, striding through the cold, stark night from the subway station. It was very late. It was almost two o'clock in the morning, each morning, when he returned from work. That was too long a day for Margaret. He must speak to her. He must be very adamant.

Three babies, and the washing, and all the ironing, all those ruffles and his shirts. Margaret would not even send his stiff-front shirts to the laundry. They were saving for the restaurant.

Jonathan took the last flight of steps three at a time. There was a light shining under the door. He fumbled urgently with the key.

"Hello," said Margaret sleepily.

She was up. She was waiting. She had fallen asleep on the faded chintz sofa; she raised her head and smiled slowly. Her cheeks were pink and her black hair brushed to a gloss, and she was wearing the white robe with the tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds. He bent, without bothering to take off his hat and topcoat, and scooped her into his arms.

After a little, she stirred; she shivered deliciously against him. "You are cold; and, heavens, Jon, what is that in your pocket?" Margaret giggled, pushing her hands against his chest.

He sat down beside her. He brought out the three peppermints bashfully. "See? The judge never forgets."

She touched them idly with her fingers. She lay back against him, content. "He is such a nice man," Margaret said.

"Absolutely. Everybody is equal with the judge. He worries about you too."

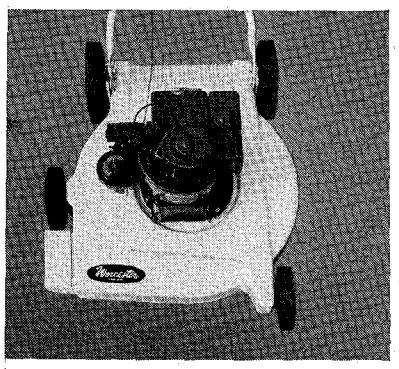
"About me?" she asked in surprise.

"Well, I tell him about you, how hard you work, and getting up at six in the morning, and waiting for me every night, Margaret," he said, all in a rush. "You must not. You are too thin. See? Your face seems thinner every day. I insist that you must have a woman in to help you, at least a day a week. I think maybe we could afford a baby sitter."

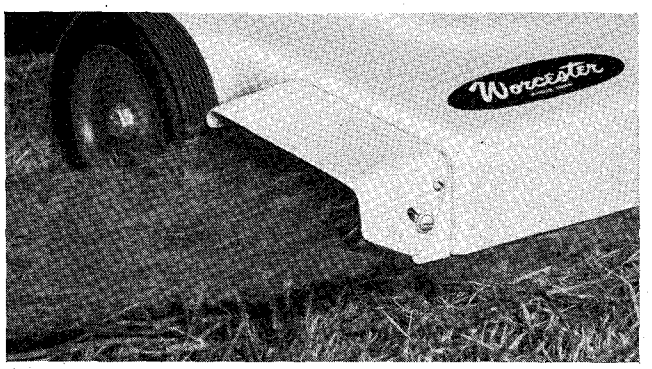
"The only ones I would trust," said Margaret, "cost more than a dollar an hour." She took off his hat. She unbuttoned his coat, and these things made a bundle, forgotten, on the faded sofa beside them.

"Some old lady," he persisted. "Somebody like a grandmother, who could come in once in a while. Somebody like the young fellow was telling about tonight."

EXTRA STRENGTH" mowers give you "extra service"-year after year!



aggered wheels! All-steel wheels are aggered to prevent "scalping". Easy ight-adjustments, no special tools quired.

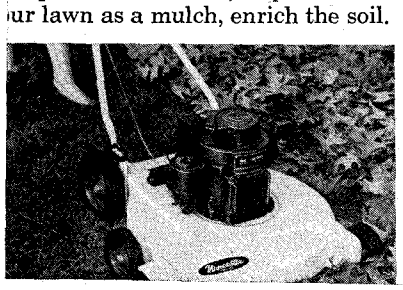


Side ejection chute with adjustable deflector! Finely-chopped clippings spray evenly out of the side chute; with exclusive adjustable deflector, clippings can be spread thinly or placed in windrows for easy removal.

Here's the rugged rotary that'll take *all* the work you can give it—*and then some! EXTRA STRONG*—with an unbreakable all-steel deck and powerful 4-cycle engine. *Extra dependable*—because it's premium-built by Worcester—known and respected for its mower manufacturing experience for more than half a century. *Extra work-saving*—mows and trims—tackles *all* your lawn chores and finishes 'em off in one clean sweep—the first time around!

See the all-new Worcester at your dealer's now; it's built better to serve better—year after year! For free mower booklet, write to Worcester Lawn Mower Co., Division of Savage Arms Corp., Chicopee Falls 77, Mass.

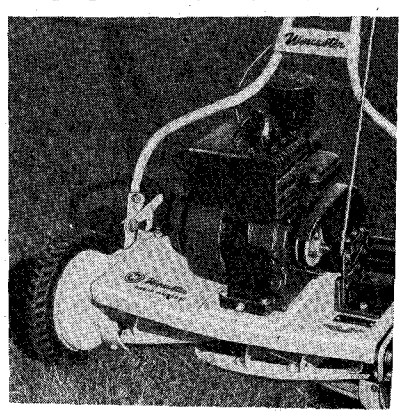
af mulcher! No extra cost. Ends ck-breaking raking and burning. ie pulverized leaves, deposited on ur lawn as a mulch, enrich the soil.



Inset wheels... with recessed hubs, for close side-trimming right up to walls, trees, fences, etc. Trims close *in front, too!* Saves hours of tiresome hand clipping and trimming.

"Snap-on" handle! *Clicks* in place without tools. Has fingertip control for engine speed. Streamlined, height-adjustable. Stands upright, saves storage space. Toe-tip safety latch for control on grades.

Worcester Reel-Type! Powerful Brigg & Stratton engines, Timken bearings "Sta-Temp" hardened blades, man other quality features. For a scisso sharp cut. Two models, 18" & 21", bot self-propelled... just guide them.



LICENSED TO MOA.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who?" asked Margaret drowsily.

"Fellow with the relief organization. He was telling about an old woman who insisted she wanted a job, and of course they can't find her a job. Who would hire a biddy over seventy?"

Jonathan Gordy drew a deep breath. Tragedy and unrest seemed far away. He reached and turned off the lamp above Margaret's head. He peered more closely; in the flickering dimness made by a neon sign across the street, Jonathan saw that she was fast asleep. He picked her up tenderly and carried her into the bedroom. But a new resolution was born in Jonathan Gordy. Savings or no savings, restaurant or no restaurant, Margaret must have help.

Help; Mark's whole idea was to help these people. But all the next day Mark Neville's mind was upon Natalie, and not upon refugees. He was there at the camp. He listened to the stories, the details. He issued orders, coaxed, threatened, soothed, translated words into English, and English into Hungarian. Yet his thoughts were with Natalie.

Mark argued with himself. *It is impossible*, he said to himself. *She doesn't like me, and just suppose she does? What have I to offer her? There is too much unhappiness in the world. A man had better do his job and forget his dreams. There is too much wishing*, Mark said to himself.

Nevertheless, he was eager for the day to end. Judge Wynstone had asked him to keep an eye on Natalie, and Mark intended to do that. It was a mere courtesy to the judge.

So Mark hurried home—that is, to the apartment in the Waldorf Towers. It was five in the afternoon. It was shockingly early for him. The foyer door was unlatched. Mark walked past the peppermint jar and looked anxiously about. Natalie was not in the sitting room. A note on the desk caught his eye. "Have gone to visit my sister in the Bronx, Park 3-6654, if you need me. Andy," the note said in Miss Anderson's precise hand.

Mark went to Natalie's door and knocked. No reponse. He thought she ought to be back from classes. He began to be alarmed. He tried the door and looked in, and the bed was neatly made, a froth of petticoat dangled over one chair, a stack of books was on the table. Natalie had been there and gone. Then Mark remembered Roger Paul. Of course, they had gone to an early supper; Roger had picked her up at college and was taking her to dinner and the fights. Mark felt a stab of dismay raging through him.

Natalie was young and trusting. Mark sat in the judge's easy chair and, although he didn't know the man, imagined a thousand unpleasant things that might happen to Natalie in Roger Paul's company. Mark was startled by a discreet knock at the foyer door. "Yes?" he said almost savagely.

It was the waiter, Jonathan. He came hesitantly forward in the heavy shadows. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Neville. But no one ordered tonight, and it's after seven, Mr. Neville, and I wondered if I could bring you something," said the waiter.

Seven; he had sat here brooding for two hours. Mark roused himself, rather ashamed of his savagery. "That's good of you, Jon. Nobody's home. That's the trouble. Nobody's here. The judge has gone up to Boston and Miss Montgomerie is out on—on a date." That hurt his throat, just saying the words. Mark swallowed loudly.

"You are here, however," said Jonathan. "Couldn't I bring you something?" He seemed very eager.

"Yes!" Mark exclaimed. "I am hungry, now that you mention it. Some soup, Jon, and fruit—fresh fruit."

"Yes, sir," Jonathan said. "I will only be a minute, sir." The waiter paused, shifting from one foot to the other, moving the napkin on his arm uneasily. "Could I speak to you, Mr. Neville?"

Mark said calmly, with interest, "Fire away, Jon."

"It's about that old lady, Mr. Neville, that you were discussing last night, begging your pardon, Mr. Neville," said Jonathan in evident embarrassment. "Waiter's oughtn't eavesdrop, but this wasn't rightly listening. This was mostly interest. I couldn't get that poor old biddy—begging your pardon, sir—old lady off my mind. I don't remember my mother very well—she died when I was eight—but I got to thinking if that were my mother, sir."

Mark frowned. He reached over and snapped on a lamp. "Jon, what in the world are you talking about? What old lady?"

"That one you and Judge Wynstone were talking over, Mr. Neville. The one," said Jonathan earnestly, "who wants a job and doesn't want in any nursing home. I've come," said Jonathan without pausing, "to offer her a job as nurse to my three little girls."

Mark gazed at him, wordless.

"I won't burden you with all the personal details, Mr. Neville, sir, but we have a nice sofa bed in the living room and a closet she can have and a chest of drawers. The pay'd be little to begin, but when I have my restaurant in the spring, then my wife, Margaret, will be cashier and the old lady could have the house daytimes to herself." Jonathan folded his arms. "There comes a time, Mr. Neville, when a man has to give more than money or sympathy; he has to have action. I guess you understand that, sir?"

Slowly Mark nodded. "That's very handsome of you, Jon. Very handsome."

Jonathan Gordy grinned. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Neville, the old lady will be doing a big favor if she comes."

Mark spoke of the details. Mark gave the man the proper number to call, and explained about the social worker who would have to investigate. "But," said Mark, "I can almost give you my word the old lady will be with you by tomorrow night."

A satisfied silence was broken by the waiter saying, in his easy, assured manner again, "Would you like a tomato soup, sir? Or something heartier, perhaps?"

"Tomato will be fine, Jon," Mark said.

The soup came, wonderfully hot, and the bowl of fruit. "It looks for snow, sir," said Jonathan as he withdrew.

Now Mark Neville was alone again. He still had the same problem; he still wasn't sure about Natalie.

Then, almost in a moment, Natalie came. Her fur-lined coat was the color of Scottish heather. Snowflakes were caught in her hair and her eyelashes. Mark leaped to his feet.

"Aren't you back awfully early?" Mark said, scowling, waiting for Roger Paul to appear.

She smiled. "I didn't go," Natalie remarked serenely. "I was at the library."

He flushed poppy-red. "You weren't with—with Mr. Paul?"

"I dislike fights very much. And I dislike Roger almost as much. He is always looking for the angles. He's so cynical. I asked him last night about the Federal laws—you know, the ones pertaining to refugees—and he wanted to know what was in it for me. For me!" said Natalie, crinkling her nose. "So I went this afternoon and looked up the law myself—about who's boss of Immigration. I remembered Uncle Willie said you must find out who is boss."

Mark, speechless, helped her out of her coat. Mark managed to say at last, "You don't like Roger?"

"Oh, he's all right for a city man, I do think, but I'm a country girl."

He said, dazzled by the freckles, the snowflakes melting, the wide violet eyes, "You are?" He drew a breath. "I'm a country boy, from Kansas."

"We grow peaches."

"My family raises wheat," Mark said. "Except that most of the land has blown away in the last years. That's how I got into this foundation business."

They gazed at each other. Happiness came and made a softness about them. He remembered the soup; he went to the pantry and found an extra plate; he ladled the hot stuff out of the silver tureen. He watched her eating hungrily.

"Here, have some fruit." He laughed. "I haven't touched it." He pushed the bowl closer. He hitched his chair nearer hers.

She said, "Aren't you curious?"

"About what?" He handed her the basket of hard rolls. Her hand touched his accidentally; he kept that hand.

"The President is boss, Mark. Perhaps Uncle Willie could call the President."

He let go of her hand. Why hadn't he thought of that? He heard Judge Wynstone's sage voice saying, "Use my name in any way." He heard Jonathan Gordy's edged voice saying, "Sometimes a man has to have action."

He should wait for the judge to take action. He should suggest the action to Judge Wynstone. Telephoning the President of the United States was no light matter. Mark Neville got up and made for the telephone.

"Where would the President be? Tonight? Now?"

She gasped, "Mark, you will! Truly! In Washington, at the White House."

He had the operator in no time. By using Judge Wynstone's name, he was put through to the White House. Then he had to talk himself through several suspicious assistants. Then the President himself came on the phone. Mark talked concisely. He was not emotional. He was very crisp and brief and sure.

All the while Natalie stood three feet away from him, eyes shining. He put down the receiver. He was limp. He was wet with perspiration. He had taken action. He had made a wish come true. He had awakened a dream.

"What did he say?" whispered the girl.

"He said he was mighty glad to have it called to his attention. He said that he would attend to it and the visas will be honored."

"Oh, Mark!" Her eyes danced. "Do you know what that means?"

He let out a whoop of joy. And then he took action along another line—a more personal line. He kissed Natalie.

"Oh, Mark! I thought you were never going to know that I existed!"

He said, "But I've known. I've known. Only this must be good-by. Because I will be fired for telephoning in your uncle's name. I will go back to Kansas, and this will be good-by," Mark repeated low.

That is almost the whole story. Except that the President kept his word. Judge Wynstone was not in the least surprised; in fact, Judge Wynstone regarded the entire matter with magnificent aplomb. He appointed Mark to the permanent committee of the foundation upon his return from Boston.

"I always say," chuckled the old gentleman, looking across at Miss Anderson as they had dinner together again that evening, "I always support Mr. Einstein, Andy. Time is relative. Which means that time is intimate. You get what you decide you want."

Miss Anderson peered at the two of them, Mark and Natalie, holding hands openly on the linen tablecloth.

"He got what he wants, anyway," said Miss Anderson mildly. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

The Mexican happened to be a left-wing extremist with a violent dislike of the United States and a high regard for Soviet Russia. While visiting in New York City, he toured the United Nations building with some international friends. The friends invited a Turkish attaché to lunch with them.

During the luncheon, the Mexican kept up a running fire of criticism of the United States. To change the subject, the Turk attempted to talk about his own country and its geographic position.

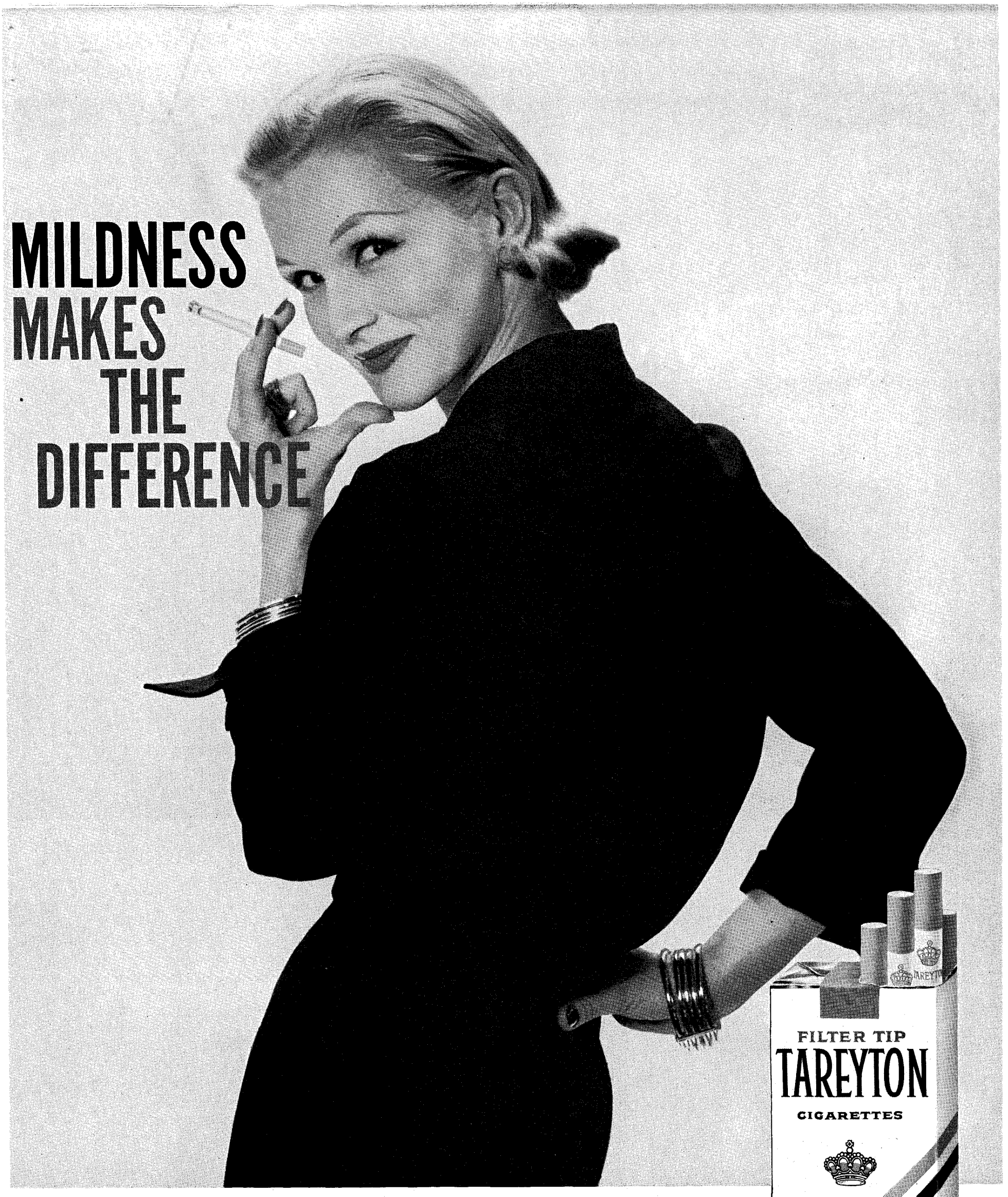
At that, the Mexican remarked, "You need have no worries about your Soviet neighbors. It is we Mexicans who know what it is like to have a ruthlessly aggressive big nation to the north."

The Turk, without changing expression, quickly replied, "We'll trade you."

Thomas Van

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILDNESS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



It makes sense to smoke a *mild* cigarette. *And Tareyton's special mildness makes a wonderful difference in your smoking!* You get the clean, fresh taste of truly *fine* tobaccos—a filter that really *filters*—*more enjoyment*, pack after pack. Try Tareytons—you'll see. Popular filter price everywhere.

filter tip **TAREYTON**

BY THE MAKERS OF HERBERT TAREYTON—FAMOUS FOR QUALITY, DELIGHTFULLY MILD, TIPPED, FULL KING SIZE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Every day is worth celebrating with real Italian-style ravioli!"

AREZZO RE-ENACTS the ancient battle with the Saracens. And your family will battle for more Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Ravioli every time. It's so quick—and good!

Traditional as this festival at Arezzo...the serving of ravioli at the feast. But *you* don't have to wait for an occasion to serve this savory, satisfying dish. You can serve Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Ravioli *any time*.

You'll find your family and your guests will eat it up . . . and come back for more. And a steaming plate of this ravioli brightens up your table because it looks as good as it tastes.

For Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli is made to tempt appetites—by a Chef who knows the secrets of fine Italian cooking. Tiny macaroni pies filled with tender beef are simmered for hours in a rich red sauce made from ripe tomatoes and juicy beef . . . then seasoned with tangy Italian spices.

It takes many days to make ravioli like this. But it's ready in minutes for you! Just open up a can of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Ravioli . . . heat and serve—for lunch, for dinner . . . at parties or after an evening with friends. More good news, it costs *just about 14¢ a serving*!

real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Ravioli

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Husband's Revolt (Continued from Page 37)

her about this too. He made a hesitant suggestion that they might try incorporating some green with the white for a touch of accent.

"We'll see, dear," she said.

She took the flowers from him and made her way into the kitchen, dwarfing the low-ceilinged, cozy room as she sailed through it like some stately ship passing through a narrow channel.

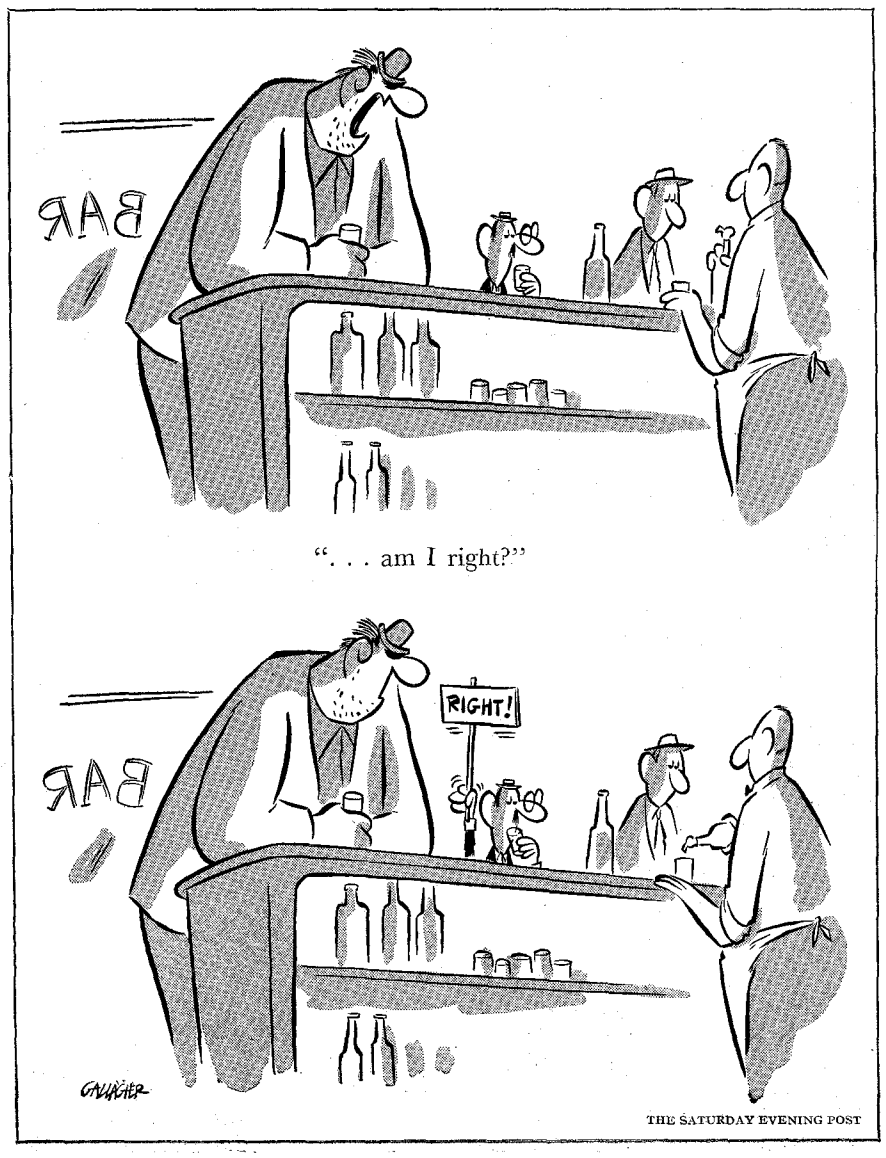
When Margo left the room, her husband, as if relieved at last of supervision, sat down on the sofa which stood beside the fireplace and prepared to smoke his pipe, while Mr. Duchin, their old boxer, who had been with them since he was a puppy, joined him on the rose settee.

Mr. Duchin had a history. He was an albino. Many years ago, the Wooleys had seen him, the one white dog in a litter of fawn-colored puppies. He was to have been culled. The Wooleys had decided at once, out of pity, to take him. They also thought it would be amusing to have a white boxer. They had thus saved his life. He had grown from a rollicking puppy to an oversized, serious white dog, of whom strangers always said, "What breed is he?" Then the Wooleys told his history with satisfaction at the obviously successful outcome. Mr. Duchin was an engaging dog. The Wooleys always thought he looked uncomfortable on the rose settee, but he preferred it and chose to sit there, especially when they were having their after-dinner coffee and liqueur before the fire.

As Mr. Wooley sat now facing Mr. Duchin in uncommunicative ease, he admitted to himself, perhaps for the first time, that these dinner parties were a bore; that through most of them he had, in the back of his mind, waited for the guests to leave and his wife to go to bed, so that he would be free to sit quietly and enjoy his pipe in peace while Mr. Duchin sat opposite him. He felt suddenly the emptiness of these perpetual little dinner parties, robbed of all spontaneity by the very preparations that went into them. He thought nostalgically of their casual visits with the Bennetts and other friends when they were first married. He wondered what had happened to the Bennetts. He hadn't thought about them in years. He visualized their apartment in Greenwich Village twenty-five years ago, when they used to drop in on each other after dinner, unannounced, unexpected and welcome. What had happened to that custom? Was it just age or did young people now, too, decide weeks in advance whom they would see and talk with weeks hence? He longed for the feeling of pleasure and surprise of unexpectedly seeing a familiar face when a door was opened.

A few moments later Margo came back into the room to place the flowers on the table. His guilt at having had these traitorous thoughts made him uneasy. He became very busy with his usual duties. He plumped the pillows, he laid the fire, he fixed the fruit bowl and finally set out the bottles and glasses for mixing the drinks. Mr. Duchin waited on the settee for a while, watching him; then, as if these activities were too much for him, he slowly rose and left the room.

By the time they were dressed and waiting for their guests, Mr. Wooley had, by force of habit, got back to his accustomed frame of mind. He wandered about their spruced-up living room with nothing to do until the guests arrived. This had never ceased to be an awkward moment for Mr. Wooley. He felt like some unsure actor waiting in the wings for the curtain to go up on a life that was not his own.



When the guests had arrived and the dinner was in full swing, he found himself rather outside the party than of it. It seemed to him that he had lived this night many times before. It was all so familiar. The words came from him without his having to think, surprising him as they came, and all the time he was talking and attending to his guests he could see himself doing it.

As he went about obeying his wife's demand for "More coffee, please, Basil," or "Empty the ash tray, dear," he could tell from her face that after the guests would leave she would say, with a satisfied air, "It went very well, don't you think, Basil?" And he supposed it was going well. The Martinsons seemed to be having a good time. Mr. Martinson was standing in front of the fire, blocking out all the glow, while he held forth on India. Mrs. Martinson, the Indian influence still strong upon her, wearing a garment that was part dirndl, part sari, from time to time prompted him to tell about the raja's invention. "It was so funny, really; he was a darling little man!" Yes, he supposed it was going very well.

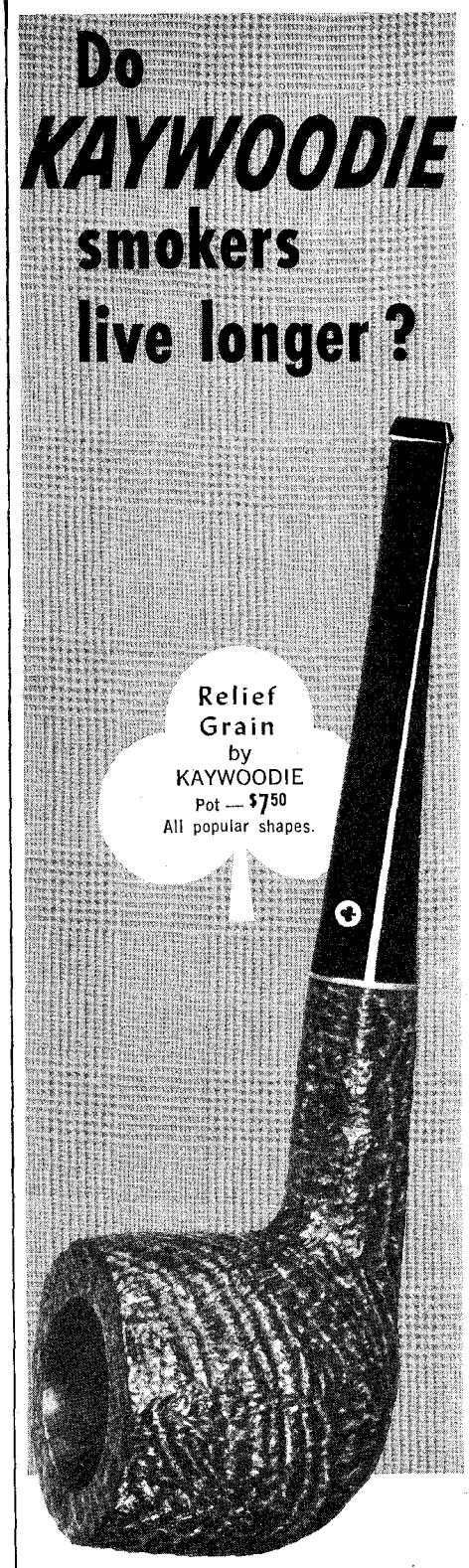
When everyone was settled around the fire with coffee and liqueur, Mr. Wooley looked around at his guests. He saw Mr. Duchin standing in front of the rose settee, looking intently at the two women who were sitting on it. It was really too small for all three of them. Mr. Wooley watched as Mr. Duchin put a tentative paw between the ladies, who were occupied in conversation with each other. They paid no attention to him. Mr. Duchin looked round, hesitated, then determinedly mounted the settee and wedged himself in between them. He stood there, waiting patiently with his head facing the back rest and his rear jutting out beyond the seat, until the ladies, becoming aware of his intentions, moved into the corners, making themselves small. Mr. Duchin turned to face the group at the fire and settled himself comfortably in his accustomed place, oblivious of the discomfort he was causing or, if he was aware of it, determined to ignore it.

The ladies rather matched the sofa in that they, too, though not old, had a provincial Victorian air about them. One of them—the one on the right—was all curves, from the placid oval of her face to the arc of her bosom, which was plainly visible from the low cut of her dress. The other was thinner and more successful in giving ground to Mr. Duchin, who sat bolt upright, towering above the ladies, since all of him was on the settee.

Mr. Duchin's eyes were a weary blue. The lower lids sagged a little away from his eyeballs, so that some of the red showed, giving him a rheumy look. His lips were large and loose, and they, too, hung somewhat away from his face. He looked intelligent and resigned and not very interested, though he listened politely enough, always turning his face to the person who was speaking.

Once, when the lady on his right—the one with the low-cut dress—spoke, he slowly turned his head toward her, and Mr. Wooley observed that he dropped his eyes down to the arc of her bosom and that his left ear rose sharply as he did so. Then he faced front again and resumed his resigned, noncommittal listening. Mr. Wooley envied him. He wished that he, too, since he had to be there, could just sit and listen or appear to be listening, without having to rummage through the various compartments of his mind for an appropriate topic of conversation.

The party had reached that after-dinner lull, the painful moment when the cocktails had worn off and the wine had only



Have you ever seen an overwrought pipe smoker? Somehow the two just don't go together. There's something about pipe smoking that calms you down, lets you relax, helps you avoid the tensions so injurious to good health. And with Kaywoodie, you enjoy the sweetest, coolest smoke of your life. Sweetest because each pipe is carved from the very heart of centuries-old Kaywoodie briar. Coolest because of the dense, close grained briar, reserved solely for Kaywoodie.

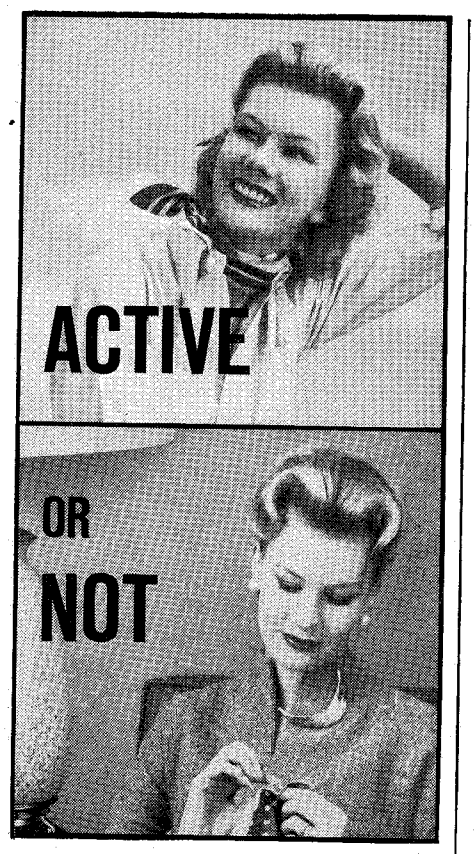
What's more, the exclusive Drinkless Fitment in Kaywoodie screens irritants, condenses tobacco tars, prevents clogging as nothing else can.

Learn to ease-up and enjoy smoking the Kaywoodie way. It could add years to your life.

Gift Suggestions: *Send 25 cents for illustrated color Catalog P showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.50 to $2500.*

Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22
World's Finest Pipes Since 1851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



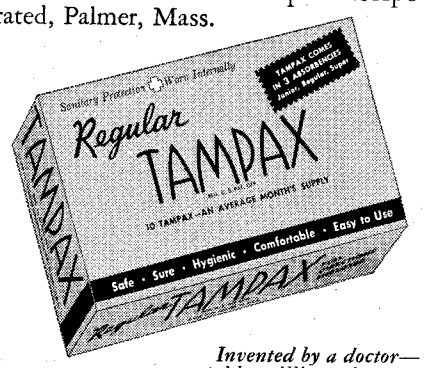
you can benefit from Tampax

Tampax is not an *occasional* sanitary protection. You don't *save* it for your more strenuous "days of the month." Certainly, Tampax® internal sanitary protection allows you complete physical comfort when you're dancing, walking, moving . . . when you're active in any way. But why deprive yourself of Tampax comfort during your quiet hours?

Even when you're staying closest to the home fires, the benefits of Tampax add up. Internal absorption prevents odor from forming. No uneasiness. No possible embarrassment. Tampax doesn't interfere with your tub or shower. Whether you're racing along or taking it slow, you'll appreciate quick, effortless insertion . . . easy disposal. No changing problems, either. A few Tampax slip inconspicuously into your purse. All through your time of the month, Tampax is essential to your personal fastidiousness, your good grooming, your very femininity.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Buy your choice of Regular, Super or Junior absorbencies wherever drug products are sold. The economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Run-around, home body—or happy combination of the two, you'll like Tampax. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Soothing Protection Worn Internally
TAMPAX COMES IN 3 ABSORBENCIES Junior, Regular, Super
Regular
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Safe • Sure • Hygienic • Comfortable • Easy to Use
TAMPAX

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

served to make everyone duller, the moment when, Mrs. Wooley had always told her husband, it's up to the hosts to take hold and make it go again. But Mr. Wooley didn't feel like taking hold. Instead he poured himself a drink and sat down opposite Mr. Duchin. He leisurely sipped his drink and let his critical gaze fall on each member of the group in turn.

They seemed to him like some rare collection of birds that a whimsical trainer had clothed and taught to strut around like people. He had a sense of something being out of joint, and he felt that everyone was aware of it. Everyone, that is, except Mr. Duchin, who sat between the ladies, impervious and relaxed.

As Mr. Wooley studied Mr. Duchin, sitting at his ease, with his hind legs folded under him and his forelegs upright, but spread wide, it became apparent to him—and it seemed to him it must be apparent to everyone else in the room—that Mr. Duchin was stark naked. His belly, which was soft and fleshy and of which there was quite an expanse, gleamed rosy pink in the candlelight. He sat in an outrageous attitude. Mr. Wooley was embarrassed. He could hardly bear to look at him now. He felt that a loincloth might be a proper concession to the evening.

As he continued to steal glances at him, his original reaction of horror gave way to one of admiration. It seemed to him that, from the expression of supercilious indifference on his face to the too-wide spread of his forelegs, Mr. Duchin gave the impression of a man who had lived too long to care what his peers or superiors thought of him, and was in his later years doing only as he wished to do.

Mr. Wooley ignored his guests. His mind was occupied with Mr. Duchin's attitude to life. The more he thought of it, the more Mr. Duchin became to him like some Gauguin who, with one brave gesture, had thrown away all his past life and associations and would henceforth have nothing to do with the amenities. He began to feel proud of him. He argued that the gesture required more courage from Mr. Duchin than from Mr. Gauguin. After all, Mr. Duchin had stayed in his own social milieu and yet continued to do as he wished, while Gauguin had fled to the South Seas, leaving a suffering family behind.

Mr. Wooley took such pleasure in this appraisal of Mr. Duchin that he decided to fix himself another drink. He wished sadly that Mr. Duchin could share this small joy of civilization with him. He went to the table that he had set up as a bar and was aware that Mr. Duchin's eyes followed him all the way. He picked up the bottle and, with a secret smile on his face, carelessly poured his drink.

His wife came up noiselessly behind him. "Basil dear, what's the matter with you? You're not talking," she whispered. "Go and talk to Eloise and Glenda, dear. Go and sit between them. They've been sitting together for ages."

He glanced at the settee and saw that Mr. Duchin was leaning all his weight against Eloise. "Mr. Duchin is taking care of them," he said matter-of-factly.

His wife gave him a startled look. "Really, Basil, you mustn't have another drink tonight!" she said, and left him for the further supervision of her guests.

Mr. Wooley stayed apart from the group a little longer, indulging himself in his feeling of unrest. He looked at Margo and saw that she was having a difficult time of it. *Poor Margo*, he thought, *this is not one of your successes.* He felt guilty about not contributing, and was about to join the group when he heard her voice calling across the room, "Basil, let Mr. Duchin out, please; he's crowding Eloise!"

He walked over to the settee. "Is he annoying you?" he asked Eloise, but he looked at Mr. Duchin, who turned his head to Eloise.

"Oh, not at all," she said.

Mr. Duchin gave her one sidelong glance and, stepping down from the settee, walked toward the kitchen with a slow, deliberate step. Mr. Wooley followed close behind and held the door open for him. It was Mr. Duchin's custom to wander over the countryside at night, the Wooleys never knew where. Now, as he stepped out, he looked back at Mr. Wooley and waited. It seemed to him that Mr. Duchin was waiting for him to follow. He stepped out, too, and quietly closed the door behind him.

It was a brilliant moonlit night. The exaggerated moon gave off a light of such blue-white intensity that it seemed to have stilled all sounds. Mr. Duchin walked twice around the house, like a night watchman at his duties, while Mr. Wooley stood still, staring in disbelief at the ostentatious moon. When Mr. Duchin came back the second time, he changed his course and walked across the road. Halfway across, he turned and looked back at Mr. Wooley again.

Mr. Wooley hesitated. He thought that if he went only a little way, no one would miss him. He followed across the road and through the field, up to the top of the hill that lay bathed in moonlight. A dense woods crested the rim of the hill, but Mr. Duchin plunged in. He returned a moment later, as if urging Mr. Wooley on. Mr. Wooley decided to go with him just a little farther.

As they went into the woods they were immediately swallowed up by a darkness that left Mr. Wooley at the mercy of Mr. Duchin. There was no path and no light except for an occasional patch of blue white that came through the less densely foliaged trees. The terrain was rough and entirely unfamiliar to Mr. Wooley. He lost his sense of direction completely, so occupied was he in protecting his eyes from the brambles that continually reached out to engulf him, but he was now obsessed by the thought that there was a destination he had to reach, and that he was being led thither by Mr. Duchin.

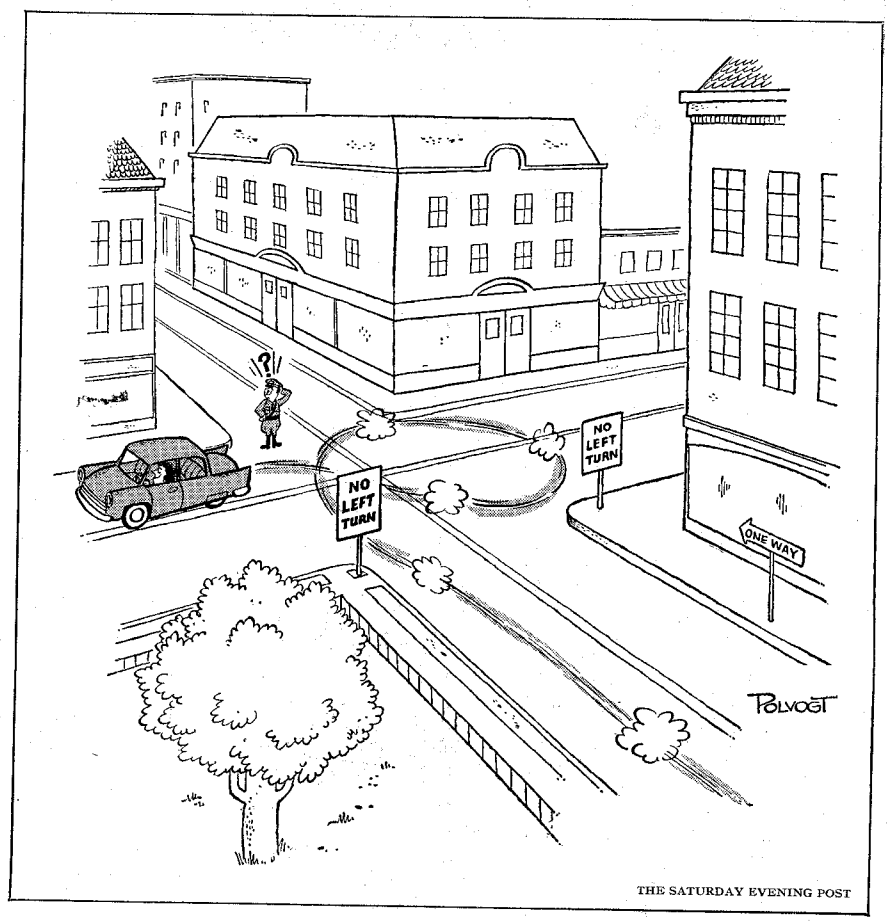
With increasing anticipation, he followed on, when all at once they came upon a clearing in the woods. It was a little, unexpected lake of moonlight in the center of which stood a log cabin whose own lights coming through the windows made it seem like a jewel within a jewel. Mr. Wooley caught his breath and stood still, but Mr. Duchin, without a backward look, went right on to the house. He reached the door with a bound; and with easy familiarity, as though he had done it times without number, he sat down on the small rough mat that lay on the one step that led to the door. By some means, those within were aware of his presence. As Mr. Wooley stood in the shadows the door was opened. Mr. Duchin was ushered in and the door was closed behind him. Mr. Wooley was left alone.

The after silence filled the air. He looked around him, feeling cheated and abandoned. Behind him was the dark of the woods, impenetrable now that he was alone, and before him stood the warmth of a house that was apparently inaccessible to him, but a haven to Mr. Duchin.

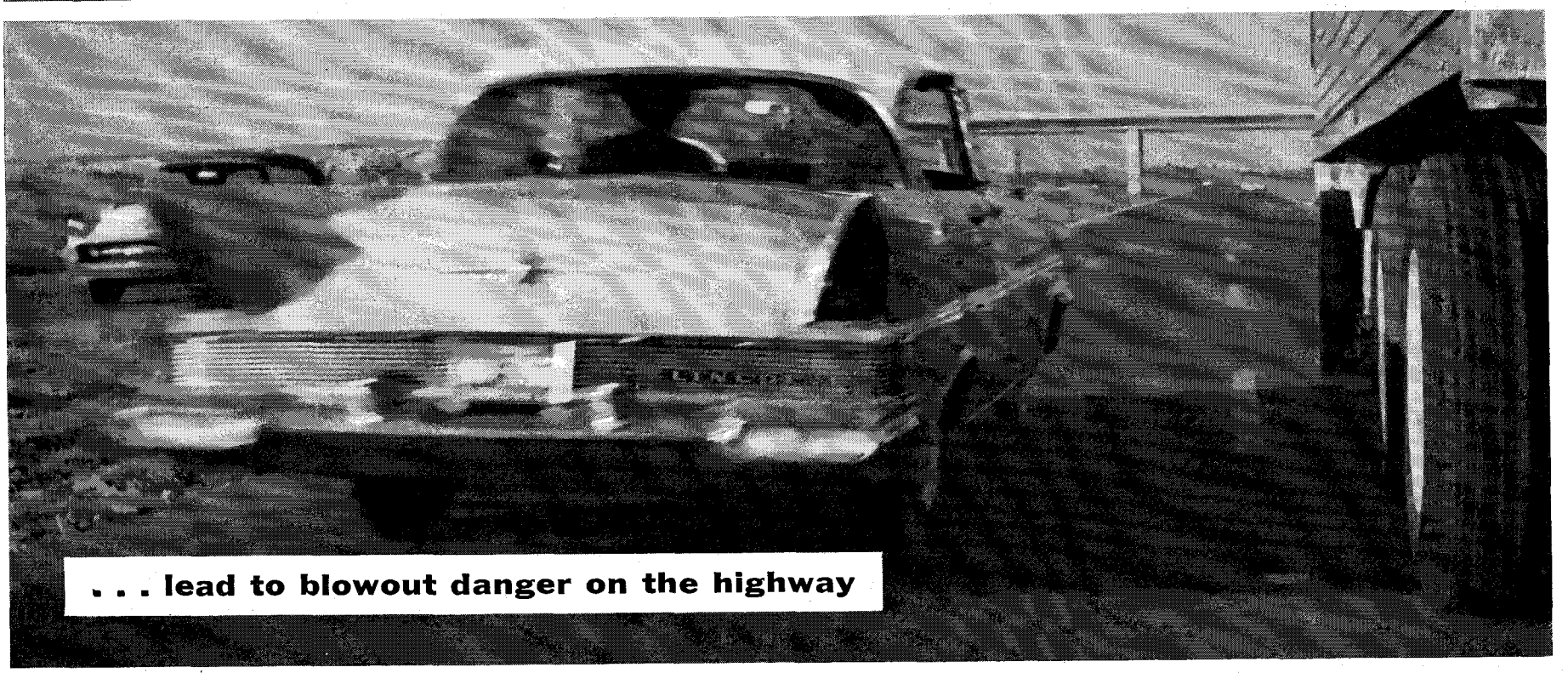
He went cautiously near the window and, looking in, he saw the interior of a simple, cheerful room that made him think of all the illustrations he had known of books in his childhood. There was a great wooden bed with a patchwork quilt in the corner. In the center of the room was a round table covered with a cloth, and on the table stood a china lamp with red roses painted on it. It cast a soft glow. Before the hearth were a man and a woman whom Mr. Wooley had never seen, and between them was Mr. Duchin.

He lay on his back on the floor in front of the fire, a drooling, happy look on his face, while the man and woman, down on the floor with him, rubbed and petted him. He wriggled with delight, like a puppy, when the woman nuzzled her head in his shoulders. Then he leaped up and chased around the room for no reason at all, coming to rest at the woman's feet with his head in her lap, a contented look on his loose-lipped face.

Mr. Wooley didn't know what to make of the change (*Continued on Page 92*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

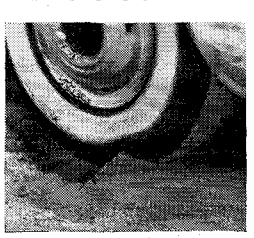


Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

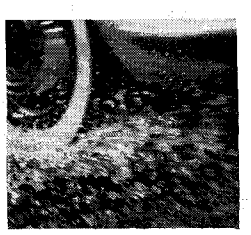
Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

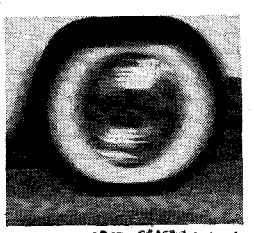
NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS



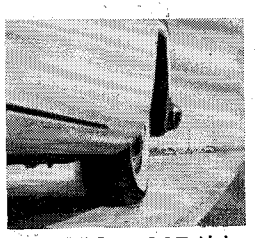
1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.



2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance, but also makes cooler-running tires.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

The safest, strongest tires are made with nylon cord

Watch Du Pont Theater, Tuesdays, ABC Network, 9:30 EST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) in Mr. Duchin. He remembered him as a puppy, full of exuberance, frolicking about. They had taken great pains teaching him to obey at command, and had felt themselves very successful when he had finally settled down to being the calm, sure, dignified creature that they now knew. That there was this need in him still, Mr. Wooley had never guessed. He felt bewildered and hurt that he should have gone to a stranger to gratify it. He had always believed that the understanding between them was a perfect one. He had never curtailed his movements, never restrained him in any way, though he had often wondered where he went at night. As Mr. Wooley stood looking in, he felt that he had been unfairly treated. He thought of their own quiet evenings with Mr. Duchin sitting correctly on the rose settee. It struck him that this was where Mr. Duchin went every night when he left them, and that it was his way of adjusting to a life that had become tedious to him. Then he remembered Margo and the dinner party. He turned from the window, overcome by guilt at his own defection. He made straight for the woods.

He stumbled about in the dark, having no clear knowledge of the direction to take. His uncertainty was heightened by the feeling that he must hurry. He wanted to get back before the party broke up. It seemed to him that he had been walking around in circles when he came to a place in the woods, a little promontory, where the moon shone through and he could see the distant lights of the town.

He stopped and took his bearings. His agitation left him. He sat down on a moss-covered rock to rest for a moment. The thought of Mr. Duchin and his unsuspected hideaway came back to him, and it surprised him that he felt so strongly about it. He had a resentment of the people in the cabin and was convinced that they had lured Mr. Duchin into this situation. Then he blamed Mr. Duchin for not being able to resist such blandishments. Finally, he wondered if perhaps he had not failed Mr. Duchin in some way. He saw the uneventfulness of their lives and felt that if he had taken more time to play with Mr. Duchin, to show his affection, this would not have happened. He had taken him for granted, had overlooked his need for more than the elementary things of life. It wasn't enough for Mr. Duchin, he realized, to be sheltered and fed and held as a possession. He determined to make up to him for this laxness in the future.

He rose and continued on his way in a more peaceful frame of mind. The moon had risen higher and intermittently lit up the woods, so that he was now sure of his direction.

The events of the evening set him to appraising his own condition of life. He came to the conclusion that moving to the country had drastically curtailed his existence. As he walked he had a momentary vision. He saw himself standing, a cocktail shaker in his hand, tall and slim in evening clothes, in an apartment high up in the towers of Manhattan. His head was thrown back in laughter. On a low black divan was a lovely girl in a shimmering gown, who looked up at him. She, too, was laughing. She reached out her hand to him.

Mr. Wooley caught himself. "Now really!" he said aloud, looking around at the trees in the woods. He quickened his pace.

When he arrived at the house, disheveled and scratched from his trip, he stood a moment outside the door. He straightened his tie and with his fingers combed his hair back into place, and wondered what he would say when he went in. He decided to leave it to the moment. He slowly turned the knob and opened the door. The room seemed brilliantly lit. He closed the door behind him and, as he leaned against it, his hand still on the latch, he was aware of all heads turned in his direction and all eyes upon him. He waited for the moment to give him the hoped-for words, but no inspiration came.

Margo saved him. Margo said, "Basil, where have you been? You look awful!"

He came forward then and joined them. "I must apologize to all of you." He said it as though it were the beginning of an address.

"Oh, not at all, old man," said Mr. Martinson; and the others, too, denied the need of an apology, but Margo came to him and examined the scratch on his face with concern.

"Why, darling, you're all scratched up and you've ripped your jacket! Well, never mind! Tell us what happened."

"Well, it was Mr. Duchin. I followed him into the woods. I thought I'd just see where he goes at night. He went round and round in circles and I followed. He took me deep into the woods and then he just disappeared." Mr. Wooley looked up at his listeners. "I kept calling him,

Modern parents aren't the only ones who don't believe in spanking. Neither do the children. HOMER PHILLIPS

will it come to this again?

In the Old West, the waterhole meant life. And men frequently defended one with their lives.

Today's need for water . . . if not as dramatic . . . is even more urgent. Our population has doubled since 1900. But our water requirements have quadrupled! Meanwhile, average rainfall does not vary from year to year. And erosion of moisture-bearing soil continues.

You can help stem this terrific drain on our water sources.

1. Encourage water officials to plan ahead.
2. Support realistic water rates and water supply bond issues.
3. Conserve water wherever you possibly can.

Water means life for *you,* too.

SERVES FOR CENTURIES!

You and your great-grandchildren will reap the benefits of the cast iron pipe installed today.

One example: this cast iron water main laid in Detroit 126 years ago is still serving efficiently. Throughout the country are many more century old cast iron water and gas mains.

Long life, dependability, minimum maintenance. These are the qualities water officials seek. And cast iron delivers them more than any other pipe!

CAST IRON PIPE RESEARCH ASSOCIATION (CAST IRON) 122 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 3, ILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he never showed up. I think he did it deliberately."

He stopped, watching them. When they realized he wasn't going to say anything more, they all laughed; Mr. Martinson the loudest. Mr. Wooley thought that he, at least, didn't believe him.

Margo said, "Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee, dear?"

"No, thank you. I'll just fix myself a drink. I need it," Mr. Wooley said.

He came back with his drink and sat down in the place that Mr. Duchin had vacated between Eloise and Glenda, who by now seemed glued to the settee. He was determined that for the duration of this party, even if it lasted until morning, which he knew was unlikely, he was going to be the most gracious of hosts. And he was! His attention to Eloise and Glenda was unfailing. He offered them drinks and cigarettes and candy.

Eloise's hand hovered over the candy box. "Oh, don't tempt me!" she cried, taking a large nougat.

He talked man-to-man fashion with Mr. Martinson about the state of the nation. He complimented Mrs. Martinson on her original gown, which, it turned out, she had designed herself. He glanced at Margo and saw that she was more relaxed. He hoped she wouldn't question him too closely when they were alone.

After the guests had left, Margo turned to him. "Whatever got into you, Basil? You behaved inexcusably."

He felt that he had, so he only shook his head and said he was sorry.

"Of all the times to choose to follow Mr. Duchin." She felt the tear on his sleeve. "Your jacket will have to go to the tailor's. You almost ruined the party. Everyone pretended you weren't missing at all. It was easy for them, but I had to do all the chores myself."

"I'm sorry, darling; really it was silly of me. You go up now and go to bed. I'll straighten up here."

"You come to bed soon too. Don't moon around or you'll miss your sleep."

"I will," he said, and kissed her good night.

But he didn't go to bed. After he had cleared the dishes, he went upstairs, put on his pajamas and dressing gown, and came down again.

He got himself a glass of milk and some cookies and sat near the dying fire, determined to wait up for Mr. Duchin's arrival. He tried to read, but found himself unable to sustain any interest. He walked about the empty room wondering how Mr. Duchin had come upon his solution. Was it by accident or had he at one time deliberately set out looking for a way to fill a gap in his life? He wondered, too, how long he had been leading this deceptive existence.

At two o'clock he heard Mr. Duchin outside. He opened the door and found him just settling down on the battered old chaise under the grape arbor where he always slept.

He called Mr. Duchin to come in, holding the door open, speaking in a low, intimate voice, "Come on, old boy. Come on in."

Mr. Duchin stood up on the chaise, his back to Mr. Wooley, but his head swung around, looking at him in an appraising way, as if trying to decide what it was Mr. Wooley wanted.

"Oh, come on in and sit awhile," said Mr. Wooley gaily, slapping his knee. But Mr. Duchin didn't budge. Mr. Wooley went over and led him in by the collar. Mr. Duchin followed, docile. When they were inside, he stood at the door as if awaiting further orders.

"Well," said Mr. Wooley, "I found out about you, didn't I?"

Mr. Duchin remained attentive, but nothing more. Mr. Wooley got down on his knees and ruffled his fur. Mr. Duchin stood still, tolerant, looking down at the floor. Mr. Wooley came closer and nuzzled his head against Mr. Duchin's shoulder. Mr. Duchin's body was a solid wall. There was no give to it.

Mr. Wooley raised his head and found himself looking into Mr. Duchin's pale, unblinking eyes. He remained on his hands and knees. They looked at each other for a long moment, and slowly the playfulness left Mr. Wooley. He rose and brushed the knees of his trousers.

"Too late, eh, Mr. Duchin? I guess you're right."

Self-consciously he went to the door and held it open. Mr. Duchin walked out. He went directly to the chaise and settled in for his night's sleep.

Mr. Wooley went back in and closed the door. He put out the lights. In the dark he climbed the stairs and went to bed too.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Here's an interesting little item . . . it starts off: Help Wanted . . ."

You don't need to pay $250 to $300 for

INCONSPICUOUS ...QUALITY HEARING AIDS!

Zenith offers the World's Largest-Selling, Finest Quality Hearing Aids at $65 to $165

Shop and compare, for performance and wearing ease. See and hear for yourself why Zenith is the world's largest-selling hearing aid!

If you are hard-of-hearing, you want a hearing aid that is inconspicuous . . . dramatically new and different.

All hearing aid manufacturers and dealers know this. That's why some of them use such alluring phrases as "a miracle of concealed hearing". . . "sensational new discovery". . . and other exaggerated claims.

The facts of the matter are these: All modern hearing aids work on the same basic principles, with essentially the same advantages. No one hearing aid is notably more inconspicuous or convenient than any other of its type! Once the smoke-screen of exaggerated claims is swept aside, you'll find that the only important difference among better hearing aids today is the *price!*

How is Zenith able to offer you hearing aids of such exceptionally fine quality at such sensible prices?

The answer is simple: Zenith's outstanding *quality* is a result of over 38 years of leadership and growth in electronics exclusively. As for *price:* if Zenith paid sales commissions of $145 to $160, as some others do, even our $65 model would have to sell for over $200!

Not promises—*but a genuine 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee of complete satisfaction!* If you don't hear better—if your Zenith Hearing Aid is not as convenient and inconspicuous as you had hoped—return it within ten days for full refund.

Don't delay! See Zenith's superb line of 4- and 5-transistor models at your nearby Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer, listed in the classified phone directory. Or mail coupon for free catalog and list of dealers.

SHE is wearing her new Zenith Hearing Aid with fashionable slim-frame eyeglasses.* **HE** is enjoying the full-powered, tiny Zenith "Diplomat." Worn entirely at the ear—no dangling cords—even less conspicuous than eyeglasses!

*Lenses and professional services in connection with the eyeglass feature available only through your ophthalmologist, optometrist, or optician.

ZENITH® The Royalty of HEARING AIDS

Find Your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer In The Yellow Pages

By the Makers of World-Famous Zenith TV, Radios, Amazing "Space Command" TV Tuner

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. 1RA
5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please mail your new FREE catalog on Zenith Hearing Aids. Also list of local dealers.

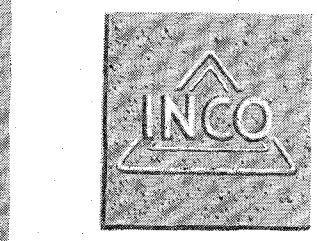
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

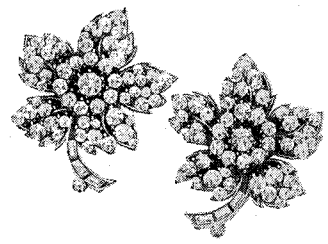
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

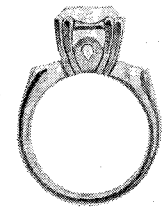
INCO NICKEL PROGRESS REPORT

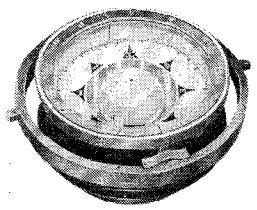


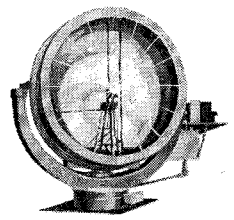
NICKEL

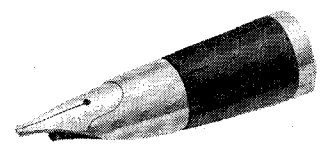
COPPER


PLATINUM

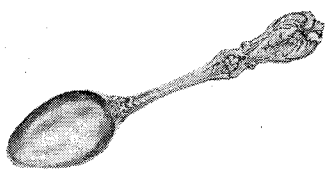

PALLADIUM

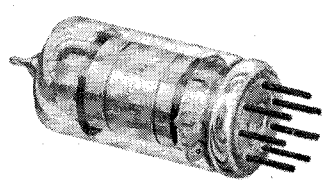

IRIDIUM

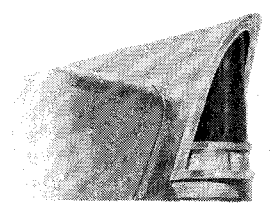

RHODIUM

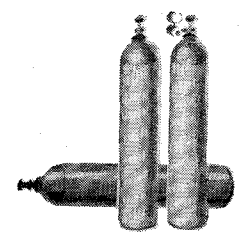

RUTHENIUM

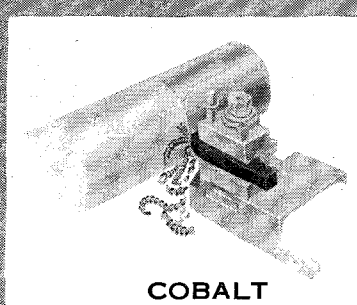
GOLD

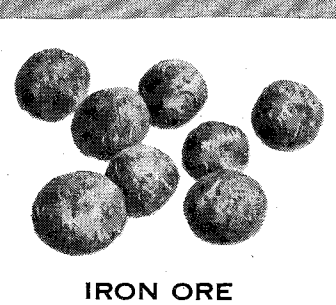

SILVER

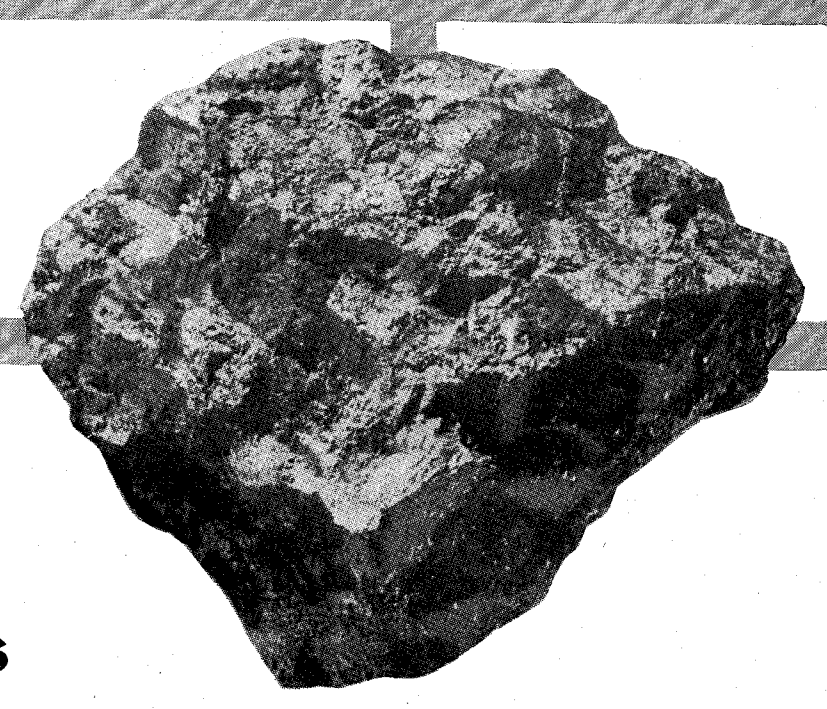

TELLURIUM


SELENIUM


SULPHUR


COBALT


IRON ORE



Inco shows how research wrests these 14 elements from Nickel ores

Recovering iron ore is one of the most recent developments

Inco-Canada traces its start to a "strike" of copper ore near Sudbury, Ontario.

Early, the miners were dismayed to discover that the ore also contained Nickel, which prevented copper recovery.

Metallurgists found the way

They discovered how to separate Nickel from copper—and, step by step, how to recover twelve more elements from the ores.

Inco more-from-the-ore research

Inco-Canada *process* research keeps up a tireless hunt for new ways—and for more efficient ways—to get more and more from its Nickel ores.

And it has developed practical operations for those new ways. Among the most recent: oxygen flash smelting of copper concentrates, electrolytic refining of cobalt.

Even more recently it pioneered a process for recovering iron ore.

Now producing iron ore

In its new plant, Inco-Canada is now recovering high-grade iron ore from pyrrhotite. It is the highest-grade iron ore now produced in quantity in North America.

And just this year process studies are being carried out which may add elemental sulphur to the sulphur now recovered in other forms.

See the new, 54-minute Inco color film, "Milling and Smelting". Loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. Write to Dept. 57f,

The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N.Y.

INCO TRADE MARK **International Nickel**

©1957, T.I.N.Co., Inc.

The International Nickel Company, Inc., is the U.S. affiliate of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited (Inco-Canada) —producer of Inco Nickel, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is France Still Our Ally?

(Continued from Page 23)

country. At no time have we been less popular. Frenchmen, at every turn, will go out of their way to tell us what is wrong with us. French newspapers are full of barbed attacks on our actions and on our way of thinking, flaying "titanic America, solely occupied with material things, deaf to appeals from the heart, charmed only by the purr of refrigerators and the roar of jet planes." One well-known humorous weekly recently turned its whole front page over to anti-Americana. And Figaro, the leading Paris morning paper, addressed a front-page letter to its "Dear American Friends" in which it warned, in doomsday tones, that Franco-American friendship was in grave danger.

Americans who have left their cars parked on the street have found them splattered with tomatoes. French taxi drivers have asked fares to get out and walk when they identified them as Americans. A group of French businessmen about to visit the United States had to take off without six of its members who, after booking passage, suddenly decided they did not want to see the place. Our embassy in Paris has, in the recent past, been swamped with letters bitterly upbraiding us. Some of the writers returned citations received for helping American airmen during World War II. One Frenchman angrily turned in a Bronze Star awarded him for action with United States forces. Almost all of these critics were, in fact, old friends of the United States.

"When you have loved something as I have always loved America," one Frenchman told me, almost tearfully, "the disappointment hits you twice as hard."

What have we done? What dreadful deed has caused such deep resentment? The bitterness that gushes forth from what begins as civil chitchat at the dinner table boils down to roughly this: "You have thrown us to the wolves. You have nearly ruined France. In the first place, you started this whole Suez mess when you told Nasser you would finance his pet project, the Aswan Dam, and then withdrew the offer. When he hit back and took the canal, you prevented us from crushing him because the friendship of that pig was worth more to you than ours. Moreover, your real sympathies in the Algerian war lie with the rebels. Once we are evicted from North Africa, you will take over—as you have demonstrated in South Viet Nam. You will obtain fat oil concessions in the rich Sahara and make us crawl on our bellies for a puny drop of gasoline. Ah, look at what is left of our glorious nation—a miserable satellite of the United States!"

We'll have to take this slowly. France, after all, is our oldest ally. Walk down the arcades of the Place de la Concorde and you will come upon the plaque commemorating the historic Treaties of Friendship, Commerce and Alliance signed here, in 1778, by Benjamin Franklin and the representative of the French king—a signature by which France became the first nation to recognize our independence. Sealed with the blood of Frenchmen dead in our War of Independence, and with the blood of Americans dead later at Château-Thierry and at St.-Lô, this friendship was to prove extremely durable. It culminated in the liberation, and has expressed itself since then in some $9,000,000,000 worth of American economic and military aid to France.

Yet the last decade has seen a steady growth of French vexation with America. France has not been a happy country, to be sure. At home, a sorry parade of feeble governments, a profusion of political parties, wave after wave of strikes, created a depressing atmosphere. Abroad, the gems of empire were slipping from her hand. The terrible defeat at Dienbienphu and the ensuing collapse in Indochina; the evacuation of the smaller colonies such as Pondicherry in India; the loss of the North African protectorates, Tunisia and Morocco—all these humiliating blows made 43,000,000 Frenchmen deeply aware of their collective impotence.

Thus, from the nagging memory of "better days," from the realization that things could only go from bad to worse, there grew a state of mind which, in a person, might have been called psychotic. It became harder and harder to face realities—impossible to write off assets that were lost already. What was more human than to blame this sad state of affairs on "outside influences"?

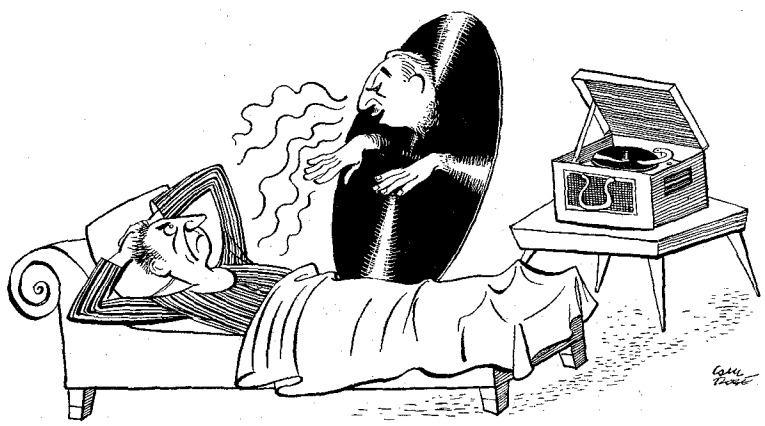
When Egypt's Colonel Nasser poked his head over the bleak horizon, Frenchmen were almost glad to have found an enemy—an enemy who could be dealt with. Here was a chance of quick recovery—a chance of gaining back, at just one throw, lost power and lost glory. The bully of the Nile! Not only was this Nasser a potential Hitler. Not only had he flaunted the existing order by nationalizing the Suez Company, an institution as French as the corner bistro. But he had given aid and shelter to Algerian rebel chiefs, was keeping all North Africa stirred up with propaganda, arms and money.

"Once we get our hands on him," a beautiful French lady had told me a few weeks before the Anglo-French invasion of the Suez zone, "we'll have no further troubles in North Africa."

"Virility!" sang out the boulevard papers the day France, with Great Britain, had started military operations against Egypt. "At last, Frenchmen are acting like true men again!" It was a day of jubilation; news of Napoleon's victories could hardly have been received with more enthusiasm. You could see Frenchmen almost literally straighten up.

"Of all the wars we've ever fought," one French friend said to me, "this probably is the most popular."

One must recall this moment of supreme intoxication to understand the hang-over that followed it. Stunned, broken, sick at heart, the French turned on America in bitter rage. What kind of friends were we? What kind of allies to prevent this bird-almost-in-hand from getting caught? Everyone had it on "good authority" that the United States 6th Fleet, cruising in Eastern Mediterranean waters, had physically interfered with the movement of the Egypt-bound



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

To lull insomnia victims into sweet insensibility, a sirupy-voiced actor named Erforth made several thousand records of what he called his sleep-inducing monologue. These he advertised as guaranteeing slumber if played at bedtime. When a skeptical United States district attorney tested the record on some eminent physicians, they declared that it was no more of a sleep inducer than many after-dinner speakers. The district attorney then confiscated Erforth's remaining records under a law banning "any device for which false or misleading healing or curing claims are made." Erforth sued to get them back.

"Those doctors want to protect their profession's monopoly in prescribing sleeping drugs," he asserted. "As I make no claim to cure the physical or mental basis of insomnia, the law does not apply to my records."

"Erforth is guilty of false advertising by claiming that his records will wipe out insomnia when in fact they don't," the district attorney argued. "Accordingly, the Government was right in confiscating the records."

If you were the judge, would you give the records back to Erforth?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Erforth lost. The court said he was guilty of false advertising. It added that his misrepresentations would lead insomnia sufferers who bought the records to postpone seeking competent medical advice.

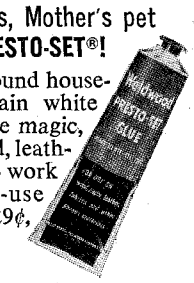
Based upon a 1957 United States decision.

Dad can be
A WIZARD WITH WELDWOOD®

Outdoor chairs and tables too
He builds with **WELDWOOD WATERPROOF GLUE**

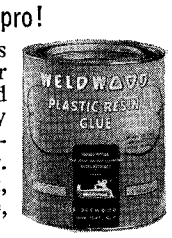
100% waterproof—that's new Weldwood Waterproof Glue. Completely unaffected by mold, cold, heat, etc. Rely on it for all gluing jobs on boats, in basements; mending fishing rods, etc., making outdoor furniture. ¼ pts., $1.00. Also in pts., qts., gals.

For household patch-ups, Mother's pet
Is fast, convenient **PRESTO-SET®!**



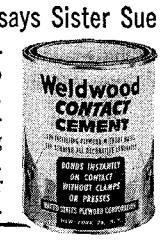
The ready-to-use, all-around household glue. This non-stain white glue sets fast. Bonds like magic, any combination of wood, leather, paper, cloth. Clean to work with. In new, easy-to-use plastic dispensers, 19¢, 29¢, 49¢ and larger.

PLASTIC RESIN GLUE helps Joe
Turn out shopwork like a pro!

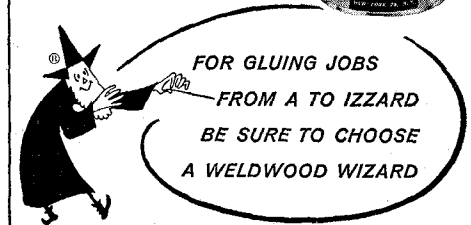


Preferred by "pros", it's America's most popular wood glue. Makes glued joints that are actually stronger than the wood itself. Easy-to-use powder. Highly water-resistant, stain-proof, rot-proof. 15¢, 35¢, 65¢ and larger.

"Hold Everything! You bet I do
With **CONTACT CEMENT,"** says Sister Sue



1001 home uses! Revolutionary new nail-less way to install wood wall panels. New improved way to install Micarta-type surfacing without clamps or presses. 29¢, 40¢, 70¢, up. Ask for Weldwood Contact Cement.



At hardware, paint, lumber dealers.

FREE! HELPFUL LEAFLETS MAIL COUPON NOW

UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION
Box 525, New York 46, N. Y.
Send me leaflets on: SEP 4-7G
☐ Weldwood Waterproof Resorcinol Glue
☐ Weldwood Presto-Set Glue
☐ Weldwood Plastic Resin Glue
☐ Weldwood Contact Cement
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Question Column

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Who buys the toothbrushes for your family?

Mitchell Lazarus, wholesaler, St. Louis Park, Minnesota—My wife and my daughter buy for the rest of the family—I guess when they do the regular shopping. I buy my own. I like a certain kind and I like to pick out my own to be sure of what I get.

Mrs. L. W. Steuer, registered nurse, Gary, Indiana—I buy the toothbrushes for my family. I buy them in drugstores, usually, four at a time. I think it is important to use more than one brush a day—so my husband and I keep two in use all the time.

Hilliard Kirsch, publisher, Chicago, Illinois—My wife buys toothbrushes for the whole family. The kids make sure they tell her what kind they want. And she knows what kind I like. We never use toothbrushes longer than two months at our house.

Phemie Marchuk, bacteriologist, Columbus Laboratories, Chicago, Illinois—There are several things to look for when buying a toothbrush. First, you want a brush that will fit your dental arch and reach all the places decay hides out. The Dr. West's Germ-Fighter is scientifically curved to reach all tooth surfaces. And it's the safest toothbrush you can buy. For up to 4 months in use the Germ-Fighter inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on and hold to it, whether they are picked up while brushing or fall on it while the brush hangs in your bathroom.

Copr. 1957 by Weco Products Co.

THE ALL NEW

DR. WEST'S GERM-FIGHTER

TOOTHBRUSH 69¢

convoy, and that our ships had dropped anchor next to Egyptian warships to protect them. And now, the United States representative in the United Nations had cast his vote with the sworn enemies of France in censuring the Suez venture.

So nothing worked! The Treaty of Versailles, the Maginot Line, the United Nations—nothing. France was alone and naked. Like a blast dredging up monsters from the bottom of the sea, the shock brought up anxieties buried below the surface of the Frenchman's mind. Having suffered two enemy invasions in a generation, having gone through the anguish of defeat and occupation only a few years ago, the French, instinctively, were looking to their eastern border. With Russian tank units a short night's drive away, and with no more than a division and a half of well-equipped French troops in Europe—three French divisions having been shipped to Africa—few Frenchmen doubted that their country would once again be overrun.

With the conditioned reflex of a much-pursued small animal, the public here went on a hoarding binge. Smoothly and swiftly, the shelves were cleared of all the classic staples that have a habit of evaporating at the enemy's approach. Rice, soap and olive oil were unobtainable within a day or two. Well-tailored men, on their way home from work, crammed shiny brief cases with sausages and canned sardines. Housewives asking for sugar were laughed out of the store—only to be accosted outside by a little woman offering sugar for just twice the price. One clever shopkeeper announcing he would sell only one pot of mustard to a customer cleared out a year's supply of mustard in a day. A story made the rounds that, in case of atomic attack, the best protection was a sheet dipped in a salt solution. Result: no salt, no bedsheets.

As towns and cities rapidly turned into fire hazards, with bathtubs and old wine bottles serving as gasoline containers, Suez shares took a tumble on the Paris stock exchange. Now, Suez shares, in France, are just about the last thing you would want to trifle with. An estimated half of the 800,000 shares of the French-dominated Suez Company are held in France, where generations have looked upon this stock as the outstanding blue chip, the next thing to a mattressful of gold. Passed on by the original subscribers to their offspring or bought more recently by small investors, the shares are often held in twos, threes, tens. Stiff-backed old ladies primly dressed in black, retired colonels and the corner grocer are equally likely to be Suez stockholders. Hence, when the stock dropped from a prenationalization value of around 100,000 francs—$280—to less than 60,000, it was the solid French bourgeoisie that blamed us for the loss. In the French countryside, at the same time, the price for a good horse jumped from 100,000 to 150,000 francs. "First the Americans tell us to buy a tractor," the farmers grumbled; "then they won't let us have the gasoline to run it."

Who was to blame but President Dwight Eisenhower, who, one French weekly solemnly explained, was a "hereditary pacifist" . . . "reared in the most continental and isolationist state" of the Union. To Frenchmen who had always understood that we were natural-born warmongers, this new approach came, possibly, as a surprise. But inasmuch as Messrs. Eisenhower and Dulles were merely appeasing Nasser with "another Munich," it did come to the same thing, after all. "If you had only let the British and ourselves clear up the Suez situation," runs the argument, "there would now be no Nasser to invite the Russians into the Middle East. There would be no cause for anxiety."

"But," you protest, "you were aggressors. You did the very thing our statesmen have been trying to outlaw since World War I." This argument, depending on the Frenchman's temperament, meets with either a sneer or a guffaw. No Frenchman—unless he has spent years in the United States—can believe that the deep moralistic streak that runs through our nation is genuine. "We'd like to see you challenged by a Nasser in the Panama Canal Zone," you are told, "and what about Guatemala?" Steeped in an old tradition of *realpolitik*, the Gallic mind refuses to conceive of moral reasons prevailing over more or less enlightened self-interest.

And once the conversation has reached this crucial point, there is no stopping it. It will rush on and soon involve the Frenchman's favorite topic, "anticolonialism."

I had first been exposed to this particular trauma during a recent visit to Algeria, where French officials would point out the good things France had done for Moslems, with the aside, "Tell that to your anticolonialists back home!" To the French skeptic, the average American's avowed aversion to the domination of one people by another is sheer hypocrisy. Speaking of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., our representative in the United Nations, one French periodical recently said: "On colonial questions, Lodge has some ideas. He didn't take them from the history of Massachusetts, where bounties for Indian scalps ranged from $100 for a warrior to five dollars for a young girl of less than ten years." And, in a Letter to an American Friend, a writer in a Paris daily reasoned: "No matter how anticolonialist you pretend to be, you are essentially a people of settlers. . . . In 1775 it wasn't the native Indians who rose against Great Britain, but the settlers. The parallel with your own past would be more fitting if it were the Frenchmen of Algeria who wanted to secede from France."

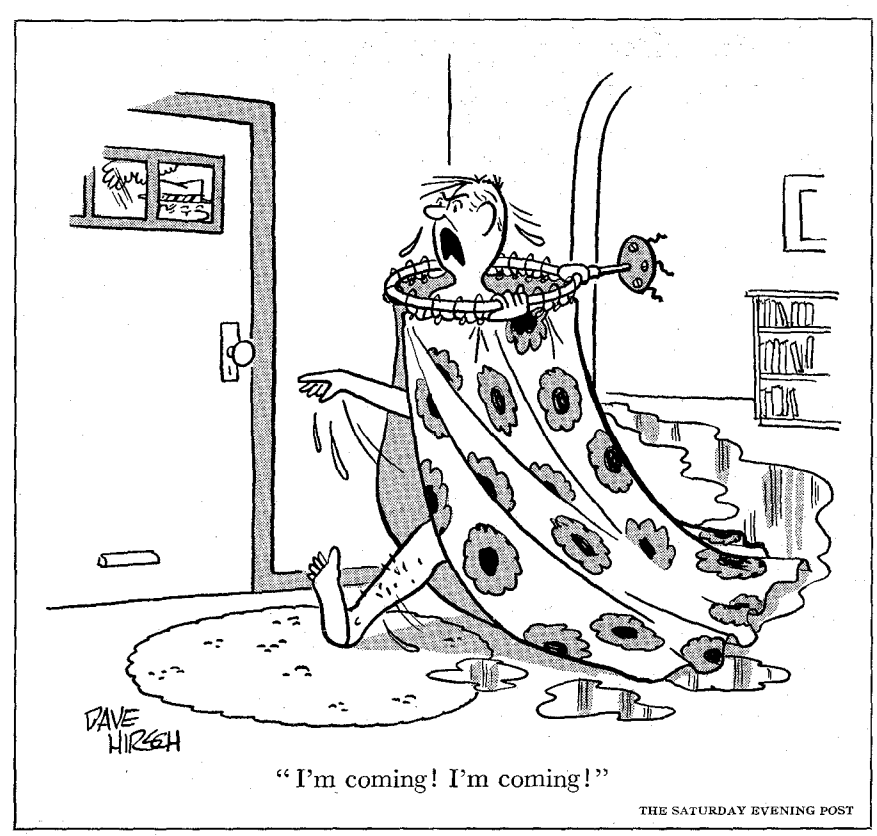
Hence, our insistence on a liberal solution of the Algerian problem is read here as a smoke screen for the nefarious schemes of our own big-business imperialists. It is impossible to say how this canard originated—one could probably trace it back to Communist propaganda—but I have yet to meet a Frenchman who is not convinced of the existence of an American master plan to get the French out of North Africa and supplant their "colonialism" with the dominion of the dollar.

What makes this myth more plausible to Frenchmen is that oil has indeed been struck in the Algerian part of the Sahara. One recently drilled desert well taps an oil-bearing stratum nearly 500 feet thick. This, by all standards, is sensational. Although the spread of the subterranean pool is still unknown, Frenchmen already daydream of "a new Arabia" in their very own Sahara. And, as concessions have thus far been granted only to French and Anglo-Dutch petroleum companies, American oil interests, it is suspected here, are making plans to crash the party. What would be more in keeping than a secret deal by which American arms aid to the Algerian rebels would be rewarded with an oil concession once the Algerians have pushed out the French?

At this point, the so-called Ben Bella papers are likely to be trotted out. Soon after the arrest, last October, of five Algerian rebel leaders, the story spread that an extremely compromising memorandum was found among the private papers of Ben Bella, the most important of the prisoners. The document allegedly revealed that two American oil concerns had shipped arms to the rebels. More detailed "reports" spoke of 10,000 rifles, 1200 automatics and 500 machine guns.

Preposterous? When Douglas Dillon, until recently American ambassador to France, asked the French Government to publish a denial, he was informed, in writing, that the Ben Bella papers did not, in fact, contain any reference to such a deal. But the sticky job of killing the persistent rumor itself was unaccountably left to our embassy. And when I met a prominent non-Communist trade-union leader in Paris the day after the newspapers had carried Dillon's categorical denial, this friendly Frenchman merely smiled. "Your good ambassador can argue himself hoarse," he said. "I still believe it's true."

The rest was simple. When, a fortnight later, Nasser himself was hinting that American oil and financial interests had offered to lease the canal, the public here reacted with a knowing nod. Here at last was conclusive proof of an American conspiracy to get control of the strategic waterway and (*Continued on Page 99*)

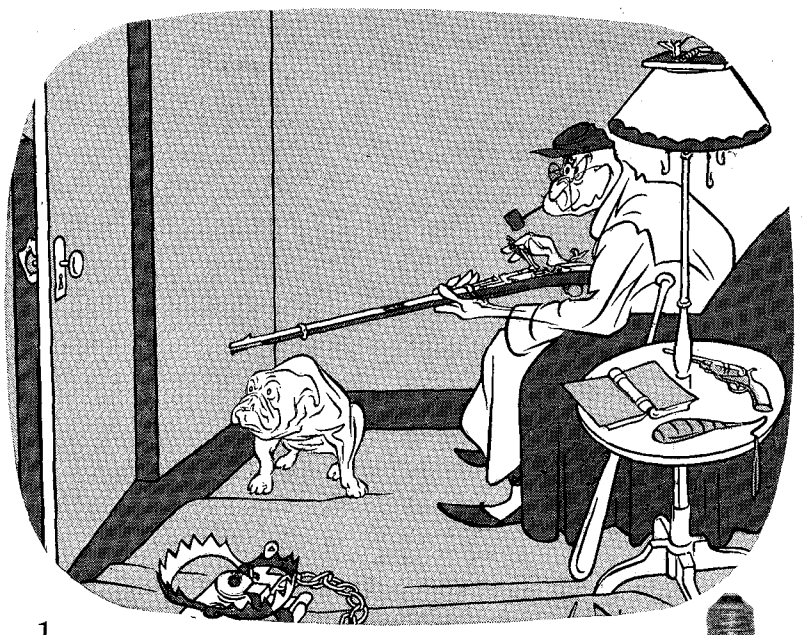


"I'm coming! I'm coming!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

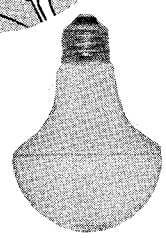
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

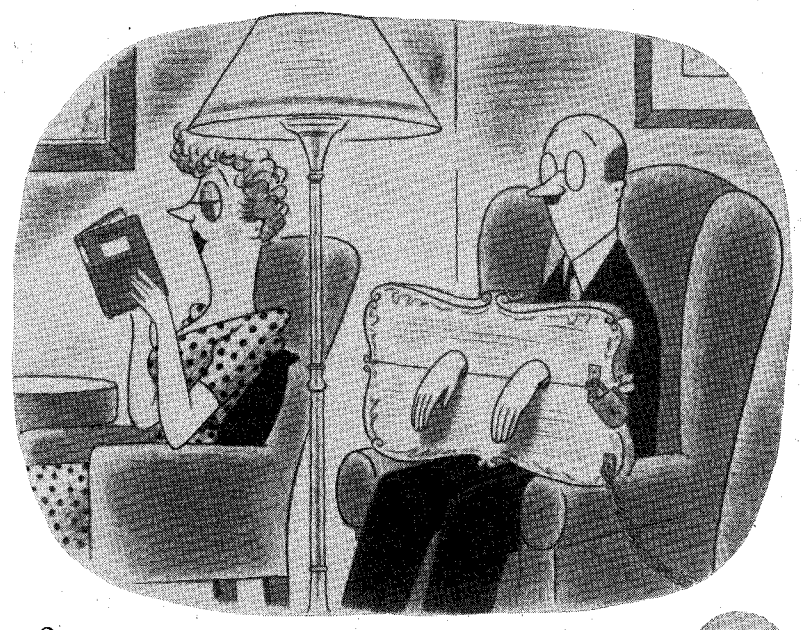
5 Ways to Stop Bulbsnatching



1.

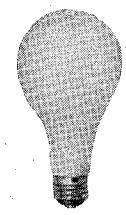
LAY THAT RIFLE DOWN, GRAMP! Here's an easier way to stop bulbsnatchers: Just keep extra General Electric bulbs on hand. Buy 4 at a time! Get *all* the kinds and sizes you need—like graceful *GA* bulbs to beautify bare ceiling fixtures. Tinted bowl directs light upward. Only 55¢ for 50-watt size!





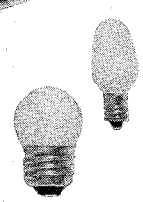
2.

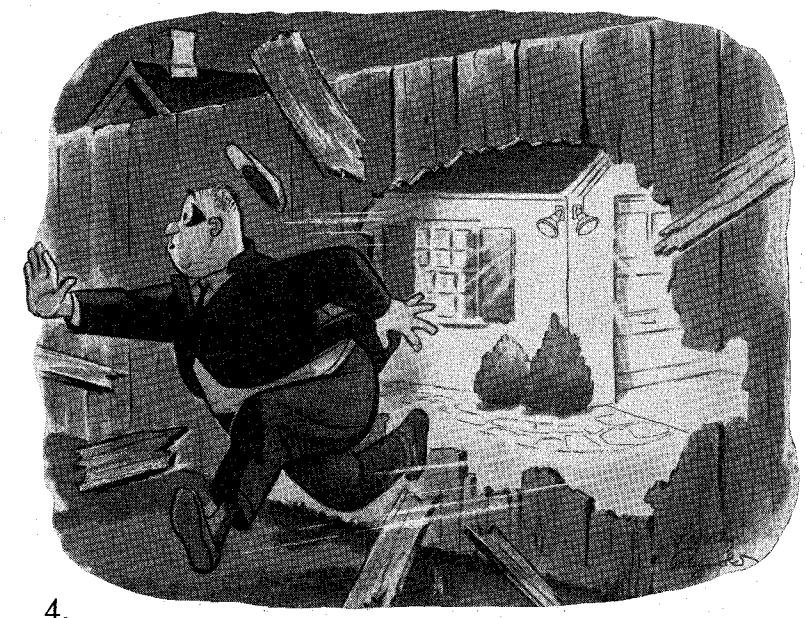
PUT HIM IN STOCKS! Better yet, stock up on G-E bulbs. Use G-E 3-lite bulbs to vary brightness without changing bulbs. New G-E High-Low Bulb goes from 30 watts for TV viewing to 230 for reading, costs only 65¢! Other 3-lite sizes with same standard base: 30-70-100-watts, 49¢; 50-100-150-watts, 55¢.



3.

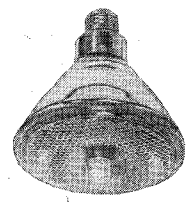
FOOL 'EM WITH A G-E NITE-LITE! Even though they've snatched every other bulb in the place, this little bulb will light your nightly path, let you see to get up and let the cat in, fix a dripping faucet. To be sure they don't snatch *this* one, keep plenty on hand for baths, halls, children's rooms. They're only 20¢.





4.

OUTSMART BULBSNATCHERS—SCARE PROWLERS! Mount General Electric floodlamps up high where bulbsnatching burglars can't reach 'em. Flood your yard with light, for safety and beauty. Enjoy your garden right up to bedtime. G-E PAR spot and floodlamps have a precision lens, sealed-in reflector, and they're weatherproof! Only $2.20.

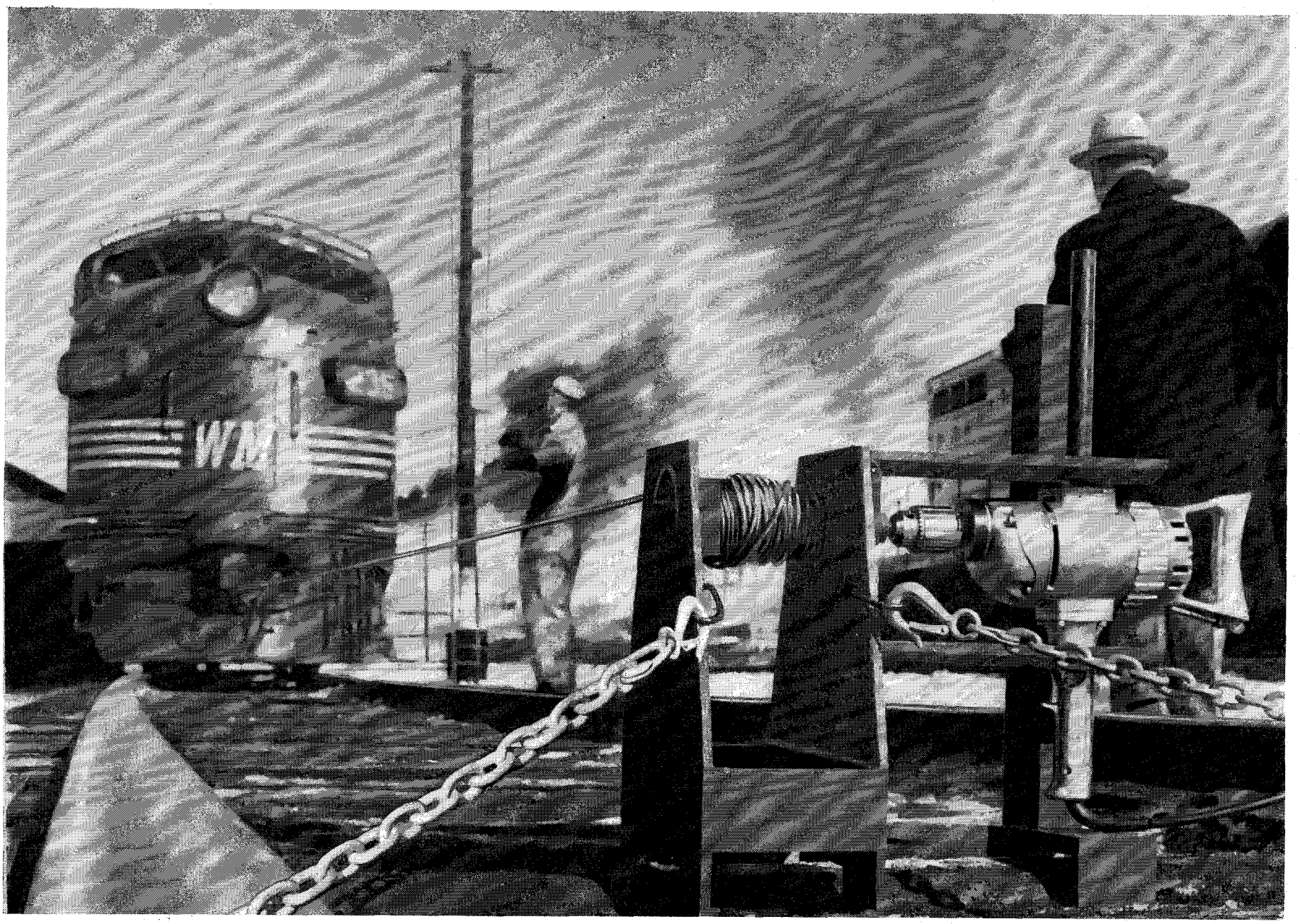


5. Get this Bulbsnatcher Special!

Stop bulbsnatching—buy G-E bulbs in 4-bulb cartons! General Electric makes bulbs for *all* your lighting needs. Next time buy a carton of G-E DELUXE *WHITE* BULBS. Their special inside "Q" coat spreads light evenly, reduces glare *and* harsh shadows! Get a carton of four 100-watt bulbs, only . . $1.12

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New B&D Heavy-Duty Drill—world's most powerful at rated capacity—can pull 115 ton Western Maryland R. R. locomotive

World's most powerful drills

. . . obsolete any drills you've ever tried

Full-power reversible feature built in at no extra cost!

NEW BLACK & DECKER HEAVY-DUTY DRILLS have power to pull a locomotive—make rugged, compact power units—yet handle light and easy in any drilling job. That's because they're built to a new design concept that obsoletes all other drills of similar rated capacities. Here's why:

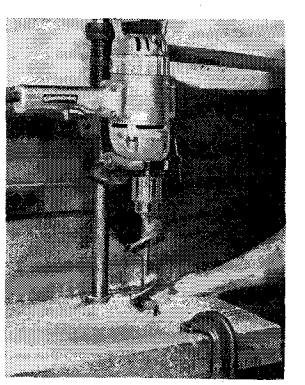
Brilliant, new Black & Decker-built motors give them twice the power of their predecessors. New reversible feature—built in at no extra cost—gives full power in either direction. New-type chucks prevent slippage—can't come off when tool is reversed—yet they can be disassembled in seconds. New handles have been lengthened for easy control at maximum torque output.

Try them today—in ½", ⅝" and ¾" capacities—at your Black & Decker distributor. Also 1" and 1¼" heavy-duty models available. For more details on revolutionary, new features, write to: THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. Co., Dept. 0104, Towson 4, Md. (In Canada: 80-86 Fleet St., E., Toronto 2, Ontario.)

Twice the power – easier handling – convert quickly to power units

Drilling in metal, these drills do more jobs, faster, because their speed holds up under load. No need to go to heavier drills. You get the capacity with new B&D Heavy-Duty Drills.

As power units, compact Black & Decker Heavy-Duty Drills adapt for speed reducers, chain and winch hoists, light elevators, dumb-waiters, scores of other applications.



Driving a big auger is a drill-killing job. Yet new B&D Heavy-Duty Drills take it in stride. New, longer handles make them easier to control at maximum torque output.

Look Under "TOOLS-ELECTRIC" in 'Yellow Pages'

Leading Distributors Everywhere Sell

Black & Decker®

Portable Electric Tools – Power-Built to set the pace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 96*) replace both the French and British in the Middle East. The billion-dollar rent would make it possible for Nasser to build the Aswan Dam, which was where everybody had come in. An open-and-shut case.

"To understand," says a French proverb, "is to forgive." Perhaps we should not be too hard on our friends. Rather than set about dismantling this fantastic edifice of falsehoods, myths and half-truths, we might look behind it. And what we'll find there is discouraging in the extreme.

Things are going badly here. For years now, France has lived beyond her means; the day of reckoning may be at hand. How did this come to pass? The country, to begin with, is not poor. France nearly feeds herself in normal years; she has rich coal and iron-ore deposits; her industrial production has doubled since before the war and in its rate of growth is leading Europe. The trouble is that money pours out at a faster rate than it comes in. The empire, not counting military expenses, swallows some $500,000,000 every year. The cost of the Algerian war this year is estimated at $1,000,000,000. And the French Government, to stay in the good graces of the voter, spends lavishly at home on everything from schools and old-age pensions to subsidies to France's commerce, industry and agriculture.

Unfortunately, France must buy abroad huge quantities of vital raw materials, along with fuel and equipment. And while, in theory, exports of goods and services should pay for costly imports, they don't in practice. Last year, what with an unusually cold winter requiring large imports of wheat, and home consumption cutting deeply into exports, France, as a nation, simply did not earn her keep. Her gold and dollar reserves, as a result, diminished by a staggering $800,000,000.

No letup is in sight. Take one example, coal. Among the 400,000 soldiers trying to keep the lid on in Algeria are 4500 coal miners. Less coal is coming out of France's mines at a time when coal stocks happen to be down after the icy winter of 1955–56; oil reserves are low because of Suez, and lack of rain has cut down water power. This year, to feed her growing industry, France will import 8,000,000 tons of coal from the United States, paying out dollars. And she is now burning precious dollar oil when, before Suez, she could buy part of her Mid-Eastern oil with francs.

In former years, when France was short of funds, there always was the helping $5,500,000,000 here on purely financial aid since World War II, a figure surpassed only by our aid to Britain. The Marshall Plan was needed, to be sure, to pull the country back together after the war, get its factories back into working order and keep its people from despairing. It probably saved France from slipping behind the Iron Curtain. But our willingness to pump more dollars into France—dollars to plug holes in her budget, dollars to pay for her expensive war in Indochina—created certain attitudes. Why worry about lack of cash as long as l'Oncle Sam makes up for it?

Now our economic aid program has stopped and even an occasional emergency loan is difficult to get. Meanwhile, France's lifeblood drains away in driblets. The public here is on a year-round shopping spree. The stores are packed; retail sales during the last year went up by some 20 per cent. And, as inflation here has been contained and wage earners take home more money every year, Frenchmen, too, have discovered the good life. Why leave your milk out on the window sill when a refrigerator is no longer beyond your means? Why pedal if you can afford a motor on your bicycle? In automobile plants one in every five workers now drives his little car to work, and there are television antennas on the humble roofs of workers' homes.

All this is wonderful—a man of property makes a poor Communist. It's just that France cannot afford to go on living in the style she is accustomed to while fighting a big war in Africa, and still keep going as a nation. Her budget deficit this year amounts to a cool $3,000,000,000—a figure which would correspond to a $15,000,000,000 gap in the United States' $71,000,000,000 budget. "Austerity," these days is on everyone's tongue, and people solemnly discuss the need for a "controlled economy." But no one really thinks you could control the French. "Perhaps, immediately after the war, the public would have accepted discipline," one French official shrugged. "But nowadays, where is the politician strong enough to tamper with our freedom?"

Meanwhile, below the surface, enormous pressures have built up. Disgust with bickering politicians, awareness that things are not going well for France have led to the erosion of political life. The surge of 1954 which carried Prime Minister Mendès-France clear to the top of popularity has long since fizzled, and his own center party is disintegrating. The same goes for the broadly Catholic MRP, now fragmentized into left, right and center. The same goes for the Socialists, hopelessly split over Algeria; and even for the Communists, who polled one quarter of the total vote in January, 1956, and whose supporters are still dazed by the events in Hungary.

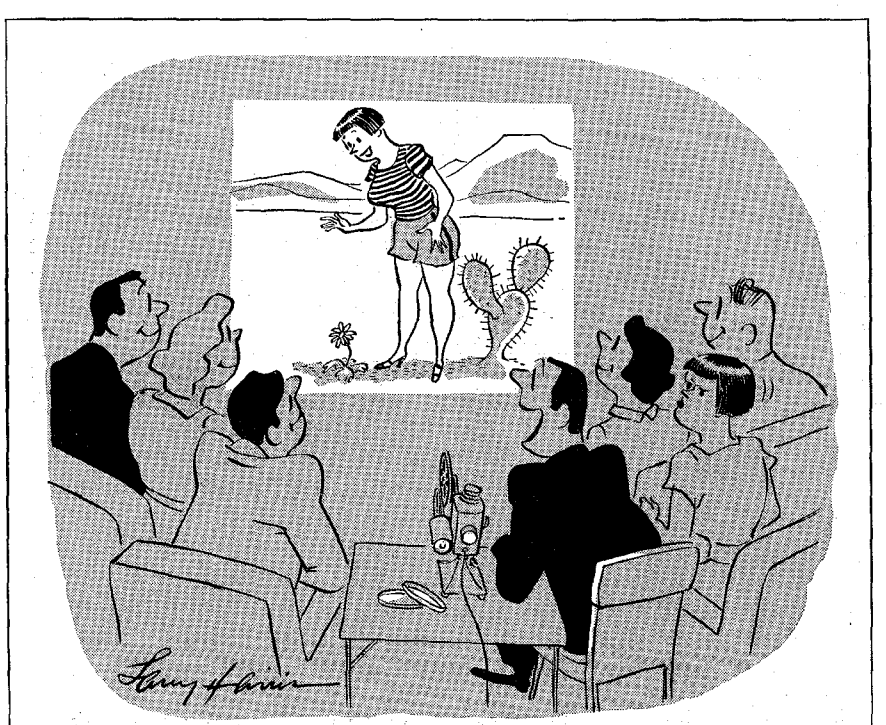
New forces and new men appear and fade as shifting masses search for a philosophy. The high-explosive content of the situation revealed itself, frighteningly, during the January, 1957, by-election to the French Assembly held on the Left Bank in Paris. Twenty-one candidates noisily battled for the vacant seat, and clashing groups turned two election meetings into pandemonium. After a free-for-all in the Vélodrome d'Hiver during which rough-and-ready empire-firsters hurled smoke and tear-gas bombs at speaker Mendès-France, the giant meeting hall was left a shambles; ten wounded had to be dragged out.

Much will depend on the behavior of one of the most potent bodies in the country, the Communist-run General Confederation of Labor. Should the oil shortage cause substantial layoffs, should new inflation crack the price ceilings on key commodities or should Algeria go the way of Indochina, something is bound to give. Too many accounts want to be settled here. Who knows—the cry for "leadership" may yet bring in a man on horseback or something very much resembling civil war.

Where does all this leave the United States? American visitors to France, tortured by our national desire to be loved, often throw up their hands at what they find here. They go back home with the conviction that "the neurotic French are not worth bothering with." What they tend to forget is that relations between friends change and develop through the years. Ignore the change too long, pretend that everything is as it was ten years ago, and you may get a violent explosion. That is essentially what has occurred. Observers here do not believe that Suez and Algeria by themselves could have caused so severe a crisis in our relations with the French. It is more likely that we had gone on too long pretending that things were still the same as they had been in 1945.

"Sooner or later," said one thoughtful Frenchman, a well-known man of letters, "we would have had to recognize it. As France, with World War II wounds healing over, assumed once more her true identity, our points of view were bound to differ now and then. For, after all, our temperaments are not the same. But the discrepancy had always been glossed over, and now you are shocked by our violent reaction. No," he went on, "I think it is a healthy thing to face the facts of life. This sudden outburst may have cleared the air, and our relationship, henceforth, is likely to be less romantic and more realistic."

We'll have to make the best of it. As long as we ourselves do not feel like retiring into our shell, France will remain the cornerstone of our European defense system. We need her, just as she needs us. And the vast scope of our common interests remains the basis of this old alliance. Already, our helpful attitude during last February's United Nations debate has tended to relax the strain. While thus continuing to give France the understanding and compassion she requires, we might do well to stand by like true friends, hoping she will pull safely through this fateful spring. THE END



"Watch, now . . . here comes the part I was telling you about."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN

ALABAMA

this Summer

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT

Alabama

REALLY IS LIKE

Blue mountain scenic drives . . . visit iron mines, steel mills, and the whitest marble quarries in the U. S. A. . . . explore giant prehistoric caves. Play on the Gulf's silver beaches . . . swim in the surf. Enjoy water sports in lakes and rivers. Semi-tropical climate . . . beautiful flowers and Spanish moss . . . ante-bellum homes. Alabama has 17,000 miles of modern paved roads with public picnic areas at almost every turn . . .

WRITE ME FOR FREE

Alabama

VACATION GUIDE

"Patsy"

James E. Folsom, Governor

Patsy, c/o Geoffrey Birt, Director
Alabama Bureau of Publicity
711 High Street, Montgomery, Alabama.

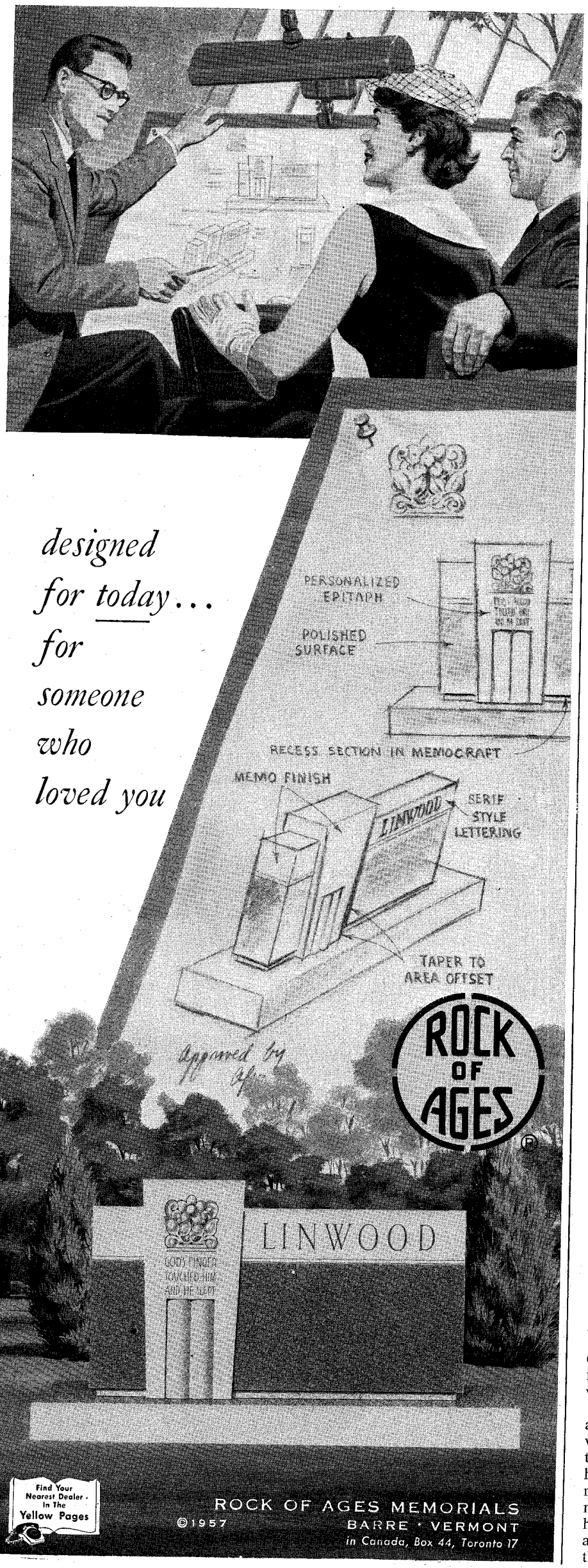
Please send me free Alabama Vacation Guide.

NAME_____

STREET NO. OR RFD_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The General's Disgrace

(Continued from Page 30)

sorry, dad. I really am sorry," he said, and had to turn his head away.

"You don't have to be," the general said, looking at his wife. "You're home. Your mother, you and I will sit down together right here and now. Everything will be ——" He was cut short by the sharp sound of the doorbell again.

"Jane," he said, and the gentleness in his voice was replaced by command, "get rid of them."

"They won't leave, Harry," she said.

"Dad, please," Bud said. "Don't let me ——"

Jane King held her son's hand and both faced the general. "Please," she said.

"Dad?" the boy said. "Won't you, dad?"

The general looked at them. "Bud, you wait," he said to the boy who had come more than halfway across a continent to be with him.

"Harry, they don't have to know," Jane King said.

"They really don't, dad," his son said. "I got here hours —— It was still dark. I've just been in here hiding and getting up the guts to tell you."

"Well—well," the general said. "Well, then, you'd better have some breakfast," he said, leaving his family, to face the newspapermen.

When he stepped out of the house, the general was stopped first by a solid row of photographers and then by more than a dozen newspapermen.

"Like to get your reaction, general," said one, "to the morning-paper story out of the Pentagon. It said the President gets the recommendations today for the next Chief of Staff of the Air Force. How do you like your chances, sir?"

As his eyes became accustomed to the brilliant morning, the most important morning of his life, the general turned slightly to face all the reporters. "As you know, I am Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel, gentlemen," he said. "I'm devoting myself to that job. I'm going to be late if I don't start now."

The photographers ran for their cars to make the early editions of the afternoon papers, but the reporters did not budge. "You won't deny, sir, that your name has gone to the White House, will you?" asked a newspaperman.

"That is true."

"Nor that it is a closed contest between you and Duke Dillon?" the reporter insisted.

"General Dillon's name is Thomas Dillon," he said. "Thomas Lansing Dillon. He is a full general in the United States Air Force. The rank is permanent. He is Vice Chief of Staff and he is the finest commander of troops I have ever served with."

Another newspaperman took up the questioning. "All right, sir; let me put it this way: Isn't it generally agreed that the next Chief of Staff will be either you or General Dillon?"

"I won't comment on that," said the general.

"You want the job, don't you, general?" demanded a reporter who seemed no older than the general's son. "You wouldn't turn it down, would you?"

There was a moment when the general afforded himself the luxury of wondering what would happen in the Pentagon if he told this group the truth; if he told them how many years he had worked, how many days he had dreamed, how many nights he had lain in the dark hoping, how many hours in how many different aircraft he had flown with half a mind on the controls and half on what he would do if he commanded the service to which he had devoted every moment of his adult life.

"I'll serve wherever I'm asked to serve," the general said. "Gentlemen, you'll excuse me."

Walking to his car parked in the driveway, the general knew exactly where the news of his son's presence in Washington, on unauthorized absence from the Air Force Academy, would appear, if he turned to the reporters and offered them the titbit. It would appear on the front page of every daily newspaper in the United States of America. He knew exactly what the rewrite men of the nation would call Bud's unauthorized absence. The word would be in the headline, and it would be DESERTER.

The general, who had lived, in uniform and out of uniform, by the honor system since his plebe days at West Point, got into his car and slammed the door. He was really on his way to the Pentagon until he turned the key in the ignition switch. Then he knew he had to see his son. At his last physical examination the flight surgeon had said, "General, you're the finest forty-seven-year-old I've seen since my intern days." Now, bending the key, the general intended to prove it.

When the key snapped, the general opened the car door and came out to face the reporters, holding what remained of the key aloft.

"A hostage to fortune, general," one said.

"Give you a lift, sir?" asked another.

"Thank you," said the general. "I'll call my sergeant." He went past them and into the house, where Jane and Bud sat on the sofa.

"Dad, you didn't ——" Bud began, but stopped short as the general waved the broken key in his hand.

"Harry, he hasn't flunked; he's been on extra instruction all of this semester," Jane announced.

At the Air Force Academy, as at the Point, a cadet who fell below 2.0 in one or more subjects in any semester could have extra instruction from a faculty member to help raise his average.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Anybody who thinks education is compulsory in this country hasn't talked to many high-school graduates.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when stories that can't be told in mixed company weren't told in mixed company.

Any man who forgets his wedding anniversary wasn't listening.

Make a better lawn and the world will beat a path across it to your door.

When a woman doesn't know what to make of her husband, it is simply because she hasn't decided yet.

Anybody who thinks children dislike water never put one to bed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was on it most of my second year, Bud," the general lied. "It happens to the best of us."

"Dad, I was flunking," the boy said miserably, moving one hand constantly over the other. "I just kept thinking how you and mother would feel, and yesterday I was in Colorado Springs with some of the other fellows. I lost them and borrowed some money from a guy I know. He runs a hamburger joint. He won't talk, dad. I know he won't. Before I knew it, I was on a bus for Denver. Then, in Denver, I just got on a plane." He pointed at the dining room. "The minute I got in there I remembered about today. I guess the psychologists would say that unconsciously I wanted this to happen today, and if that's true, dad, then I want to die."

The general waited a moment before replying.

"Bud, you listen to me," he said conversationally, "and you listen carefully. All your mother and I have ever wanted is for you to do what you want to do. Repeat: want. That still goes."

"I know what I want," the boy said.

"You name it."

"I want you to go to the Pentagon," the boy said. "Just get over there, dad. The academy won't spill anything for three or four days, I know they won't."

"I'm not concerned with the academy," said the general, whose command included the academy. "I'm concerned with you."

"Harry, he's right," Jane said. "Eight hours won't make any difference."

"You mean the President will have made his choice," the general said.

"Won't you please do that, dad?" Bud asked.

"I'll call for a car and driver," Jane said. She rose. "May I call, Harry?" she asked.

The general looked at his son, who nodded. He looked at his wife, who had married him in the chapel at West Point twenty-six years ago, and followed him around the world happily ever since, and she nodded.

"Call Lloyd Hardenbergh," the general said quietly.

As Bud bent his head in relief, Jane King hurried to the telephone. She dialed the Pentagon number. "This is General King's home," she said. "Please ring Sergeant Hardenbergh."

"You don't have to hide, Bud," the general said harshly. "You can go anywhere you want, understand?"

"Sergeant Hardenbergh, please," Jane said. Then, "Lloyd? The general broke his key in the ignition switch. Will you pick him up, please? . . . Thank you."

"Let's get you some breakfast," the general said to his son, but Jane King blocked her husband's path.

"I'll do it, Harry," she said gently. "Don't worry," she said. "We'll be fine. The Kings will be fine. My job is making breakfast, Bud's job is eating breakfast, and your job is—is most important," and she turned away quickly.

The general did not follow. "Why don't you shower, son?" he suggested. "Always feel better after a shower."

"Sure," Bud said. "That's a fine idea," he agreed, leaving the general alone in the room. Harry King smoked a cigarette alone until Lloyd Hardenbergh came for him, and he left without seeing his wife or son again.

The sergeant, who had been his sergeant for a quarter of a century, waited until they were well on their way to the Pentagon and the general seemed to be comfortable with a fresh cigarette before saying, "General Dillon was in, sir."

The general seemed to rise in the back seat. "What did he want? Did General Dillon explain the nature of his call?"

"Yes, sir, he did," Lloyd Hardenbergh said. The gray eminence of the Pentagon appeared to the right in the far distance beyond the Jefferson Memorial. "He said he was just coming in to shake hands and come out fighting."

"Was he alone?"

"Well, sir, as a matter of fact, he wasn't."

"Who was with him?"

"Well, some newspaper people. Photographers." The sergeant hesitated. "The Chief was with him too."

The general suddenly felt as though he had flown a pursuit plane into the eye of a hurricane. "You mean General Haycraft?" he asked.

"The Chief of Staff, general," Lloyd Hardenbergh said, crossing into Virginia along U.S. 1, bearing right for the lane leading to the Pentagon. He wanted to say something, something, but even after twenty-five years you did not get too familiar with a general officer of the United States of America. "The girls in the office, sir," he said, forcing a smile—"they're nervous as cats."

"Yes. Well, drop me, return your car, and bring me some coffee, black," the general said.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, who had brought the general his coffee black on three continents. He turned into the Pentagon tunnel behind a long green taxi. By the time he had stopped, slid over in the seat and reached for the door handle, the general was gone.

The general was in among some of the thousands of military personnel and civilian employees who thronged the stairs and corridors of the huge building, where even a four-star general officer could escape notice. He was using the same trick he had perfected in those first bad days after Pearl Harbor, when he had been one of those commanding at Hickam Field. The general had a B-17 bomber group. As the weeks passed with no help from the States, no pilots or planes, he ordered his aircraft cannibalized, making one airplane out of two, or, when the flak had been particularly heavy, out of three and four. To survive—to survive morally and spiritually and mentally, the general had blinded himself to everything in the world but the next job ahead. The next job could be supervising the transfer of a motor from one airplane to another; it might be satisfying his bombardier in the lead plane the general piloted. The general then saw only the motor or only the target area. If there was flak, he did not see the flak. He refused to admit the existence of flak, even when it tore his aircraft apart.

Now, coming into his suite in the E Ring of the third level of the Pentagon, he refused to see anything but the next job ahead. He did not see the girls who were his civilian secretaries. He did not hear their greetings. He went through the outer offices and into his own, dropping the switch of the interoffice communication system as he removed his cap.

"Miss Boyd, get me General Dillon," he said, sitting down in the leather-covered swivel chair. "Immediately," he said, raising the switch to end the conversation. He put his hands on the desk, one hand on top of the other hand, waiting. When the buzzer on the interoffice sounded, he dropped the switch.

"General Dillon is out, general," Miss Boyd reported. "His secretary said he's up on the Hill with the Chief."

"Oh," the general said. "Yes. Thank you."

He raised the switch. Trust Duke Dillon to

(*Continued on Page 104*)

Treat your family to a restaurant meal—soon!
Most families enjoy occasional changes from everyday eating. Treat your loved ones with unexpected restaurant meals. Most good restaurants serve Sexton Quality Foods.

"Just what the doctor orders" at top hospitals!
Sexton Quality Foods stand first in favor with exacting hospital dietitians. Sexton supplies foods for more hospitals than any other wholesale grocer in America.

Tasty Sexton foods go over big with children!
Sexton provides an extensive variety of delicious foods for school-luncheon menus to tempt fussy young appetites. The best-regarded schools everywhere insist on Sexton foods.

Coast to coast! The great white Sexton trucks!
Throughout America, distinctive Sexton delivery vehicles are constantly on the move—transporting huge cargoes of Sexton foods from a nation-wide network of Sexton branches.

Sexton Quality Foods

America's greatest food service for restaurants, hotels, clubs, motels, resorts, coffee shops and fountains . . . hospitals and nursing homes . . . schools, colleges and camps . . . railroads, airlines, steamships . . . industrial dining rooms.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

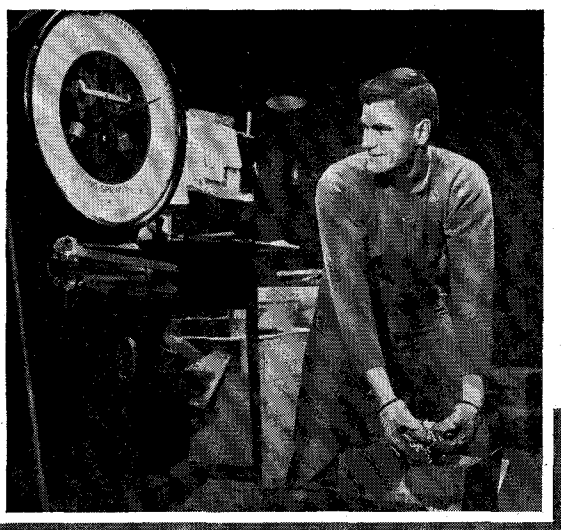
Day after day, month after month, Sexton Quality Foods give zest and distinction to the menus of America's most popular places to eat. The Sexton name is your assurance of the very finest in wholesomeness, flavor, freshness and nutriment. Sexton Foods—outstanding in quality and uniformity for 74 years—are acclaimed everywhere by discriminating men and women.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How modern teamwork in an old onion

TEN YEARS OF TEAMWORK by Jennings and Bob Crawford and their employes has made Great Lakes Screw Corporation a big success. Firm turns out more than 33,000,000 screws a week for 14 GM Divisions and other customers.



ON THE BALL—Below: company basketball team. At right: team member Bob Lively who is weight-counting screw shipment for Oldsmobile Division of General Motors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pays off warehouse

WHATEVER ITS SIZE—wherever it is—small town, big city—a business is as good as its people. Get them to thinking and working like a team and you're pretty sure to have a success on your hands.

At least that's the way a couple of ex-Hoosier farm lads, Bob and Jennings Crawford, figure it—and with reason. For they've managed to turn an old onion warehouse into the headquarters of a highly successful business — the Great Lakes Screw Corporation. And they've done it in a tough competitive industry in metropolitan Chicago.

New Plant in Old Warehouse

RIGHT AFTER THE WAR, Bob and Jennings got together and decided to start their own screw-making business. They found an old onion warehouse to turn into a plant. Bought 9 screw machines and talked 20 skilled workers into going to work for them.

Then salesman Bob Crawford set out to get orders—and that's where General Motors came in.

For one of his first sales calls was on GM's Fisher Body Division. He got a sample order, delivered as promised, and soon Fisher Body was ordering in million-screw lots.

Then orders started to come in from other GM Divisions like Oldsmobile, Chevrolet, Buick. Today the screw company does business with 14 General Motors Divisions and about 1200 other companies.

New Jobs, New Homes, New Teams

BOB AND JENNINGS did what the owners of thousands of other small businesses do to get ahead—they plowed back their profits, enlarged their plant again and again. Today you'll find about 300 workers running 160 machines in the expanded onion warehouse. And another 61 men and women have jobs in three other businesses which have sprung up to serve Great Lakes Screw Corporation and other local firms.

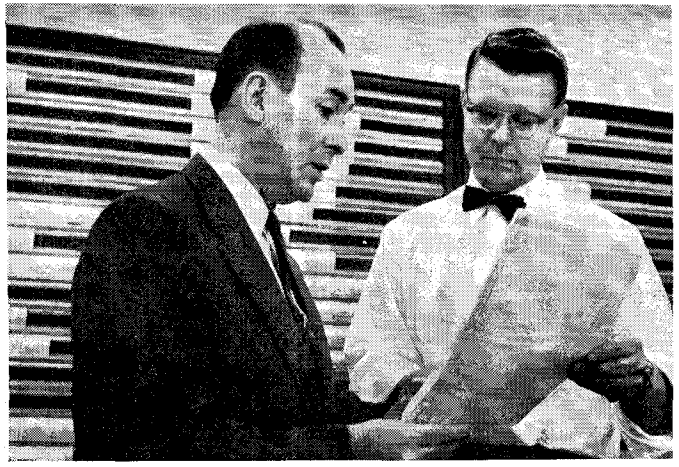
Just walking through the plant you get a feeling that here is a good place to work. Dig a little deeper and you'll find that the company has a retirement program and a medical insurance plan. The company sponsors employe basketball and softball teams — and Bob and Jennings bowl each week with their workers in the company bowling league.

What has happened in Riverdale, Illinois, has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that—if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices — General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into these communities—and as a result these communities in every state in the Union share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.

A National Small Business Network

Every state in the Union has business firms supplying General Motors with goods and services. Of these 26,000 companies, most are small businesses with less than 500 employes. And 39% are relatively new General Motors suppliers — having worked with General Motors for 5 years or less.



PRODUCTION TEAM SPARK PLUGS — Jennings Crawford and Production Manager Clyde Greathouse check blueprint for new half-million screw order from GM's Fisher Body Division.

FAMILY AFFAIR — Grandmother Edna Gary feeds screw blanks to thread-rolling machine set up by her husband Clarence and their son Gordon.

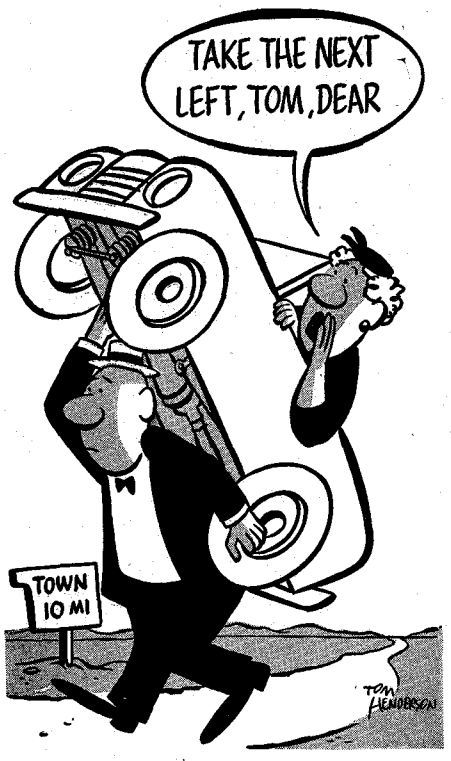
BUSINESS WITHIN A BUSINESS — Employe-run credit union helps workers finance major purchases, built up assets of $129,000 through payroll deductions in first 18 months of operation.

RECORD EXPANSION — Since screw company started operations, Riverdale, Illinois, and Tom's Market have quadrupled in size. Great Lakes Screw Corporation is one of Chicago suburb's largest employers and taxpayers.

GENERAL MOTORS — Good people to work for — Good people to deal with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUCK WITH HENDERSON



NEW PLASTIC DISCOVERY

"Carries" Your Battery Through Good Times and Bad

U. S. Sentinel battery separators help carry any battery through the coldest winter, the hottest summer. Made of a new plastic discovery, these amazing separators are part and parcel of many of the best batteries made today. They protect the power producing elements to give you full starting power when you need it most and prolong battery life.

Ask for and look for the Sentinel tag on the post of the next battery you buy. United States Rubber, Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

BONDED PLASTIC RIBS GIVE GREAT MECHANICAL STRENGTH

PAT. APPLIED FOR

US RUBBER United States Rubber

(*Continued from Page 101*) pick the right day to see Congress. Trust Duke to pick the right helper. He dropped the switch once more. "Miss Boyd, will you make a lunch date with General Dillon if his calendar is clear?"

"Yes, sir."

As the general waited, his door opened and Lloyd Hardenbergh came in with the cup of black coffee on the sterling tray the girls had given their general last Christmas.

"You might try knocking, sergeant," the general said.

Lloyd Hardenbergh stopped stone dead before continuing. Setting the tray on the desk, he said, "I haven't knocked since Selfridge Field, general."

"You might start," the general said, as the buzzer summoned him once more and he dropped the switch. "Yes?"

"General Dillon is lunching with the subcommittee, sir."

As the general said, "Try the Chief," Lloyd started for the door. "Lloyd, wait," the general said. "I'm sorry I went at you a minute ago."

"That's O.K., sir. You've got a lot on your mind today."

"Lloyd, you just don't know." He looked up at the sergeant, wanting to tell him, and could not. He tried to tell him. Lloyd Hardenbergh paused, wanting his general to kill time by shooting the breeze instead of just waiting. But Harry King leaned forward. "Another day's work," he said, as he said every day, and Lloyd Hardenbergh backed away, past the general's flag and the United States flag near the windows before turning, a pudgy, rumpled man with master sergeant's stripes on each shirt sleeve and the shirt out and hiding his belt. He paused out of habit as the general's buzzer sounded, to hear Miss Boyd declare that the Chief was also lunching with the subcommittee.

When the general was alone, he tried to drink his coffee. He held the cup with both hands, warming his hands, and he took a sip before setting it down and leaving the office by the private door leading into the corridor. He just couldn't sit there, at that gleaming empty desk, waiting for telephone calls: from the commandant of the Air Force Academy, whose superior officer was Gen. Harry King, apprising the general that his son was gone, or from the newspapers asking the general of his son's whereabouts. Reaching the sandwich bar at the turn of the corridor, he fell automatically into the line moving toward the coffee counter, reaching out as a corporal tried to back away.

"Get in there, soldier," he said. He was suddenly very angry with this display of nonsense, moving the boy in before him. "You were here, and I don't want any of that by a man in uniform, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, who had never seen the general before and, listening to him, never wanted to see him again. When the general had his paper cup of coffee, he stood against the wall of the sandwich bar, watching the clock above the sweet rolls, calculating the time differential between Washington and the Rocky Mountains and wondering when the first cadet whispers in the soda fountains and restaurants of Colorado Springs would reach the first Colorado Springs reporter.

The cup in his hand had been empty for a long time when he dropped it into the metal drum at his side and made his way slowly to the main concourse of the Pentagon, pausing for a moment at the newsstand while his eye crossed the front pages like that of any other passer-by.

The general bought two newspapers before he had his shoes shined, disposing of those journals on his way back to the newsstand to buy the three others. He went through these carefully as he returned to his suite. There was not a word about Bud in any of them. He folded the newspapers carefully, handing them to a janitor just before turning into the E Ring.

The girls were all out to lunch and only Lloyd Hardenbergh was in the outer office, sitting at Miss Boyd's desk, laboriously pecking out letters on her typewriter.

"Any calls?" the general asked.

"No, sir."

"You ought to get some lunch, sergeant," he suggested, as he disappeared into his office. When he was settled, he lit another cigarette and dug in for the long wait, feet flat on the floor, and elbows, wrists and hands on the desk.

He was waiting when he heard the unfamiliar three loud knocks on his door and the pause that followed before Lloyd Hardenbergh came in, marching across the room to stand before the general.

"Why are you knocking?" the general asked. "What's up?"

"My hitch is up, sir," Lloyd said.

The general grimaced. "Again? Four years already?" He pointed at the sheet of white paper in the sergeant's right hand. "I'll endorse your re-enlistment," he said.

"I'm not shipping over," the sergeant said. "This isn't—a re-enlistment. This is an order for eighty-six days of accumulated leave you can sign. I'm getting out."

"Out?" The general frowned. "Why?"

"Ex-soldier," Lloyd said quietly.

"Is something wrong, Lloyd?"

"Well, I—I guess I've just had it, sir."

"Is it something I've done?" the general asked.

"Sir, you know that's not so."

"Have you thought this over?" the general asked. "Do you really want out?"

Lloyd Hardenbergh was very uncomfortable. His face was red, his forehead was heavy with sweat. "Please, sir, I do."

The general studied his sergeant. He could not understand why Lloyd was leaving. "Do you really want me to sign it, Lloyd?" he asked.

Lloyd's lips barely moved. "I really do, sir," he said.

The general signed and Lloyd Hardenbergh went out of the office with his back to the man he had served for so long, and only the picture of "Hap" Arnold on the far wall to witness his tears.

The general did not move, nor did he realize, a few moments later, that the trick he had perfected at Hickam Field fifteen years earlier and had been using since morning was suddenly less than completely effective. He turned the swivel chair, as though by putting his back to the desk he could also put Lloyd Hardenbergh's leaving behind him.

He watched the boats in the lagoon for a moment, until, without warning to himself, he swung around to pull the telephone toward him, dialing O, demanding a line, making three false starts in his hurry to get his home, determined to talk, to talk now, with Bud. There was no answer at his home.

He slammed the receiver down on the cradle and pushed at the interoffice switch. "Miss Boyd, I want you to try my home every ten minutes until you get my wife," the general announced. "Meanwhile, you can try the Officers' Club, the Red Cross in Washington and at Bolling Field, and Bethesda Hospital. She has one day a week there, but I don't know which."

There was no answer from the interoffice.

"Miss Boyd!" he shouted at the mechanism.

"Yes, sir," she said, coming forward.

The general swung around, rising immediately in the presence of a lady, as he had risen all the years since the Sunday afternoons at the Hotel Thayer at West Point.

Standing, he said, "I'm sorry. Sorry I shouted. I just wanted you to get my wife."

"Yes, general," she said. "But I didn't think you'd want the girls to hear my answer." Neither she nor the general knew that Angelica Boyd was standing exactly where Lloyd had stood. "Your wife told me to tell you she—they wouldn't be home today, sir."

The general squinted at Miss Boyd really to see her. He had seen her, five days a week, less vacations, for almost six years, but he had never really seen her. What he saw now was a short woman, a thin woman with rimless glasses who wore a (*Continued on Page 107*)

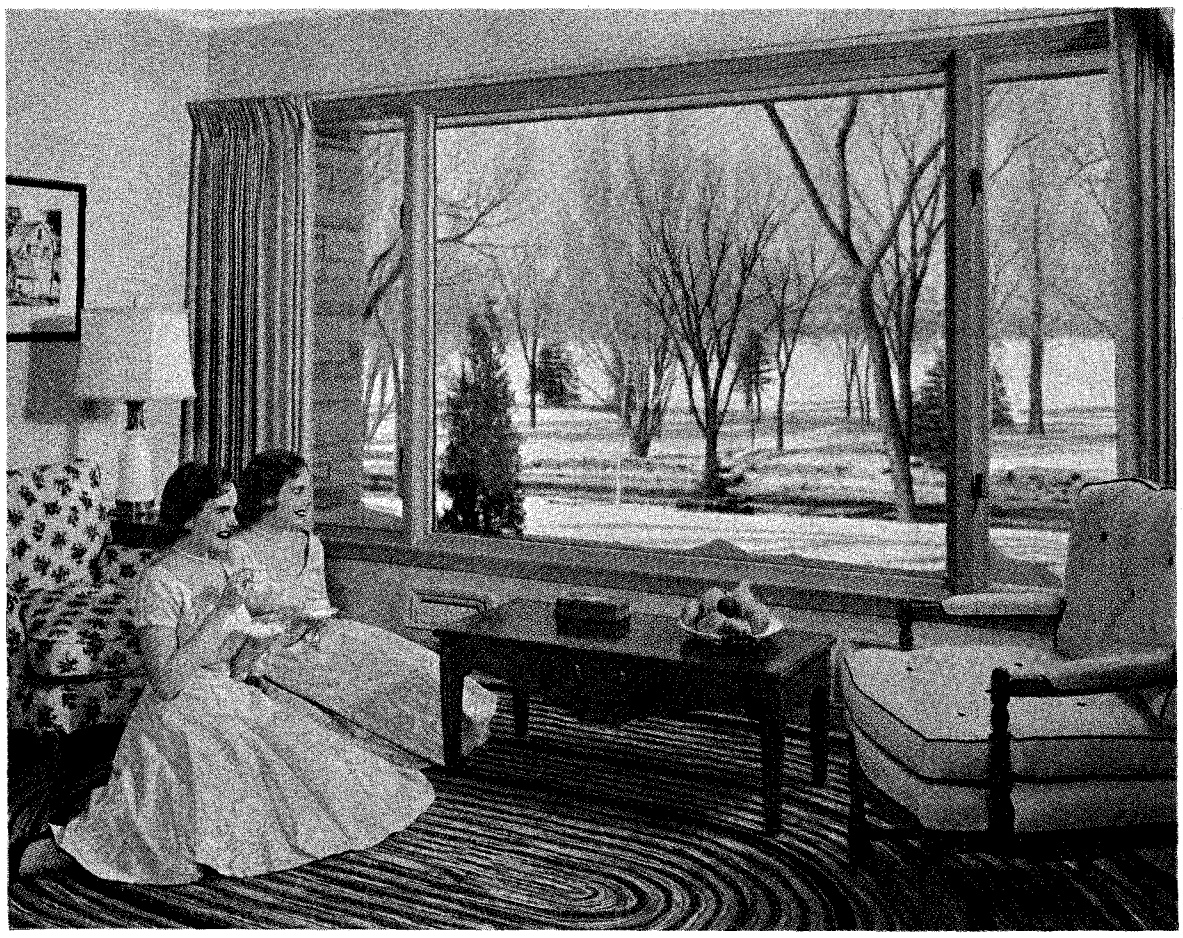
"Her 'something borrowed' is my boy friend."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

April 6, 1957

The really modern home has TWINDOW... the twin-glass windowpane with insulation built in!



TWINDOW is the ideal windowpane for weatherproofing your views. Its amazing insulating properties help to keep your home warmer in winter . . . cooler in summer. It's the feature of every truly modern home.

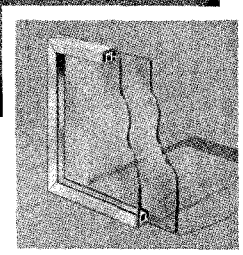
It keeps homes warmer in winter ... cooler in summer... and completely eliminates the need for storm sash!

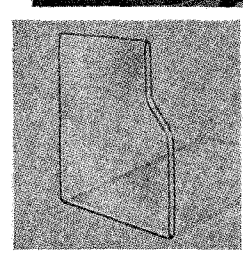
A product of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company—leader in glass manufacturing for more than seventy years—TWINDOW has brought to the modern American home a new concept in better living.

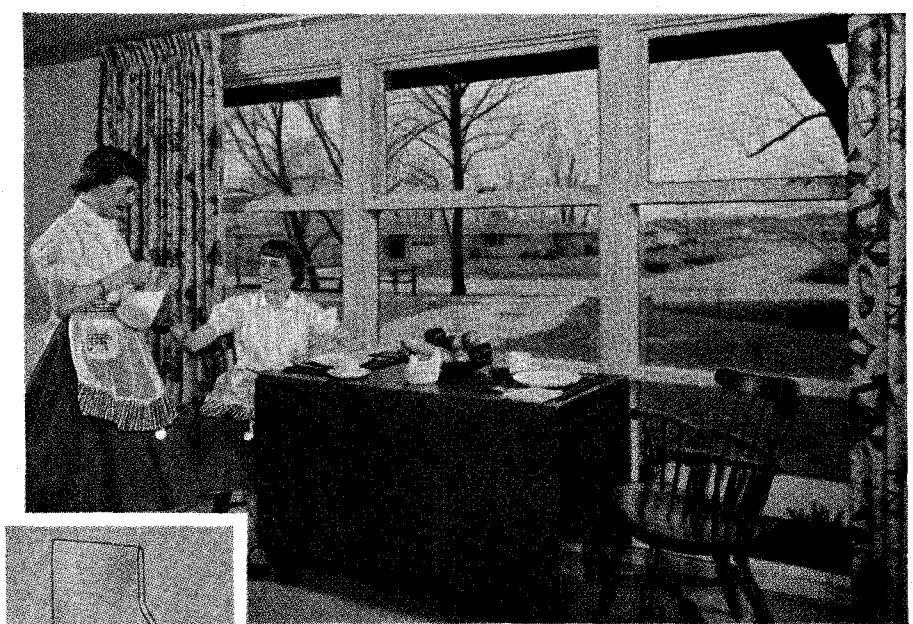
This twin-glass windowpane, *with insulation built in,* keeps homes more comfortable, adds to their architectural beauty. It reduces cold air downdrafts at windows which are oftentimes the cause of colds and other winter illnesses. Also, TWINDOW reduces window fogging and icing . . . offers a clearer vision of the outdoors from indoors, permitting you to enjoy the ever-changing beauties of nature without leaving the comfort of your easy chair. And TWINDOW's exceptional insulating properties cut heating and cooling costs. A permanent form of storm sash, TWINDOW frees you from the labor and bother of putting up storm windows in the fall and taking them down in the summer.

Whether you are building a new home or remodeling your present one, make sure it's *really* modern. Make sure that TWINDOW—the world's finest insulating windowpane—is installed in every room. For specific information, ask your architect or builder. They know all about TWINDOW and how it may be applied to your particular requirements.

TWINDOW—METAL EDGE units are designed for larger window areas and where maximum insulation is needed most. Constructed of two panes of ¼" clear-vision Plate Glass, with a ½" sealed air-space between them. The exclusive stainless steel frame protects glass against chipping. Exceptionally sturdy.







TWINDOW—GLASS EDGE units are ideal for modern window-wall construction. Constructed of two panes of ⅛" PENNVERNON®—the quality window glass—with a 3/16" air-space between them, these windowpanes have high insulating value. They are available in popular sizes for a variety of window styles.

TWINDOW®

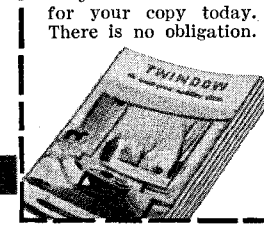
the world's finest insulating glass!

PAINTS · GLASS · CHEMICALS · BRUSHES · PLASTICS · FIBER GLASS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

IN CANADA: CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED

FREE BOOK. In full color, here is a valuable guide for every homemaker interested in a *truly* modern home. Send for your copy today. There is no obligation.



Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
Room 7217, 632 Fort Duquesne Blvd.
Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

PLEASE PRINT

Without obligation on my part, please send me your free book on TWINDOW . . . the world's finest insulating glass.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone.... State.....

If you live in California, Oregon or Washington, send to W. P. Fuller & Co., Room 922, 301 Mission St., San Francisco 19, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P.S. Personal Service makes the difference

Tomorrow's Babe Ruth? The Little League in your town may harbor a future champion. But it takes more than cheering from the sidelines to get these young hopefuls off to the right start. It takes the *personal service* of men with a real interest in the community to assure the success of such projects.

Personal service is important in other matters, too — your insurance, for example. Through the *personal service* of your Ætna Casualty agent — a local independent businessman with a permanent interest in his community — you can be sure of the right protection *before* a loss, and the right treatment *afterward.* He knows how important *personal service is.* That's why he offers you "the policy with the P.S."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 104*) simple, unadorned blouse, a wool skirt and sensible shoes; a woman who seemed as unhappy and as determined as Lloyd Hardenbergh had been.

"Who are 'they'?" the general asked.

"I didn't ask, sir," Angelica Boyd said truthfully.

"You didn't. All right. That's all right," the general said. "Is Lloyd out there, Miss Boyd?"

"He's gone, general."

"He's gone, too, eh?"

"General, I—can I help, general?" Angelica Boyd asked. "Jane and I—your wife and I are friends, sir."

"No, there's nothing to help with," he said, remembering he was a general. "Thank you, Miss Boyd, and thank you for bringing me Mrs. King's message."

"Yes, sir," she said. He did not sit down until she had left the room. He sat and rose immediately, to send the swivel chair crashing into the wall. He rushed at the door and nearly collided with Duke Dillon, who pushed him back.

"Where do you think you're going, general?" Dillon bellowed, as the general, taken unawares, fumbled nervously with his blouse pocket. "It isn't over yet, you know," he added, and as the door closed, sobered instantly, putting his hand out.

"I've worked for it, Harry," Duke Dillon said, as the general took his hand. "I've worked hard and on the up and up every step of the route. I know it's been the same with you. No matter how it falls, Harry, it won't make any difference between you and me."

"You know that," the general said, but would not release Dillon's hand. "Duke, my kid's home."

Dillon's eyes widened. "From the academy?"

"He said he was flunking," the general said, dropping Dillon's hand. "I left him with Jane this morning. Hid him really. I stashed him away."

"Where is he, Harry?"

"I don't know," the general said. "Now I don't know."

"Well, let's find him, man."

"No," the general said. "I mean, no, I'll find him. I have to. But you can do one thing for me: you can tell the Chief and tell him to pull my name. The papers will get this sooner or later, and I can't embarrass —— You can't do that for me either, Duke. I have to do that too."

"I'll go with you. We can work ——"

The general shook his head. "It's my package," he said, leading Duke out of the office, leaving his cap behind. He left Duke in the corridor and three minutes later, waiting for the Chief to be free, he knew where he could find his son.

He was sure of it—absolutely sure. There was no other reason for Lloyd to do what he had done; Lloyd Hardenbergh, who had diapered Bud and been his baby sitter on a dozen posts in three continents. He wanted to go then, at that instant, but he had to tell the Chief.

He told the Chief everything. When he was finished, he said, "You see, sir, all day I've had myself convinced it was for them—for Jane and for Bud. It just isn't so," he said, standing at attention before the Chief of Staff, as, on some summer twilight in dim memory, the plebe, Harry King, had stood ramrod-stiff before a hazing upperclassman.

But there was nothing the Chief could do. "I can't call the White House now, Harry," the Chief said, when Harry had told him. "I don't know if I would in any event. I don't share this fear of public disfavor, Harry. I never have. We're not a circus service any longer, you know, flying loop-the-loops and walking wings for two pictures in the rotogravure. We stand or fall on our record."

The general did not even return to his office for his cap. He went for the nearest exit, hailing a cab from the top of the stairs. He sent the driver to Bolling Field. Lloyd Hardenbergh still kept his quarters in the old barracks.

Lloyd Hardenbergh must have heard the Charge of Quarters talking with the general in the barracks because he appeared at the head of the stairs when the general started up.

"He's not here," Lloyd said, but the general kept coming.

"I can't let you in," Lloyd said, standing firm.

The general reached the landing to stand beside Lloyd Hardenbergh, who blocked the door to his quarters.

"The idea was," the general said quietly, "that I couldn't stick my neck out, but you could. First you get out of the service, so you're a civilian, and then you do my job for me, is that it?"

"I didn't mean any harm, sir."

"You didn't mean —— No, I guess you didn't. Where is Jane?"

"At Angelica's apartment," Lloyd said.

The general shook his head. "You're getting to be quite a troop commander, aren't you?"

"Jane asked me not to bother you with it, sir. That's all I wanted. I mean, didn't want."

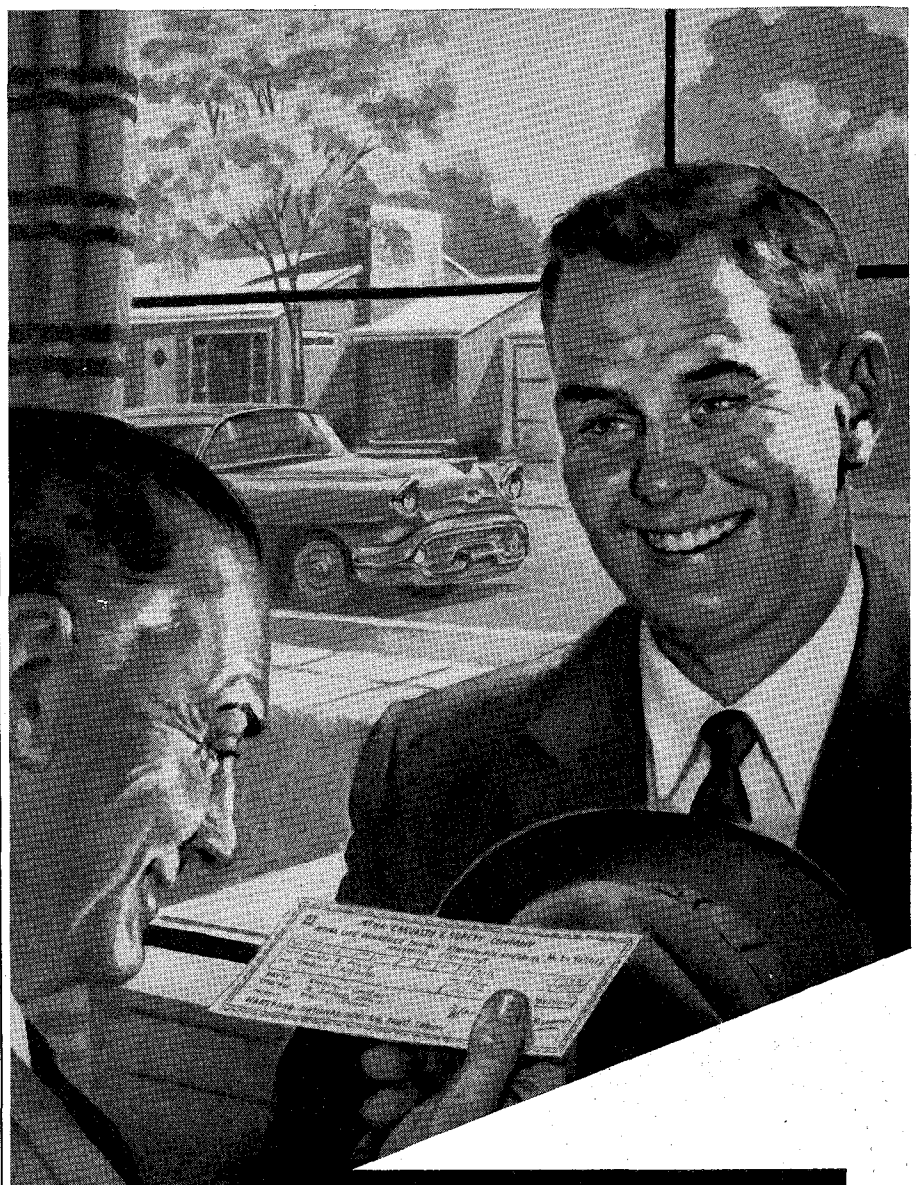
"How is he?" the general asked.

Lloyd Hardenbergh burst into a smile. "Sir, he's really all right. He really is. You see, mostly it was the French. Remember when we were at SHAPE? Well, he learned his French on the street then, with the kids. At the academy they were

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's my hobby. I grow grass."

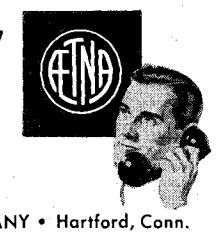
...in insurance, too!



Get more than just a policy . . .
get the policy with the
P.S.*
*Personal Service

When you get Ætna Casualty protection you get the plus value of P.S. — the personal service of thousands of Ætna Casualty agents and claim service offices, coast to coast. Why not call the Ætna Casualty agent in your community . . . today?

ÆTNA CASUALTY
AND SURETY COMPANY



Affiliated with
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • Hartford, Conn.
ALL FORMS OF CASUALTY, BONDING, FIRE AND MARINE PROTECTION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Order your new

IMPERIAL

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

with SOLEX® SAFETY GLASS

"the best glass under the sun"

Your brilliant, new Imperial . . . the finest expression of Chrysler Corporation's "forward look" . . . will give you even greater driving pleasure, afford even more comfort and safety —when it is equipped with SOLEX Safety Glass in all openings. That means not only the windshield, but side windows and backlight as well. This is so because the soft, greenish tint of SOLEX Safety Glass lessens driving tension and eyestrain. SOLEX keeps the interior of your Imperial cooler by absorbing at least 50% of the total solar heat.

When you place your order for your new Imperial, make sure that it is equipped with SOLEX Safety Glass. The slight additional cost is very much worthwhile.

SOLEX

PPG *is a product of*

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

givin' it to him right out of the book. Grammar. The French and the tigonometry."

"Trigonometry."

"That's it, sir."

"I want to see him alone," the general, who was a general again, said.

"Yes, sir," said Lloyd, stepping aside to close the door behind the general, who was in the room with his son; his son, who wore the general's old hunting corduroys and Maine moccasins and a faded sweat shirt.

"Hi," the general said.

"Hi, dad," said his son, who was, surprisingly, taller than Harry King.

"Do you feel all right?" the general asked.

"Oh, sure, dad, I'm all right. I'm sorry to give ——"

"Don't say that!" the general said; and softly, "Please don't say that."

"Well, don't you say it, then."

The general was close enough to touch his son, and he did. He touched the boy very lightly, holding the faded sweat shirt in his hand. "You don't have to go back to the academy, Bud. We can fight it out."

"I want to, dad. Want to go back, I mean. If they'll take me, I mean."

"For yourself?" the general asked. "Is the Air Force what you want? Really want?"

"If they'll take me, I do. Yesterday was —— It will never happen again, I know that."

"You'll have to turn yourself in." The general walked to the metal bed and sat down. He spoke very gently, "Do you want me to go with you?"

"To the Air Police?"

"Yes."

"I want to go alone, but ——"

"Yes?"

"Not in these. In my uniform, if that's all right."

"I'll get it for you."

"It's here." Bud pointed at a laundry bag. "It's right here, dad."

"Let me help you," said the general, dropping to one knee to reach the laundry bag, but his son was quicker, taking it with one hand, and lifting, really lifting his father with the other.

"I'll do it, dad," he said. "Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Don't try and help me. Even if you could. I've got to do this."

"Supposing I wait downstairs?" the general said.

"Well, I thought I could just change and go on over."

The general came forward. He wanted to and knew he could not kiss his son; you cannot kiss someone who is taller than you.

"I'm rooting for you, Bud," he said.

"Thanks, dad. Will you tell mother everything's O.K.?"

"Is it?"

"It really is," the boy said. He dropped the laundry bag and gave his father his hand. "I'm rooting for you, dad."

"I'm rooting for you, Bud."

"I guess I'd better dress then. I'll just dress, and you leave now and—just leave now."

The general left. He came down the long flight of steps toward Lloyd Hardenbergh at the bottom. "I just heard it on the day-room radio, sir," Lloyd said. "It was from Colorado Springs. The works. How is he, sir?"

"He's turning himself in. He wants to do it alone."

Lloyd pushed the door open for the general. "Have you got a ride, sir?"

"Oh, sure, don't worry about ——"

"I've got my car, general," Lloyd said. "I'm going back anyway. Have to clean out my desk."

They did not exchange a word during the ride back to the Pentagon. Lloyd let the general out at the south entrance and parked his car. When he reached the office, Miss Boyd told him it was all over the building about the general's son, and that the Pentagon reporters were in with him.

"I'm going in there," Lloyd said. "He's had all any man can take in one day."

"He said to keep you out," Miss Boyd reported. "He really did, Lloyd."

So the sergeant stationed himself at the general's door, waiting until the first wire-service reporter rushed out, followed by the other newspapermen. He waited only to close the door quietly before turning to the secretaries. "You can take off, girls," he said. "That's it for today.... Have you got a minute, Miss Boyd?"

When they were alone, Lloyd Hardenbergh spoke briefly with Angelica Boyd. While they talked, the general stood at the windows of his office, watching the shadows creeping across Washington. In the late afternoon the city moved him, as it had always moved him since his first glimpse of it as a lieutenant. Washington was more than a city; the general had lived in or near a score of cities during his career. Washington was the symbol of all that he loved and cherished in his country, the country he had sworn to defend as a lad, and the oath moved him as much now, standing in his own shadows and defeated, as it had then. He would be leaving Washington, he knew; it would be embarrassing to be on the same floor with the new Chief, and he hoped Duke Dillon would give him airplanes. He had been away from command—direct command—long enough.

"Excuse me, sir," said Lloyd.

"Oh, Lloyd. I didn't hear you come in."

"Sir, could I have my accumulated-leave order back?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Here it is."

Lloyd reached for it. "Thank you, sir. General, do you want me to find a berth? I don't blame you if you want me to, general, I really don't. I can transfer."

The general came forward. "What are you talking about? There's work to be done. Between you and me, General Dillon will need all the old hands he can get. We're old hands, Lloyd. I don't know where we'll be going, but let me tell you, he'll need us. . . . I'm not in," the general said, as the telephone rang.

"Yes, sir." The sergeant reached across the desk to pick up the telephone. "General King's office," he said, and was suddenly standing at attention, his body rigid, nodding silently again and again and again as he listened.

"Yes, sir," he said at last. . . . "Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir, right away, sir. . . . I certainly will, sir. I'll do it myself."

He was nodding even as he replaced the receiver. "General," he said, grinning, "about General Dillon?"

"What about him?"

"He won't be needing your help, sir. You'll be needing his."

The general reached out for the window. He felt the cold glass against his hand and he suddenly had to put all his weight against it. He suddenly had to rest.

"That was the President's office, general," Lloyd said. "The President wants to see you."

"Me?"

"The President of the United States, sir."

The general came away from the window, pulling at his blouse. He said, "I want to get Jane. I want Jane to come."

"She's here waiting," said Lloyd Hardenbergh, padding across the office to the door. He turned to grin at the general. "She's right here waiting, Chief," he said.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Reggie Struthers had attained maturity, but he wasn't using it. At the country-club dance, his graying head could be seen bobbing about wherever the girls were youngest and prettiest, as he proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that he still was irresistible to women.

When his tolerant wife finally asked him to take it a bit easier, Reggie waved her aside. "You're only as young as you feel," he assured her.

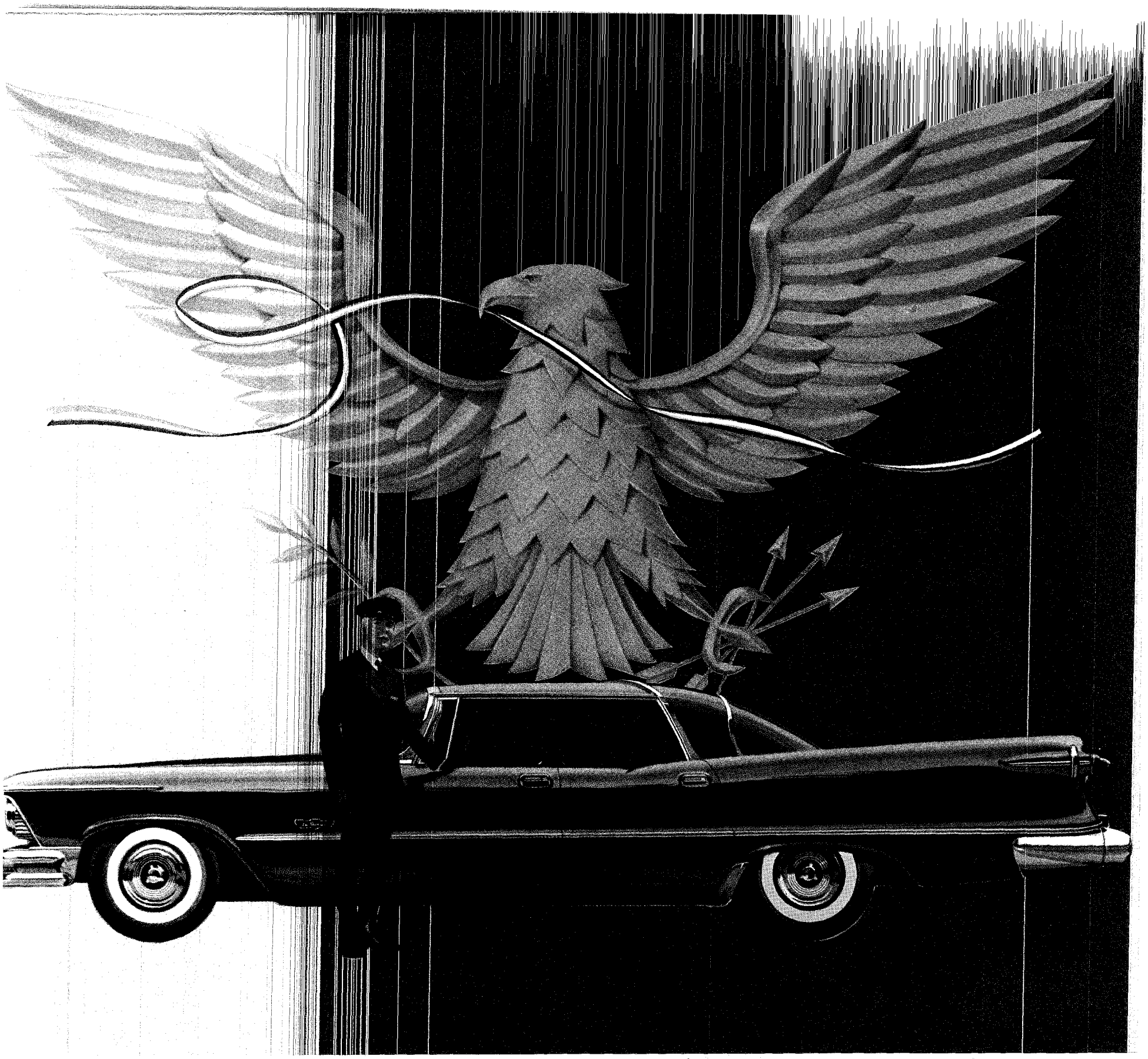
Several cocktails later, noticing the girls making gestures of boredom behind Reggie's back, Mrs. Struthers again pulled her husband aside and suggested that the girls might like younger company.

"Nonsense," Reggie said. "They love me. Why, they tell me gray hair is distinguishing."

That was too much even for Mrs. Struthers. "Well," she said crisply, "it *does* distinguish you from a young man."

J. S. Hume

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRESENTING THE MAGNIFICENT NEW IMPERIAL LE BARON 4-DOOR HARDTOP.

Most splendid success in the land...

IMPERIAL

Finest expression of The Forward Look

The most amazing success story of the automotive world is that of the triumphant new Imperial. A deluge of orders has saluted its great good taste, its peerless power, its new, attractive pricing. Overnight, the Imperial has become the fine-car style leader . . . and has created a dazzling standard which will be felt in the industry for many years to come. We are doing our very best to make your wait short . . . before *you* become the man who owns the exclusive Imperial.

IMPERIAL . . . FINEST PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lady Lays Down the Law

(Continued from Page 25)

The wrath of infuriated housewives struck him with sudden and bewildering force. Angry telephone calls and telegrams inundated his hotel. Women stopped him on the street to deliver bitter denunciations. Even the newspapers reprimanded him. Completely unnerved, Lester made a public apology and left town with the stunned look of a man who has made an unlikely escape from a lynch mob.

Ruth's fans are as quick to follow her commercial recommendations as they are to defend her professional honor. To have her speak well of their products, thirty-five sponsors pay some $2,000,000 annually to the Crosley Broadcasting Company, and there is a long list of would-be advertisers eagerly awaiting the day when they may join the select group.

Her influence in the market place was amply demonstrated not long ago when a guest on the show complimented Ruth on the perfume she was wearing and asked the name of it. Ruth said it was her favorite scent, gave the name of a very expensive French perfume—a product not advertised on the program—and then went on to other matters. Within three days there wasn't a bottle of the stuff to be had in the Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus areas.

The woman who exercises this formidable power is an attractive, gray-blond, awesomely dynamic woman of forty-nine with a gift of loquacity that makes the average filibustering senator seem tonguetied. She is assisted on her program with a band, a vocalist and a "straight man," but by far the major portion of the show is devoted to talk—Ruth's talk.

With an incredible mixture of acid and treacly sentimentality, she rattles on with a complete lack of self-consciousness about her enthusiasms and prejudices, her husband, child and maid, her preferences in food and her taste in music, the family lives of her associates on the program, articles and books she has read, politics, religion and almost anything else which pops into her mind. Alternately she browbeats, praises, ridicules and jokes with her staff and studio audience. All of this is done with expert showmanship, but without either script or format.

Exactly why vast numbers of females, ranging from charwomen to Vassar graduates, are endlessly fascinated by this verbal mishmash is a question which has been debated by almost everyone connected with broadcasting in this area.

Ruth, herself, sees several factors as necessary for the success of a show such as hers. "In the first place," she says, "you can't talk down to your viewers. Radio and television are filled with people who treat a women's audience as though it were composed of dim-witted children. I assume that my listeners are at least as intelligent as I am and have as many interests as I have, so I talk to them as equals.

"There are no private, show-business jokes on my program. I want the viewers to feel perfectly at home, not as though they'd sat down by mistake at the comedians' table at Lindy's.

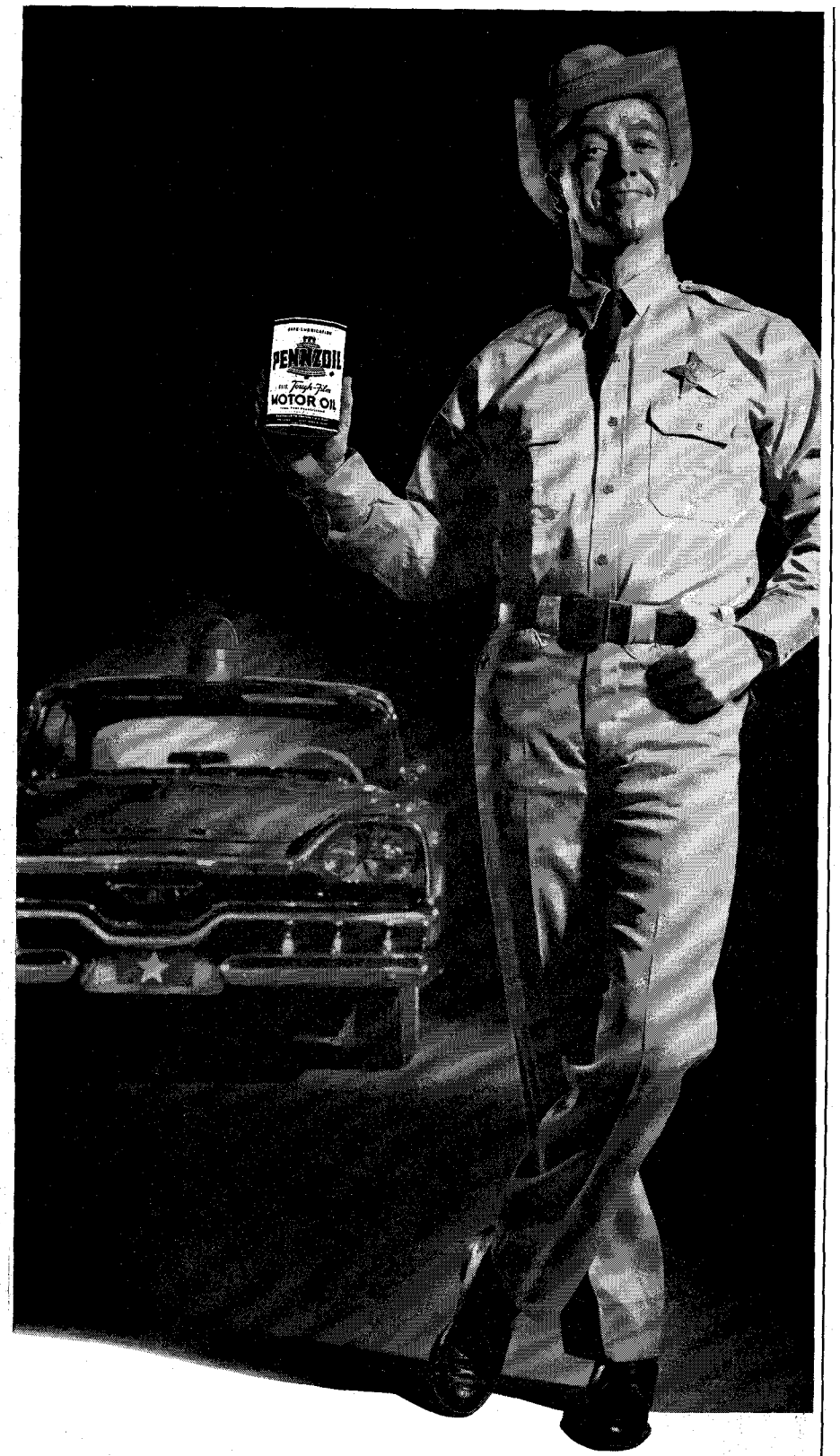
"Next, I happen to think that the housewife's an important member of society—I'm one myself—and she likes some shoptalk as much as anyone else. So I talk about my own problems of raising a kid, cooking, getting along with a husband, housework—things which are common to almost all homes.

"But I don't believe that the average woman's only concern is with a dust cloth and getting Junior off to school on time. She cares what's happening in her city and the rest of the world. Well, I get around a bit and I read a lot and I tell my listeners about the things that interest me. When I flip about the city's cutting down the trees on Central Parkway, I flip on the air, and when I come across an article, say, on the falling birth rate in Ireland or a new wonder drug or why the electoral college is out of date, I discuss it. Women have brains, you know, and they're usually pleased when someone takes cognizance of the fact. Finally, you have to work at and think about your program almost every waking minute."

Except for operating at somewhat lowered voltage, Ruth's off-camera personality differs only slightly from the one on display at the Fifty-Fifty Club. She is incapable of languid conversation, either in her home or in her office. Unlike many people with strong opinions, she can be an attentive listener.

Social activities, however, occupy a minimum of her time. "I have only two major interests in life," she says, "my family and my job, in that order. When I finish a day's work, I just want to go home and make like a housewife. I give a performance every afternoon. I certainly don't want to give another one in the evening."

Smartly dressed, as she always is, and seated at (*Continued on Page 113*)



Meet my deputy in charge of "hoss thieves"!

If a gallon of gas doesn't take you as far as it used to, and there's no pep in your car's pickup, engine deposits and wear are stealing your horsepower.

Call on Pennzoil with Z-7 to halt these "hoss thieves." This is The Tough-Film® motor oil, refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude, and then blended with permanently active Z-7 to prevent wear and the formation of power-stealing deposits — *for keeps.*

For a powerfully clean engine, change to Pennzoil with Z-7 at your favorite dealer. Ask for it by name.

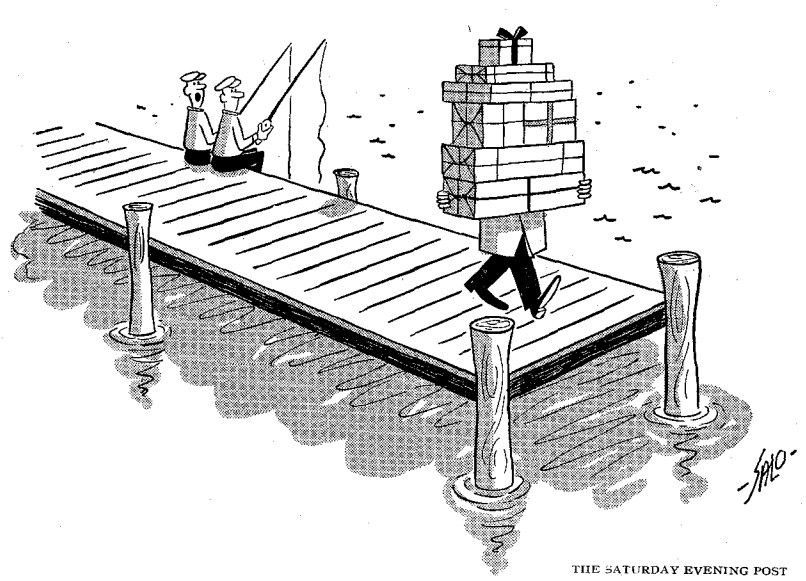
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL ®
Safe Lubrication

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO care FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT B/A DEALERS

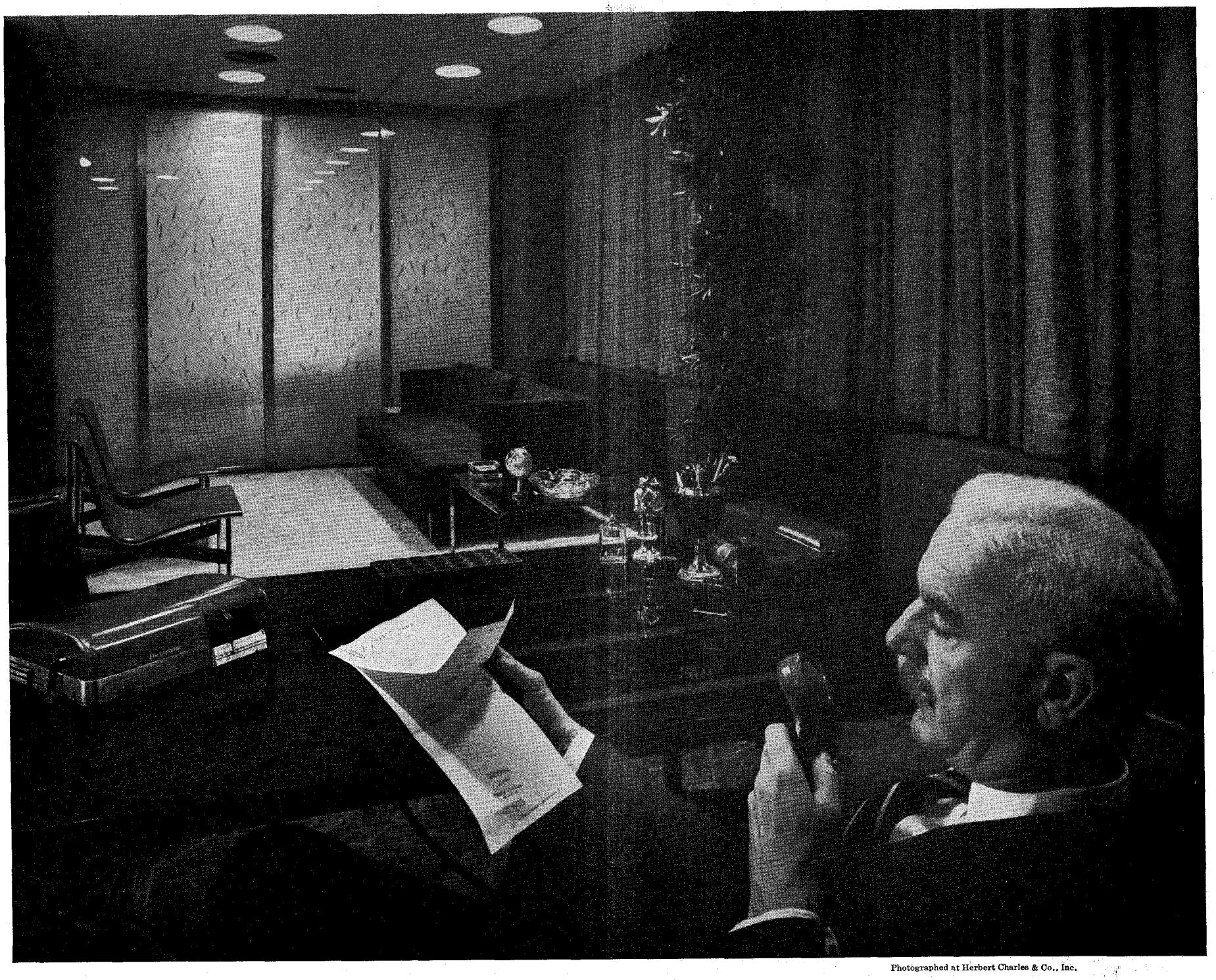
Sound your Z . . . insist on Pennzoil

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.



"Now there's something you don't see every day."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photographed at Herbert Charles & Co., Inc.

You communicate easier with Dictaphone Time-Master

The dictating machine with the Dictabelt record

WHETHER you're the president of a big corporation or a junior executive, your success in your job depends above all on one thing—communication. *Getting your ideas across to other people—clearly, fully and quickly.*

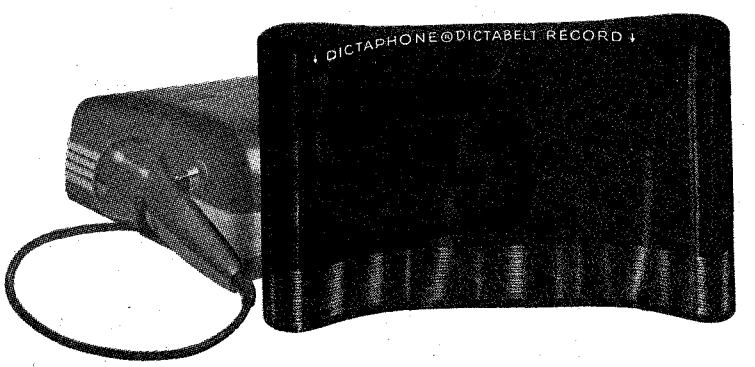
Small wonder, then, that you see the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machine on the desks of so many rising business and professional men. The Dictaphone way, they communicate *all their thinking* . . . make the most of *the ability that's in them.*

You just lift the TIME-MASTER mike and think out loud. When work comes up . . . letters, memos, reports, notes, etc. . . . you do it *now*. No waiting for your secretary—no desk-top pileup.

Dictaphone's exclusive DICTABELT record makes dictation easy, foolproof. DICTABELTS are so clear it's *hard* for your secretary to make mistakes.

They record visibly, so you can't lose your place . . . permanently, so dictation can't be changed or erased. They're unbreakable, mailable . . . and the *most economical* dictating medium in the world.

Give the Dictaphone way a try. You'll save hours a day . . . and get more done. To try a TIME-MASTER on your desk, call your local Dictaphone office. Or write Dictaphone, Dept. W, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, N. Y.



The Dictabelt record—main reason why the Dictaphone Time-Master far outsells all other dictating machines.

Find It Fast In The 'Yellow Pages'

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

Service you can depend on the world around

In Canada, write Dictaphone Corporation, Ltd., 204 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto . . . in England, Dictaphone Co. Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London W. 1. Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trade-marks of Dictaphone Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buying? Building?
or Remodeling?

see how new FRIGIDAIRE built-ins make dream kitchens come true...

Imagine a stunning new kitchen with a wonderful world of convenience, colorful beauty and compact efficiency—all made-to-order for you. It can be yours, exactly as you've always dreamed, with a complete line of all-new 1957 Frigidaire Built-In Appliances.

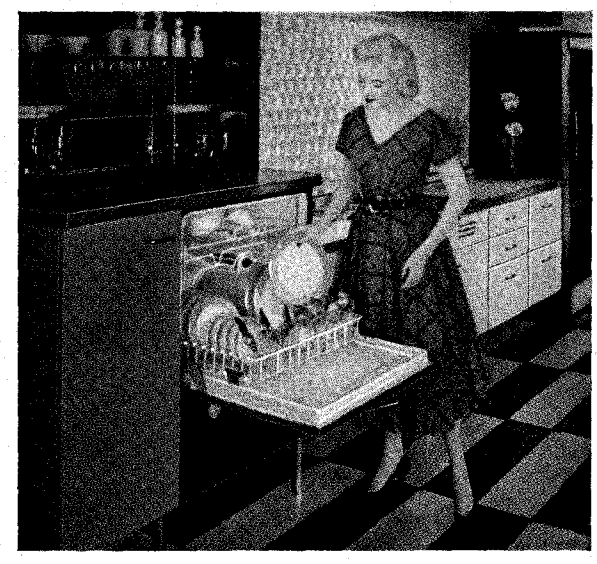
Glamorous, trend-setting Frigidaire Built-Ins have *all* the most wanted time and work-saving features *plus* Frigidaire extras to give you the best in built-in better living. The modern concept of Frigidaire "Sheer Look" design eliminates space-wasting bulges, meaningless curves and dust-trap gaps. Installation is easier—in any style kitchen.

For helpful information on Frigidaire Built-Ins, and their "freestanding" matchmates, call your Frigidaire Dealer or write us today. Plan to build your "Sheer Look" kitchen of the future now! The cost is far less than you might expect.

SEE THESE COLORFUL BUILT-IN CLASSICS...

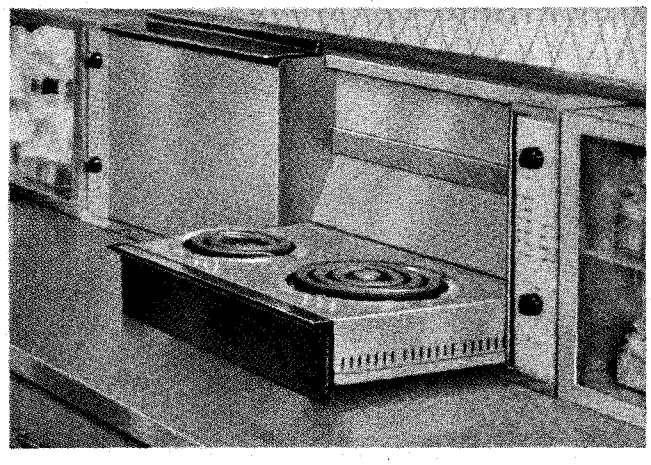
at your Frigidaire Dealer's, and see, too, the full line of Frigidaire "Sheer Look" freestanding Appliances that blend-in with a built-in look. Many are available in glamorous colors, too.

COUNTER TOP COOKING! Put it where you want it, easily. Four Radiantube units—some with Speed-Heat and Heat-Minder "Thinking Top" Units. Fully automatic. Finger-tip control panel—on the top. Magically easy to clean.

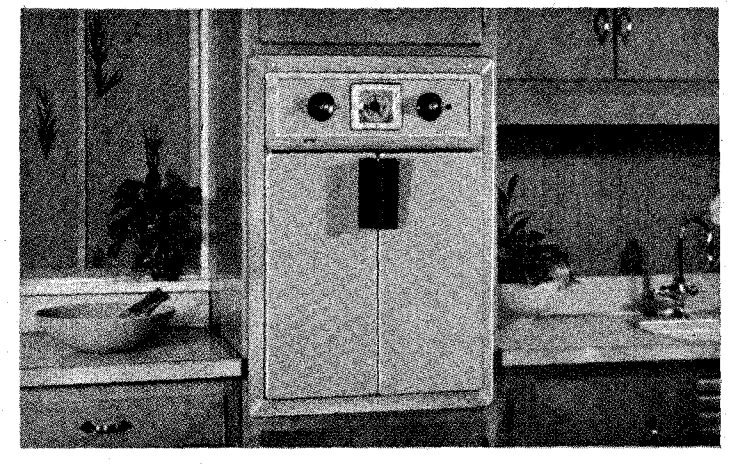


"CLEANINGEST" DISHWASHER! Do dishes only once a day, if you like. King-size capacity holds service for eight plus pots and pans. Washes every piece all over. Dries even crystal sparkling clean. Also, available in freestanding and dishwasher-sink combination with Frigidaire Disposer.

"HANDIEST" REFRIGERATOR! Sheer lines—straight, clean and square—to blend-in with standard cabinets for that "built-in" look. Fashion colors. Safety-Seal doors. Roll-to-You shelves. Handy Ice Cube Ejector and a host of other Frigidaire features. Picture Window Hydrator. Sizes to fit every kitchen.



FOLD-BACK SURFACE UNITS! Lift out of the way when not in use. Two, four, or more surface units—some with Speed-Heat and Heat-Minder "Thinking Top" Units. Smart. Easy to clean. Wonderful space saver.



FRENCH DOOR WALL OVEN! Completely automatic. Exclusive center-opening doors take less aisle space. Wonder Oven model lets you bake and broil at the same time in the same oven. Satin chrome or choice of porcelain enamel colors. Rotisserie optional on some models.

SPRING-MAGIC CONDITIONING! Cool in summer, warm in winter. Cooling units to add to present heating . . . or with "hide-away" Frigidaire furnaces. Low in cost.

Look for your Frigidaire Dealer in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "Electric Appliances."

FRIGIDAIRE *Built-ins*

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION,
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON 1, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*) her desk in her handsome, third-floor office at Crosley Square, Ruth seems more the president of a highly lucrative business than either television performer or housewife. She handles all contacts with her sponsors, plans with them all the advertising details for her program, makes the arrangements for the many prizes which are given away daily at the conclusion of her show, arbitrates problems between members of her staff, answers an enormous fan mail and, for about three months of the year, operates a one-woman Christmas Fund campaign to raise money for toys, movie projectors, television sets and similar entertainment facilities for children's hospitals and wards. In 1956 she collected over $150,000, almost all of it in amounts of one or two dollars. Her full-time staff consists of two assistants, Elsa Heisel and Suzi King; a secretary, Peggy Holt; and Ruth's producer, George Resing. Ruth's sister, Rose Lupton, is in charge of tickets for the broadcasts.

In addition to the responsibilities connected with her own show, Ruth also acts as liaison between Crosley's programming and sales departments and is a member of the top planning group of the station. She unquestionably has great power within the Crosley organization, but how she uses it is often a matter of bitter debate between her admirers and detractors. She has many of both.

A liberal thinker is one who never keeps his thoughts to himself.

IMOGENE FEY

"She'll cut the throat of anyone who's a threat to her," one ex-WLW employee said. "They're scared to death of her at the station, and whatever she says goes. Personally I think one of the reasons she's so popular is that a lot of people like to see a dictator at work as long as they're not among the victims."

Ruth indubitably exercises a firm hand over her colleagues, on camera as well as off—she has no hesitation about curtly rebuking a staff member in the middle of a broadcast if he does something which displeases her—but she maintains that such tactics are necessary to keep the show up to her standards. "What happens on most daily programs, network as well as local," she says, "is that a performer has an early success, finds a formula and then coasts. As soon as I see that someone's letting down, I have to do something to pull things together. Everybody must have that opening-night feeling every time we go on or the show dies."

"Sure, she cracks the whip from time to time, but what boss doesn't?" one young woman who has worked for Ruth for several years said recently. "If she were a man, no one would notice."

Ruth's devotion to her career is the one point generally agreed upon by friends and foes. After graduation from the University of Cincinnati in 1930, she went to work ostensibly as organist and pianist for WKRC, a local radio station. "Even then it was obvious that she knew exactly what she wanted and was willing to knock herself out to get it," an acquaintance of those days said recently. "In addition to being a musician, she operated the switchboard, typed letters, read lines on the air when necessary, did filing and even grabbed a broom and swept out the waiting room when the cigarette butts became ankle deep. I suppose she went home to sleep, but I always had the impression that she was there twenty-four hours a day."

Ruth began her first women's program at WKRC in 1931 and, from the beginning, she refused to use the prose poems prepared by her sponsors' advertising agencies. At first, some of the advertisers were upset by this unorthodox behavior, but when their sales charts showed that Ruth's ad-lib commercials were far more effective than the canned material, opposition subsided.

She remained with WKRC until 1942, when she moved to WLW, where a radio program similar to the one she had been doing was inaugurated. In 1949 she transported the basic idea into the new realm of television.

Ruth has never lost her disdain for the efforts of advertising-copy writers. "Nine times out of ten, the stuff's written by some kid a few years out of college," she says. "How can he know what interests a housewife or what makes her buy? The result is a lot of silly, irrelevant overstatements which would insult the intelligence of a child. All I try to do on my show is tell why I like a product and why I think the listener will. In the first place, I won't accept a sponsor on the program unless I like what he makes. I try out everything before I accept it and, if I'm sold on its virtues, I have no trouble telling people in my own words why I think it's good."

Occasionally some persuasive advertiser will wheedle her into memorizing a few words of the copy he is using on other programs, but the risk is always great. One breakfast food, for example, was supposed to make children "big, brawny, bold and brave." Ruth looked slightly ill at this point. "The next word beginning with 'b' that comes to mind," she announced, "is 'baloney'!"

"A lot of women find pleasure in identifying themselves with Ruth because she's a success and therefore in a position to say exactly what's on her mind," one radio-and-television veteran said recently. "She's a woman who's obviously the boss and, what's more important, the boss over a lot of men. 'That's me shoving those men around and saying what I think,' the viewer tells herself."

Although most housewives are not television stars and few of them earn something in the neighborhood of $100,000 per year, as Ruth does, there is ample evidence that many of her fans do experience a vicarious triumph in Ruth's good fortune. "I loved your new fur coat that you showed us on television," one fan wrote in a typical letter. "Though I can't afford one, I'm so happy that someone I like and feel I know has such a beautiful coat."

Ruth finds nothing unusual about the fact that she is able to maintain an extremely close rapport with her audience, even though there is a sizable professional and financial gap between her and her listeners. "Why should those things make any difference?" she says. "I get a big kick out of buying and doing things I couldn't afford at one time, and I share that kick with my audience. When I'm about to take a trip to Europe, for instance, I'm as excited as a kid at Christmas, and I tell the people about my plans, and they get excited too. I'm no more blasé about these things than they are, and they know it."

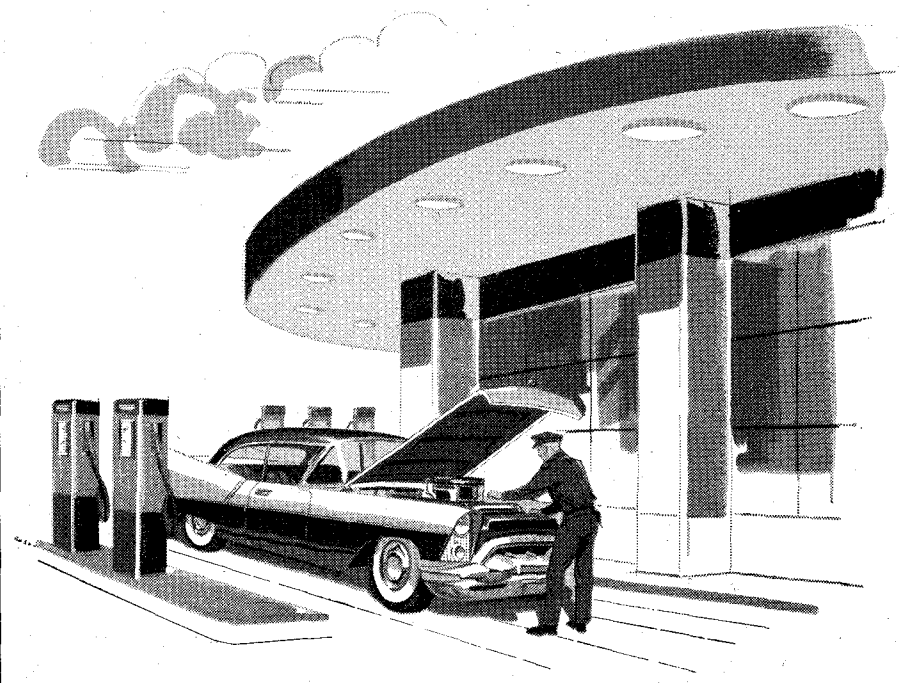
Whatever the contents may be of the strange adhesive which binds Ruth's audience to her, there is little doubt that it is both durable and effective.

Unfortunately, Ruth's fans, themselves, throw little light upon the contents of the formula. Recently a number of them were interviewed at the luncheon which precedes the broadcast and were asked why they were devotees, of the Fifty-Fifty Club. Their replies were fervent, but singularly unhelpful. "She seems like one of my own family," was a typical response.

On that particular day, the audience was composed exclusively of women and children, but usually somewhere between two and six vaguely uncomfortable-looking men are to be found in the group. Although lunch is not served until eleven o'clock and each person had a confirmed reservation, the crowd had begun to drift into the waiting room of WLW as early as eight-thirty in the morning. Many of them had come in parties via buses from small towns in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia.

They were a pleasant, comparatively quiet assemblage, with the majority at about the mid-century mark. Their manner and speech suggested middle-class suburbs. All of them seemed filled with a high degree of anticipation. "There are four generations of my family here today," one elderly woman said proudly,

Wherever modern cars are serviced... look for the Carter-Trained "Master of Re-carburetion"



to assure top performance of your

CARTER POWER CENTER®

POWER CENTER CARBURETER

There's a nationwide network of these masters of re-carburetion! In automobile repair shops everywhere, 30,000 trained specialists have completed the Carter Factory Service School course. They're ready to serve you with the most modern tune-up techniques for the most modern fuel systems of today and tomorrow... Carter!

FOR COMPLETE MODERN FUEL SYSTEMS COUNT ON CARTER

Find your nearest Carter Outlet in the Yellow Pages.

You can keep swift, sure power for years by having your car serviced regularly wherever you see this sign.

CARTER CARBURETER SERVICE

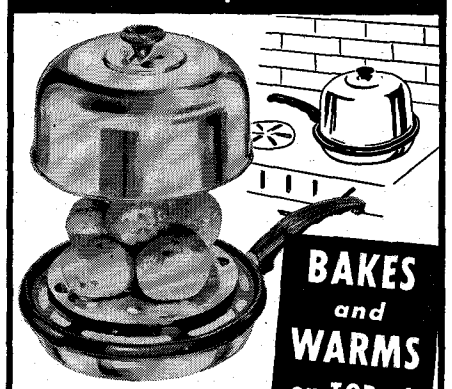
CARTER CARBURETOR
DIVISION OF INDUSTRIES
INCORPORATED
ST. LOUIS 7, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIT
FOR A
QUEEN'S
WARDROBE
No need to pack dresses, suits, hats or shoes; our portable wardrobes carry everything when you move, in royal style!
LYON
VAN LINES, INC.
LOS ANGELES 7, CALIF.
In East- Wheaton Van Lines Inc.
LET LYON GUARD YOUR GOODS

YOURS FREE: Kit with cartoon cards to notify your friends; also official change-of-address forms. Mailed without obligation by your nearby Lyon Agent.

'Tater Baker®
saves fuel, keeps kitchen cool



BAKES and WARMS on TOP of your STOVE

Baking potatoes for baby? Or a special diet? Baking apples? Warming buns or rolls? Crisping crackers or cereal? 'Tater Baker, just like an oven, does all these jobs on top of the stove. Saves wasting heat; keeps your kitchen cool. Easy to use and easy to clean. Gleaming chrome finish. Heat resistant handle and knob. Over 1,500,000 in use. Good Housekeeping-approved. Model 8590—8¼" dia. in gift carton, with Recipe-Direction booklet— $3.65

OVENOLA — King-size top-of-stove oven bakes roasts, pies, etc. Model 8585—11½" dia.—$6.30.* Write for free folder on all Everedy Housewares.

*Higher in West

EVEREDY
THE EVEREDY CO. • FREDERICK, MD.
World's Largest Makers of Chrome Kitchen Utensils

"and we've been waiting twenty-eight months for this day, to see Ruth in person."

A few minutes before eleven o'clock, the crowd was taken to a large studio on the fifth floor and served a plate lunch of fried chicken, vegetables, salad and ice cream. The women ate quickly. By eleven-twenty the stage manager, Bill Hager, requested the women to move to the front of the studio while the tables were removed and chairs arranged in theater fashion.

Five minutes before noon, the seven-piece band took its place on the stand and was warmly applauded by the women. Cliff Lash, the leader, is especially well-known because, in addition to playing the piano and conducting the orchestra, he acts as No. 2 straight man and stooge for Ruth.

Willie Thall, who was then the No. 1 foil, made his appearance a moment later. Willie, one of several men who have at various times held the position, had been with Ruth for seven years when he left the Fifty-Fifty Club in January to begin his own show on another Cincinnati station. Since his departure, Ruth has selected no full-time replacement, although a number of males, including singers Frank Parker and Dick Noel, have appeared as guests.

Any man who takes over Willie's assignment on a permanent basis is likely to find the job extremely demanding. Because the show is completely devoid of script or even predetermined subject matter, and the format is exactly what comes to Ruth's mind when she is before the cameras, he must have the mobility of a broken-field runner, the timing of a trapeze performer and the psychic perception of a Dunninger.

Willie's role in the show—the female-dominated, affable but bumbling male—was one which has become as standard in radio and television as the low comic in Shakespeare's plays. On this particular day, Willie, as was his custom, addressed a few quips to the audience and then introduced Ruby Wright, who is one of the three singers—the others are Marian Spelman and Bonnie Lou—who alternate on the program. These young ladies have had some distinguished predecessors. Doris Day and Rosemary and Betty Clooney were once singers on Ruth's program.

Finally came the big moment. "And now," Willie said, "the star of our show—Ruth Lyons!" Ruth, attired in a chic brown dress of expensively simple design, came through a doorway into the studio, the band played Ain't She Sweet, and the women burst into enthusiastic applause. Ruth began the broadcast by singing—to utilize most of the elasticity in that word—one of her own songs, a pleasant, tuneful number with above-average lyrics. She has composed, by her own estimate, a "trunkful" of songs, but, with the exception of Let's Light the Christmas Tree, published in 1944 by Broadcast Music, Inc., she has made no attempt to have them marketed.

Ruth, after her song, looked over the audience critically and then shook her head sadly. "My," she said, "you old girls look terrible this morning." The women chuckled appreciatively. Ruth smiled. "Really," she said, "you look fine." Then her gaze came to rest on one middle-aged woman. "But not you," Ruth said sternly. "Your hair is awful. I have a mop at home that looks better." The object of this criticism beamed.

Ruth went to the woman, borrowed her comb and rearranged the offending coiffure. The woman giggled happily throughout the operation, obviously pleased with the attention she was receiving.

"There," Ruth said when she was finished, "doesn't that look better?" The audience clapped loudly.

Another woman performer on WLW-T who was watching the broadcast from the control room shuddered visibly. "How does she get away with it?" she said with wonder in her voice. "I'd no more try a stunt like that than look for a gas leak with a match."

Ruth went back to her set, which resembles her own paneled living room, and sat down on a rocker love seat. The singer, Ruby Wright, and Willie Thall took chairs on opposite sides of her. Willie put an Ivy League cap on his head and asked Ruth's opinion of his new headgear. The audience roared with laughter. Ruth said that she didn't like the cap, but added that her husband, Herman, seemed determined to buy one. "Herman has terrible taste in clothes," she told the audience. "How about your husbands?" The women called back that they were similarly afflicted.

Suddenly Ruth's mood changed completely. "I was feeling fine when I got up this morning," she announced somberly, "but now I feel terrible." She then recounted a story of Russian troops firing upon Hungarian women who wanted to place wreaths upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier. "What kind of a world are we living in when that can happen after so many years of so-called civilization?" she said. The audience made clucking noises of dismay.

Ruth glowered at them. "But you and I have no right to be smug," she said angrily. "On the same newscast I heard about a minister being beaten up by a mob in Tennessee because he was taking six Negro children to a newly integrated high school." She then launched into a lengthy and bitter denunciation of segregation and race prejudice.

"Here's where Dunville gets another ulcer," someone in the control room said softly.

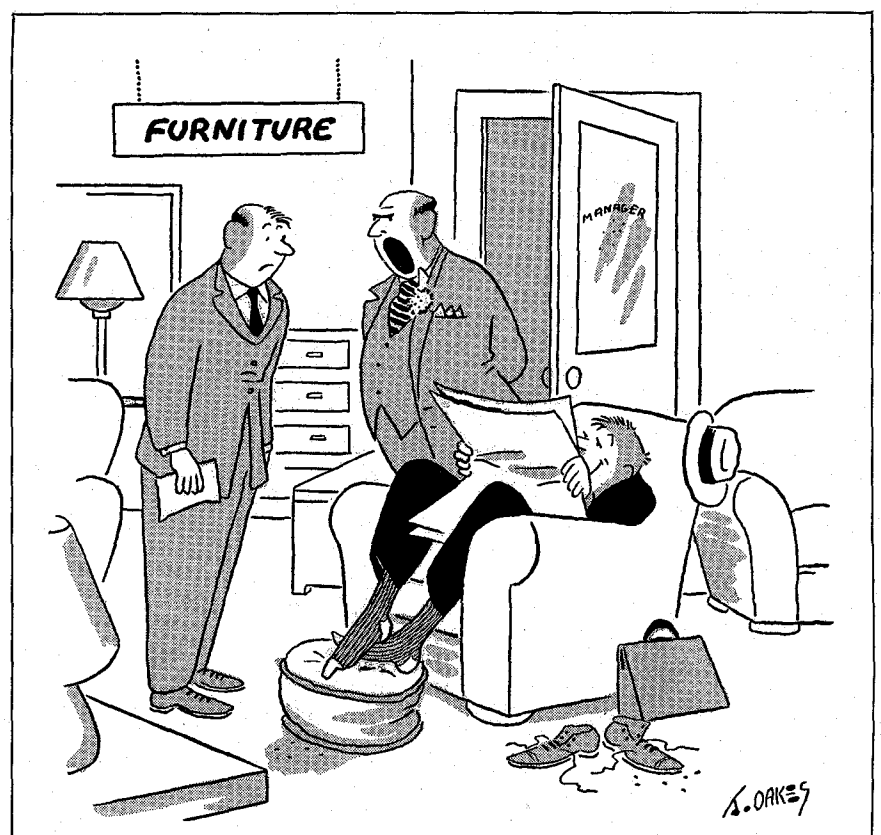
Like most studio executives, the president of the Crosley Broadcasting Company, Robert Dunville, responds with tightened stomach muscles and cold perspiration whenever such highly volatile material goes through his microphones, but he has long since learned that ordering Ruth to avoid controversial subjects is approximately as effective as commanding the Ohio River to flow toward Pittsburgh.

Ruth dropped the subject of race relations as abruptly as she had taken it up. "I wanted to blow my stack, and I did it," she said. "Now I feel better." The remainder of the program was mostly small talk between Ruth, Willie, Ruby Wright and Cliff Lash, with participation by the audience encouraged. Ruth's voice is somewhat sharp and as unmistakably Midwestern as the Chicago Tribune, and she manages to sound exactly like a garrulous neighbor who never, for a moment, doubts that her listener is fascinated with whatever is being said. Unlike the average neighbor, however, Ruth has extreme sensitivity to her audience, and the moment the response begins to flag, she changes subject, mood and pace.

The general conversation was interrupted at various times for Ruby Wright to sing a song, the audience to wave at the camera, two telephone calls to home viewers who were awarded prizes for their ability to name the soap and peanut butter advertised on the program, a parade of the children, each carrying a sponsor's product to within a few feet of the camera, and, of course, the commercials. It came to an end with Ruth at the organ doing a number with the band.

Because of the Fifty-Fifty Club's large audience, touring show people often appear on the program to promote their various enterprises. Ruth is never unduly impressed by the fame of her visitors, invariably contributing her full share to the proceedings. Some of the celebrities are somewhat startled and annoyed to find themselves sharing or even competing for the spotlight, but most of them adjust rapidly and apparently enjoy themselves. Eva Gabor, for example, has been on the show several times, and she and Ruth chatter away like sorority sisters at a class reunion.

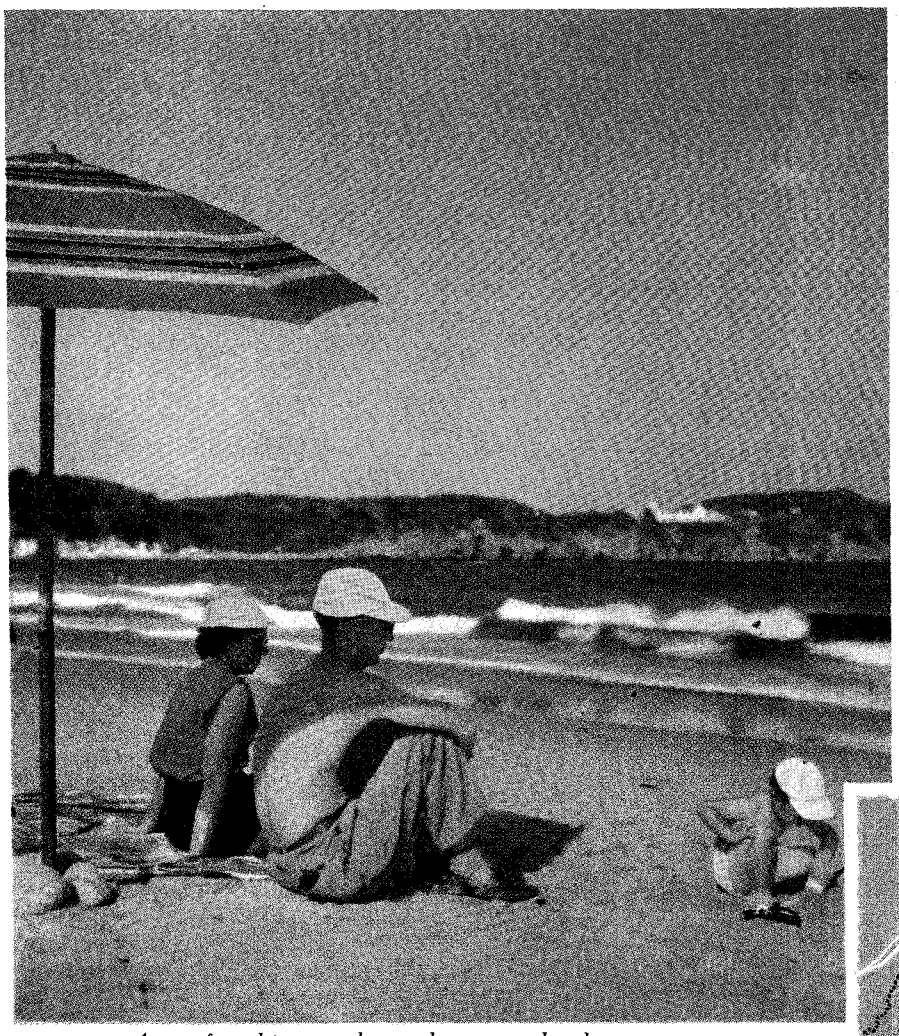
Steve Allen was another guest who found Ruth's methods to his liking. When Allen came to Cincinnati, he was adhering to a close schedule and his manager told Ruth that he would remain on the program for exactly four minutes. Somehow the talk between hostess and guest drifted to (*Continued on Page 117*)



"How long does it take him to decide?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

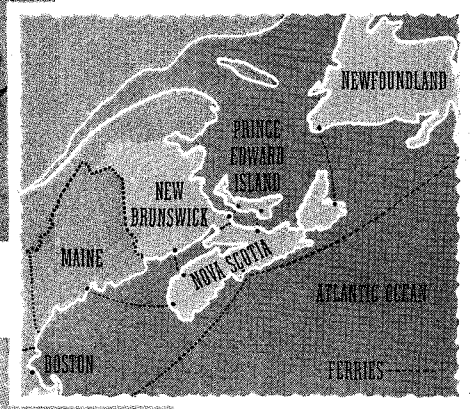


Acres of sand to yourselves on long sunny beaches.

Different vacation variety

in one easy-to-get-to area...

CANADA'S ATLANTIC PROVINCES



Foreign, yet friendly! Historical, yet up-to-date in accommodation! Rich in activities, yet easy on your budget! Peaceful and unspoiled, yet you'll view the scenic beauty from modern highways! And there's a lot to *do* in Canada's Atlantic Provinces — golfing, sailing, riding, swimming, fishing, hunting, collecting a camera record of this year's *different* vacation. Come by car, train, bus, plane or ship. No passports needed.

Lovely spots to linger in close to every highway.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

TO SEE...Rural beauty unsurpassed anywhere on the continent...The popular sport of harness horse racing...Actual home featured in the best-seller "Anne of Green Gables".

TO DO...Fish for brook and sea trout only a few steps from the highway...Enjoy some of the best salt water bathing north of Florida... Capture camera-gems in colour.

NEW BRUNSWICK

TO SEE...The longest covered bridge in the world...Beautiful Fundy National Park with its French chalet cottages, trailer and camping sites...Reversing Falls where water runs uphill.

TO DO...Shop for distinctive handwoven woollens, vases from the potter's wheel...Visit history-rich Fort Beausejour...Fish for the salmon that made this province famous.

NOVA SCOTIA

TO SEE...The Canso Causeway and picturesque Isle Madame...Halifax Citadel, Canada's most visited museum...The rebuilt historic sites of some of North America's first settlements... The highland hills of Cape Breton.

TO DO...Visit the Annapolis Blossom Festival and Gaelic Mod...Fish for swordfish and giant tuna...Enjoy lawn-bowling, shuffleboard, salt-water sports...Go clam-hunting.

NEWFOUNDLAND

TO SEE...Places with fascinating names like Come By Chance, Blow-Me-Down, and Heart's Desire...Portuguese fishing fleets.

TO DO...Fish for giant cod...Shop for seal skin and ivory handicrafts...Hunt moose, caribou.

FREE INFORMATION SERVICE
to help you get the most out of your different vacation this year

MAIL THIS COUPON
for your
"ATLANTIC PROVINCES PACKAGE"
Fully informative! Fully illustrated!

1-03-01
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA CANADA

Please send me — immediately — your free
ATLANTIC PROVINCES PACKAGE

Please Print
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

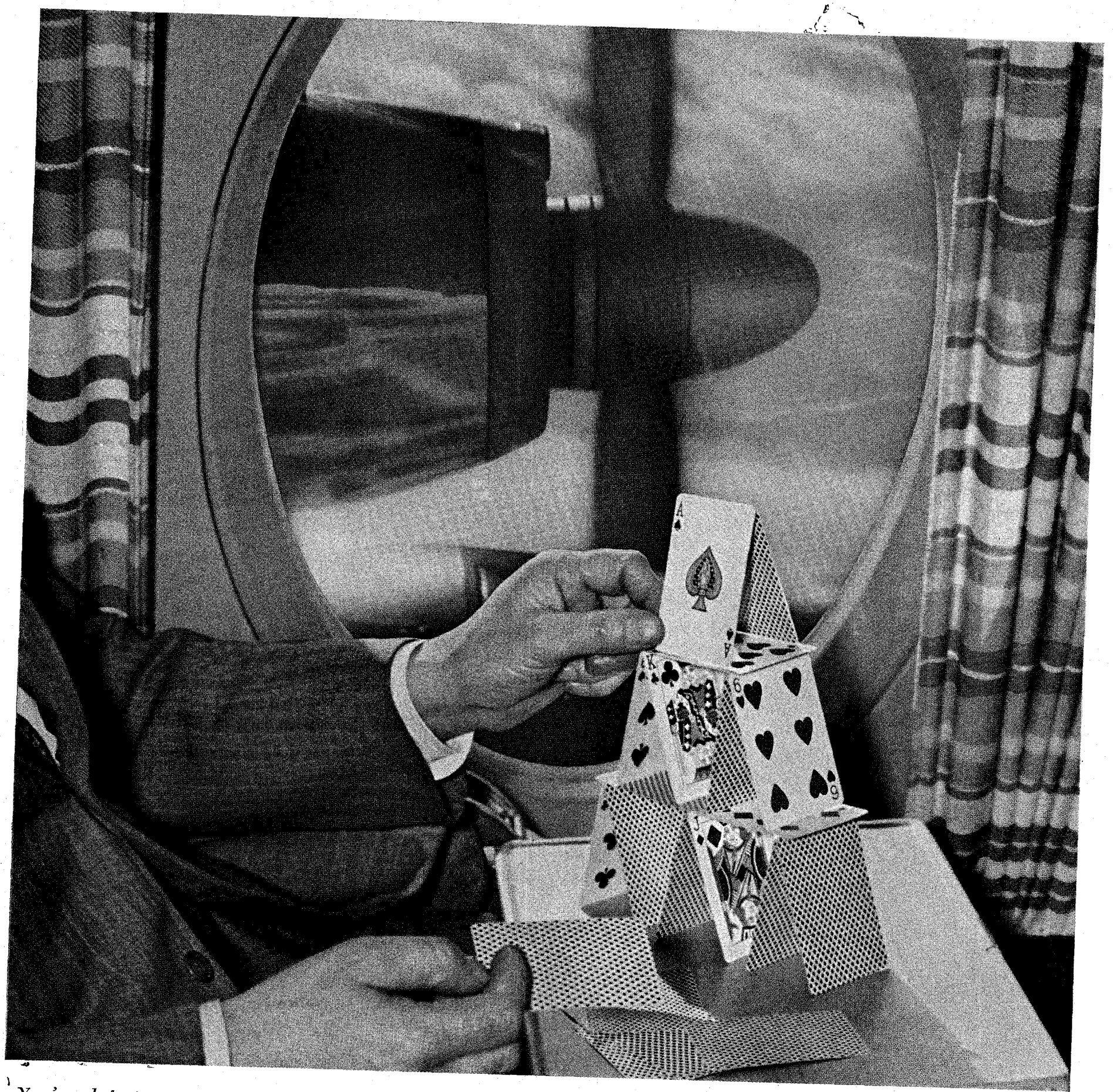
*Town*_____ *State*_____

Stick this coupon on any postcard, or mail it in an envelope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Smoother, quieter flight



*You're aloft, in a Viscount, but you'd scarcely know it. So free from vibration, you can balance a house of cards . . . and noise seems left behind. Such comfort and speed is made possible by new, jet-prop engines —engines that operate exclusively with a special synthetic lubricant developed by Esso Research. In these and hundreds of ways—***ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil!*

Esso

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 114*) music, and Allen suggested that he and Ruth try a number with the band. With Ruth at the organ and Allen at the piano, a jam session started which lasted thirty minutes. Allen's manager, according to one report, was sobbing quietly in a corner when the concert ended.

Victor Borge also made music with Ruth when he came to Cincinnati. The pair started out playing a duet on the piano, but after a brief period, Borge found the bench inadequate for the two of them, so he climbed under the piano and reached up to the keyboard.

However, not all of the guest appearances are equally blithe. When Gloria Swanson was on the program, Ruth, who carries on a running joke about her own advanced age, greeted the actress with "Well, at last I have somebody on this show who's older than I am." Miss Swanson smiled thinly.

A few moments later the two women were discussing one of the motion pictures Miss Swanson had made during the silent era. "Why, I remember that," Ruth said. "I must have been in kindergarten at the time."

"Teaching, no doubt," murmured Miss Swanson.

"It took us three days to get the frost off the walls when that show ended," one of Ruth's staff says reminiscently.

Several years ago, NBC, impressed with the popularity of this entertainment potpourri in Ohio and bordering states, decided to put the program on a network basis. The show appeared before a national audience for fifty-two weeks, but the program was something less than an unqualified triumph. Men in the broadcasting business have dozens of complex theories as to why the program didn't duplicate its Midwestern success, but the most logical hypothesis came from one of Ruth's fans. "Her roots are too completely in this part of the country," the woman said. "When she's on the air, she talks about her home in Cincinnati, local conditions, local weather, local ideas. If you lived in, say Dallas, it would be like receiving an Ohio newspaper—interesting, perhaps, for a short time, but not something you'd want delivered every day."

Ruth, however, has had a number of subsequent offers to return to the networks, usually with the proviso that she will come to New York. She has consistently refused. "I can make as much money here, and there are fewer headaches," she says. "I'm primarily a businesswoman, not a girl trying to get her name in lights."

Undoubtedly, another reason is the deep satisfaction she receives from her home life in Cincinnati. Ruth, her husband, Herman Newman, and their twelve-year-old daughter, Candy—a corruption of Candace—together with an aged cat and five dogs, live in a large, handsomely remodeled 140-year-old house in one of the city's northern suburbs. Newman, a well-constructed, good-looking man of about Ruth's age, is a member of the English-department faculty of the College of Engineering of the University of Cincinnati. A man with a wry, irreverent sense of humor and a deep interest in abstract ideas, he provides an excellent balance wheel for his wife's tumultuous life.

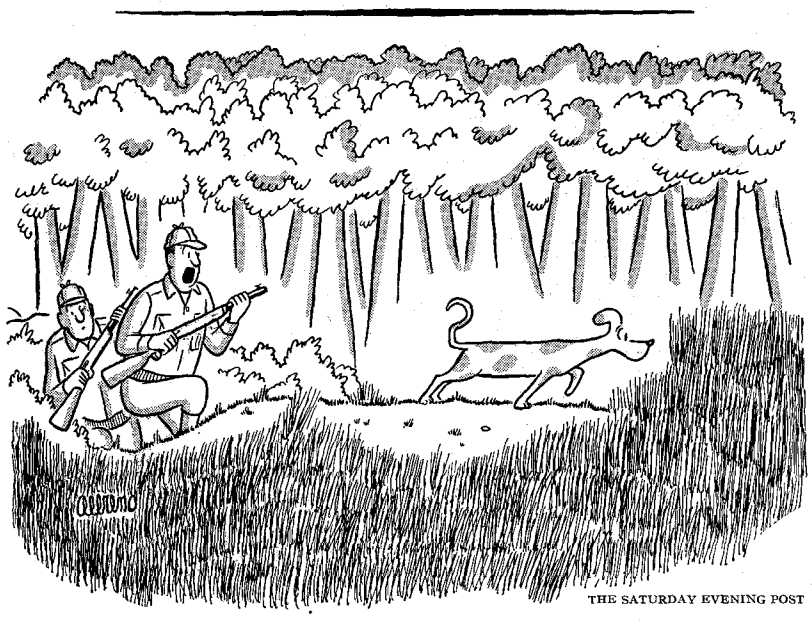
The Newmans give considerable thought to the problems of providing a normal childhood for their daughter, and Ruth duplicates, as far as possible, the pattern of a suburban housewife. She takes part in a car pool which transports Candy and neighboring children to school, is active in the P. T. A., does a modest amount of the cooking and housework, and frequently joins Candy in evening struggles with spelling and arithmetic.

From time to time, however, the Newmans' idyllic home life is badly shattered by the influences of Ruth's professional career. On her October thirty-first show last year, for example, she happened to mention that as soon as the program was over, she was going out to buy some candy for any of the neighbors' children who might be out celebrating Halloween. Although the Newmans have an unlisted telephone, the location of their home is widely known, and apparently an astonishingly large number of her fans are almost pathologically curious to see the interior of the house. Hordes of children in costume, nearly all of them accompanied by adults, began to descend upon the Newman domicile before the sun had set. Soon the Newmans had to establish a kind of belt line, visitors being admitted through the kitchen door, supplied with candy and ushered out the front door.

By eight o'clock, the long driveway to the house was completely clogged with cars, and long lines of automobiles awaiting admittance were paralyzing traffic on the street. The police department, baffled at first by the reason for the tie-up, finally determined the cause and then sent two carloads of officers to seal off the entrance to the driveway and keep all other would-be visitors moving past the house.

Ruth was startled, but not alarmed by this demonstration. "A few of the old girls came out to see me last night," she reported next day on the Fifty-Fifty Club.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

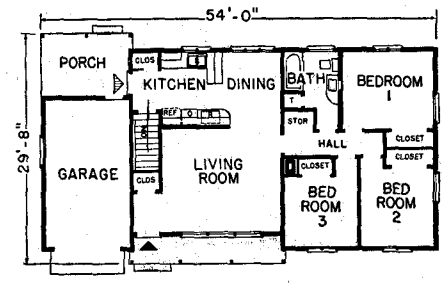
"He's spotted something, but he's not sure what."

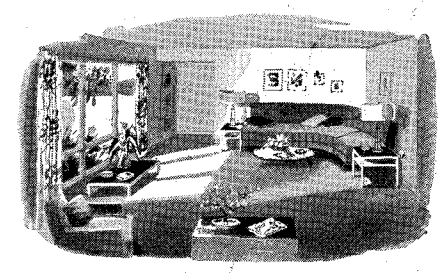
DESIGN NO. 5161

Weyerhaeuser offers a broad selection of

Ideal Home Designs

Here is the newest addition to the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Home Building Service

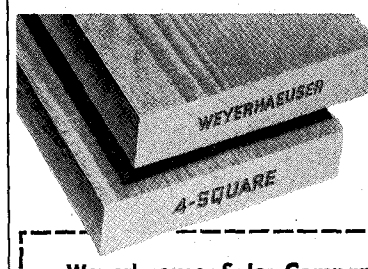




With the accent on bright shutters and the veranda-type entrance porch, this friendly home is another example of the scores of expertly designed plans in the 4-Square Home Building Service.

Open planning adds spaciousness to the living-dining area. The efficiently arranged corridor-type kitchen is set off from the dining room by a peninsula service counter with overhanging cupboards. Three bedrooms with sizable wardrobe closets, a large bath with vanity and towel cabinet, and generous storage space are some of the values in this economical 1,051 square feet of floor space. Added features are the attached garage and sheltered porch.

The above home is just one of more than a hundred professionally planned and carefully engineered designs in the Service available at the office of your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer. See him for helpful literature to guide you in your planning, or mail the coupon today.



WEYERHAEUSER

4-SQUARE

LUMBER AND BUILDING SERVICES

OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

Weyerhaeuser Sales Company
P.O. Box 5000, Dept. 347, St. Paul 4, Minnesota
Please send me home improvement planning literature listed below. I enclose 25¢.

- Brochure describing home above and 5 other new designs
- Floor Plan and Furniture Placement Guide for Design No. 5161 above
- A money saving booklet: "Professional Pointers For Home Planners"
- A booklet illustrating and describing outstanding homes from the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Building Service.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The N·A·P·A "Parade reliable automotive

● Good repair shops prefer to use the *best* in parts, in materials and tools. They know *they* can rely—as *you* can rely—on nationally-advertised brands.

They know, too, that if you are to get your car back as quickly as you want, they cannot spend unnecessary time in shopping from place to place for the parts it may require.

They need that time to work on your car.

That's why more and more repairmen are using parts and supplies that bear the N·A·P·A Seal—the finest and most comprehensive group of nationally advertised brands available anywhere from one source of supply. The independent N·A·P·A Jobber in your community supplies these parts of genuine quality for cars, trucks and tractors of all makes and all ages. All products bearing the N·A·P·A Seal are made by leading independent manufacturers—each a specialist in his own field.

The fast service you and your repairman want is constantly available from the N·A·P·A Jobber. He is part of the nation's largest independent automotive parts organization, with 45 Warehouses supplying more than 2700 jobbers throughout the nation. When your repairman uses parts bearing the N·A·P·A Seal, you can be sure he's using the finest in quality, and getting your car back to you as fast as humanly possible.

Only Nationally Advertised Parts and Supplies of Genuine Quality Are Identified by This Seal

They are Backed by the Nation's Largest Independent Automotive Parts Organization

They Are Quickly Available to Your Repairman—for Cars, Trucks and Tractors of All Makes and Ages—from the Same Nearby and Time-Saving Source of Supply—the N·A·P·A Jobber

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these and many other nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

MARTIN
SENOUR
PAINTS

Automotive Finishes

Help to assure finest refinishing of you by asking for famous-quality Martin-Se products! America's widest range of c . . . factory-packaged or custom-mixed f makes. Everything required for the *com* job. Insist on Martin-Senour for all automotive and home painting needs.

MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVI
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

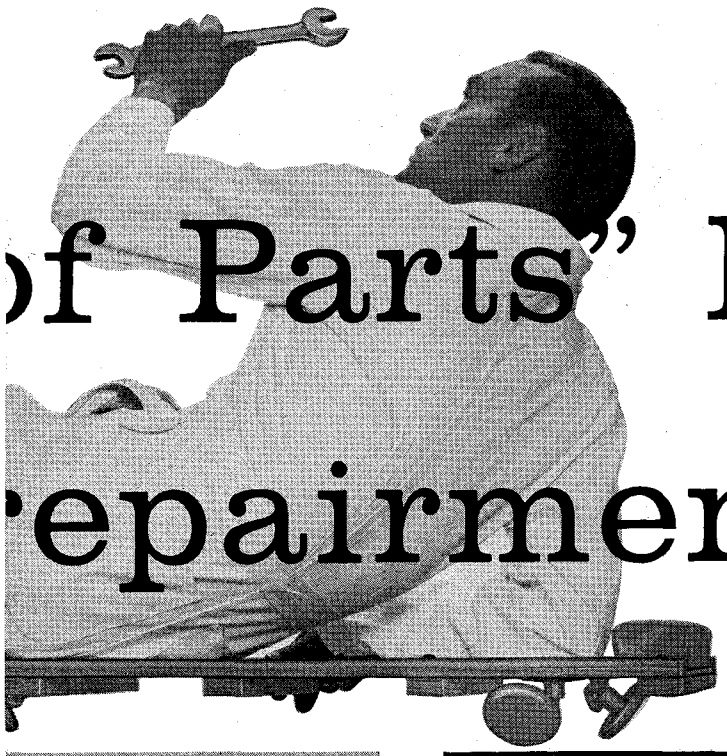
GET NEW CAR PERFORMANC

Have your serviceman check Ignition C tacts and Condenser every 5,000 miles . other Electrical System Parts every 10,(miles. For better performance and econor tell your serviceman to install ECHL Quality Parts.

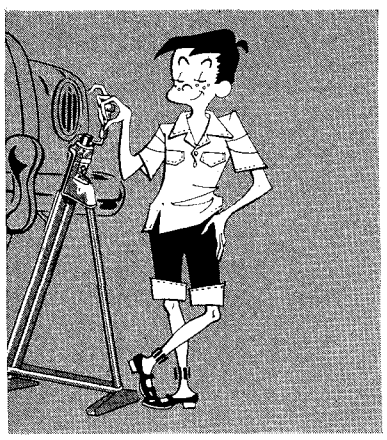
ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPA
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

NAPA "Parade o

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



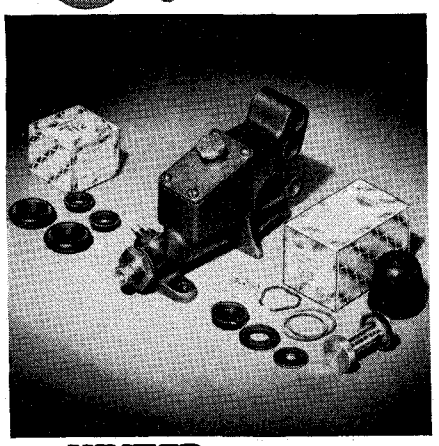
# of Parts" leads to repairmen everywhere



FLEET Bumper Jacks

an send a boy to do a man's job when hange tires with a FLEET bipod bumper There are no parts to assemble or get . . just set it up and go to work. When through, fold it up, neat as an umbrella.

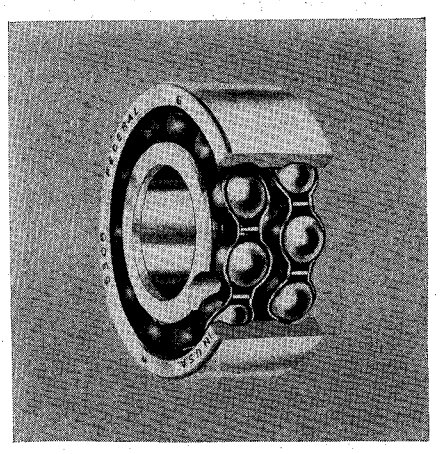
EWATER AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN



UNITED for Safety

UNITED Hydraulic Brake Parts are replacement engineered for not one car, but all cars. Millions are in use rendering dependable stopping service. Remember, you bet your life on your brakes. Specify UNITED brake parts, available from NAPA Jobbers everywhere.

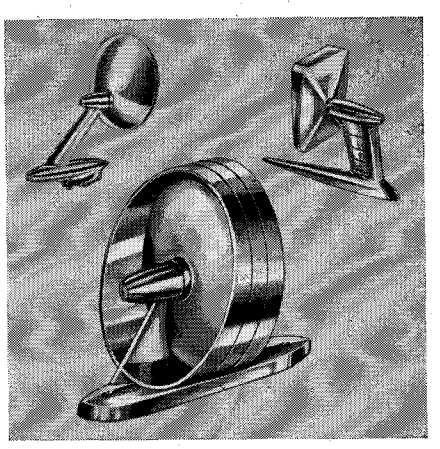
UNITED PARTS MFG. CO. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Federal Ball Bearings

The safety, efficiency and smooth performance of the car you drive depends on *reliable* ball bearings! That's why millions of cars, trucks and tractors are factory-equipped with Federal Ball Bearings—why so many service shops keep 'em running with Federals.

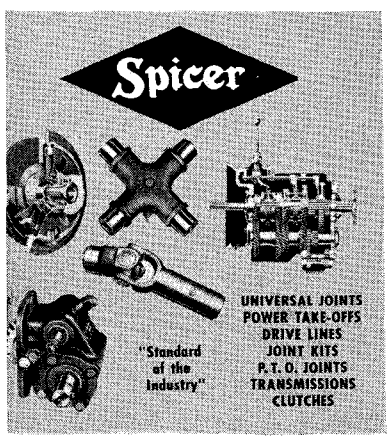
THE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



Visall Safety Products

Passenger car mirrors for tomorrows cars. Distinct modern concept of design to enhance their beauty. Quality material . . . skilled engineering . . . know-how manufacturing. Turn Signals, Clearance, Marker, Fog and Driving, Back-up, Utility, Emergency, Safety equipment for all vehicles.

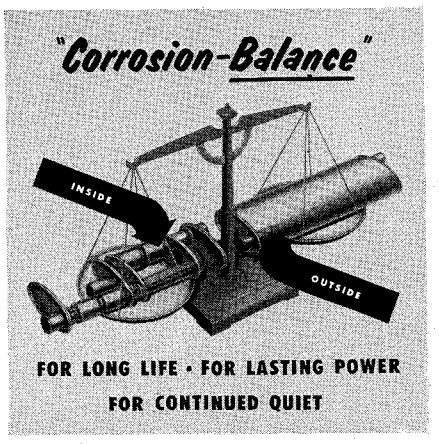
VEHICLE PRODUCTS CO. • CINCINNATI, OHIO



Dana Products

as practically all vehicle makers depend DANA-made Products, you can depend Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Universal t Kits; Spicer Transmissions; Spicer er Take-Offs and Joints, and Monmouth ch Plates.

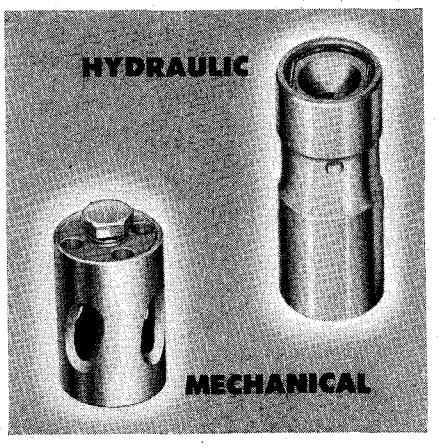
A CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



Soundmaster Mufflers

Last longer—do their job better—because their high performance is prolonged by "Corrosion-*Balance*." Proper use of Corrosion-Resistant Materials—Temperature Control—and "Zonal Drainage," assure long life, and powerful quiet on single or dual exhaust systems.

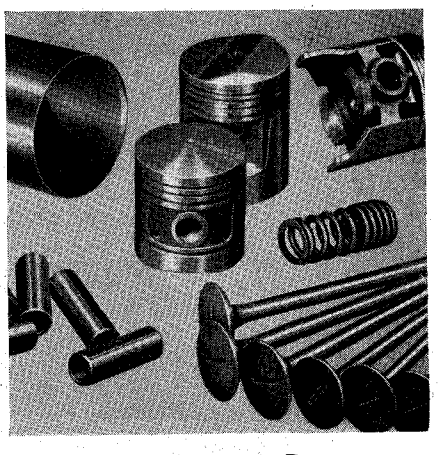
De KOVEN MANUFACTURING CO. • RACINE, WIS.



Balkamp Valve Tappets

The most complete line of mechanical and hydraulic valve tappets in the industry. All built to the finest original equipment standards of materials, design and dimension. Also, for Ford engines, the time-saving *adjustable* tappet, designed and produced by one of the leading original equipment makers.

BALKAMP, INC. • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Allied Motor Parts

When your motor needs new parts—pistons, pins, valves, valve springs, or water pump, you can depend on *Allied!* Every Allied product is made by a specialist in its own field, with engineering resources, manufacturing facilities and production capacity unsurpassed in this industry.

ALLIED MOTOR PARTS • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

arts" — the greatest in the industry!

TURN THE PAGE ➡

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

N·A·P·A "Parade

Famous Hand Tools

The professional Tools Mechanics choose for Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial repairs and services.

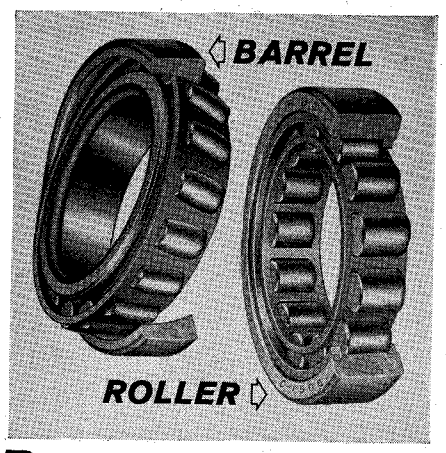
• • •

THE NEW BRITAIN MACHINE COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Easy to Apply, Quick Drying!

Just press the button and paint! Famous Martin-Senour quality paints spray on quickly, easily . . . leave a beautiful, hard, high-gloss finish. For both automotive and home refinishing jobs. Widest range of today's most popular harmonizing colors. Come in king-size 16-oz. spray cans. See nearest dealer.

MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



RARITAN Roller Bearings

Raritan Barrel Bearings—*flexible and self-aligning*—withstand the overloads imposed by shaft deflection and misalignment at today's higher power and speeds. When a barrel-bearing needs replacement, replace with a *Raritan*—metallurgically superior and dimensionally correct.

RARITAN BEARING CORPORATION
WEST TRENTON, N. J.

Repack Front Wheels Y

For safe, smooth driving, have you front wheels repacked with fresh grea ularly. Be sure old, unsafe grease se replaced with new Standard Seals. Sea grease in, dirt and water out; lengthe ing and brake life. Perfect fit—same a car's original seals.

STANDARD SEAL CO. • COLDWATER, MI

Always use a new valve with a new tubeless tire.

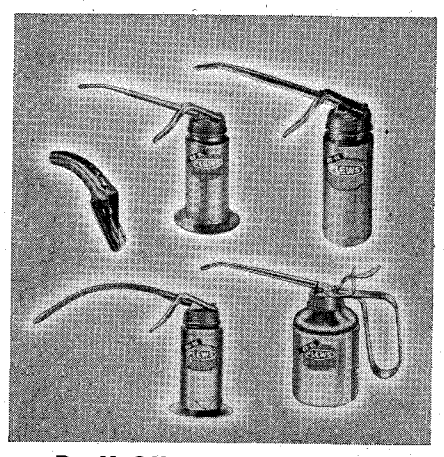
When you buy a new tubeless tire the only way to get all the driving protection and performance built into it is to insist that it be installed with a *NEW* BRIDGEPORT TUBELESS VALVE. Bridgeport valves are world-famous for safety and dependability.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT

Briggs "Hydro-Muscle"® Ride Control

It really takes "muscle" to keep your car riding like new! New Briggs Shock Absorbers provide that muscle—for the life of your car. Restore stability, eliminate bucking and side-sway, reduce tire wear. If shocks are "flabby," ask for Briggs "Hydro-Muscles!"

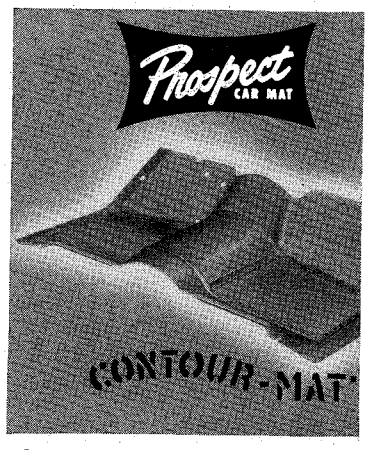
THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO



B★K Oilers and Spouts

These pistol-type oilers cover all service requirements. Leakproof; seamless; deep-drawn bottoms; welded steel spouts. Available individually or in sets with wall bracket. *Can spouts*, sharp and long-wearing, from small sizes, to largest with flexible tubing for automatic transmissions.

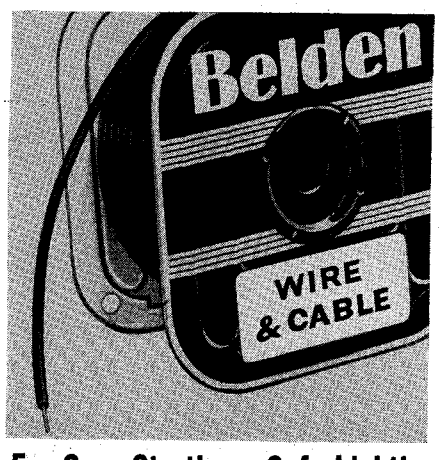
B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS. • INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Now in Harmonizing Col

Prospect *Contoured* Floor Mats *fit, wear longer!* The exact shape of the c is *built in*, of the same materials supp car makers. Holes for pedals, etc., a punched for old cars and new. In blue or gray for late model cars.

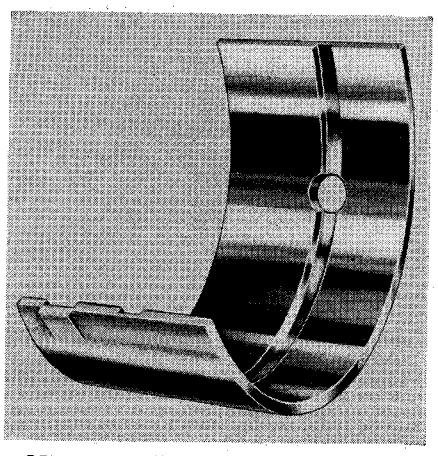
PROSPECT RUBBER COMPANY • CLEVEL



For Sure Starting – Safe Lighting

Don't Stall! Don't Waste Gas! Don't Drive Blind! Have your service man check your wiring. Most dependable service stations have complete stocks of Belden cables—the line engineered for modern service. Watch for the name—BELDEN.

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Monmouth Engine Bearings

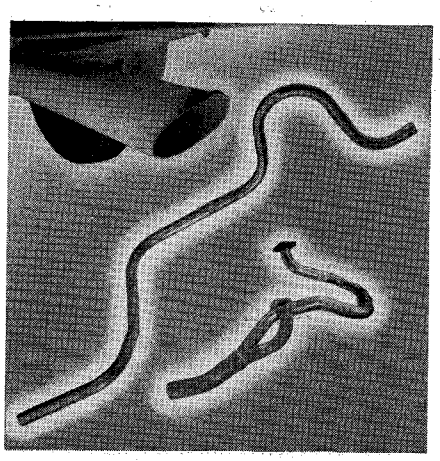
MICRO AND CLEVITE 77

Designed Right—by the engineers who design most original equipment.

Made Right—by the world's largest bearing manufacturer.

Sold Right—N • A • P • A service.

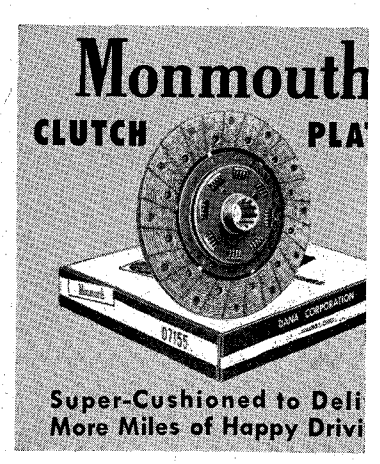
CLEVITE SERVICE DIV. • CLEVELAND, OHIO



Soundmaster Exhaust & Tail Pipes

For safety's sake, have your entire exhaust system checked—including exhaust and tail pipes. Leaks, rust, fractures, and loose connections *anywhere* in the system can expose you and your loved ones to the dangers of deadly "C. O." Replace worn units with *Soundmaster*—built to fit.

DeKOVEN MANUFACTURING CO. • RACINE, WIS.



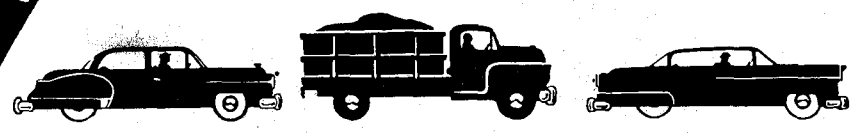
Monmouth Clutch Plate

Monmouth Clutch Plates have lon famous in the automotive industry fo patented super-cushion action . . . the cision manufacture . . . and their ex performance record. They are typical i ity and engineered performance of th plete line of DANA products.

DANA CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# of Parts"



nationally advertised brands for CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS • ALL MAKES • ALL AGES!

Puritan Brake Fluid

d braking action depends largely on the e fluid you use. Has yours been checked ntly? Make sure your next refill is made the *best*—safe, dependable Puritan Super rake Fluid—with a 400° F. boiling point! ts and exceeds SAE Specification 70R1.

I MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

America's Safety Brake Lining

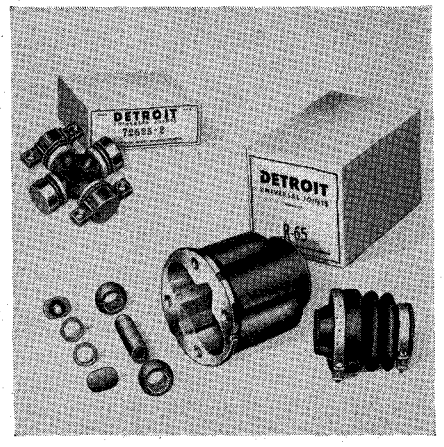
Dozens of times every day, you bet your life on the quality of the brake lining in your car. When it's American Brakeblok lining you can depend on its built-in safety. Next time your brakes need relining ask the repairman to use American Brakeblok, riveted or bonded.

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIV. • DETROIT 9, MICH.

DITTMER Transmission Gears

Since 1919 Dittmer Transmission Gears have kept automobiles and trucks operating all over the world. DITTMER products are recognized everywhere as top quality. They are truly "Second to None" in mathematical accuracy and metallurgical treatment.

DITTMER GEAR & MFG. CORP. • LOCKPORT, N.Y.



Detroit Universal Joints and Propeller Shafts

Transmit the torque from today's super powered engines quietly and smoothly.

When repairs are needed be sure you get genuine DETROIT Service Parts.

DETROIT UNIVERSAL DIV. • DEARBORN, MICH.

For All Cooling Systems

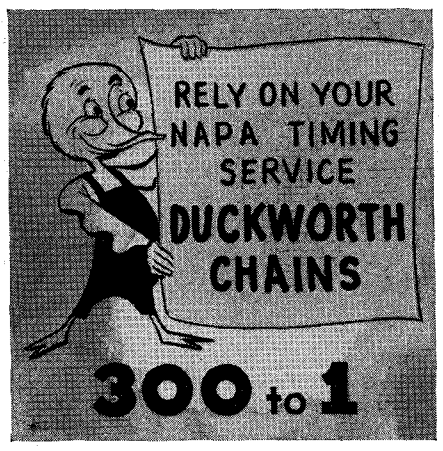
ldely used as original equipment, Thomson ermostats bring to *all cooling systems* the antages of the tight-sealing, trouble-free pet valve. For efficient, economical motor formance in summer—for quick heat in ter—ask for a *Thomson* Thermostat.

ANDARD-THOMSON CORPORATION
VANDALIA, OHIO

Wiper Blades

Off goes the rain! Off goes the grimy film! No more blur, no more smear when you snap these new TRICO hollow-cut Wiper Blades on your windshield—Rainbow for curved, Triple-Action for flat. They *flex* and *hug the glass* for the cleanest wipe ever. They'll fit *your* car . . . regardless of make or model.

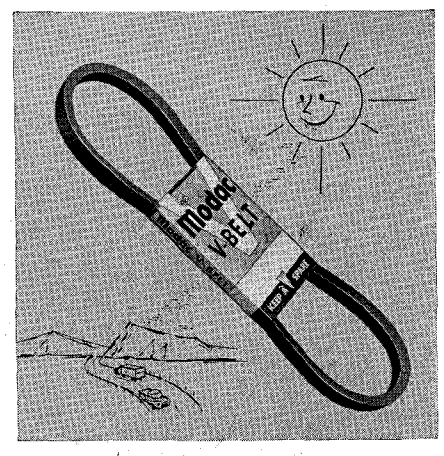
TRICO PRODUCTS CORP. • BUFFALO 3, N. Y.



Duckworth Timing Chains

Chances are 300-to-1 your sluggish motor has a worn timing chain and sprockets. Why? This unit controls up to 300 moving parts. Rely on NAPA Timing Service for top engine performance and economy.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY
307 PLAINFIELD ST. • SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

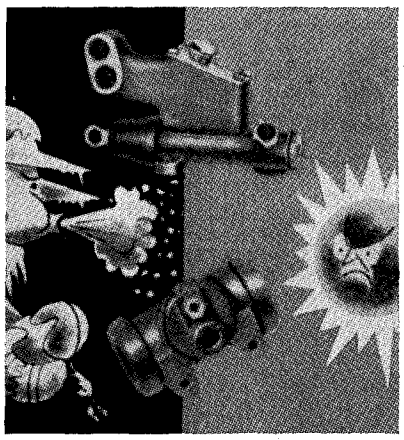


MODAC Fan Belts

The FINEST . . . For CAREFREE DRIVING

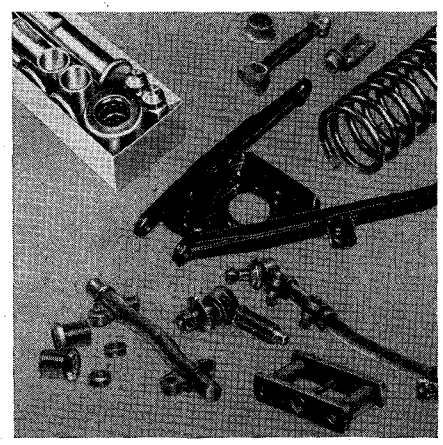
Keep your car purring at its peak with MODAC fan belts—engineered for miles of safe, serene driving. Check your fan belt now. Signs of wear could mean failure and costly time-consuming trouble ahead. *Change to* MODAC . . . the finest fan belt made.

HAYWOOD INDUSTRIES • WAYNESVILLE, N. C.



NITED UNITED brake parts CAN take it! All parts that make up UNITED cylinder repair kits d/or master and wheel cylinder assemblies periodically operated, alternately, in cold ambers and high temperature ovens in acd with S.A.E. & A.S.T.M. specifications.

ITED PARTS MFG. CO. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Allied-Monmouth Chassis Parts

Tire wear, riding ease, and safe steering depend on "chassis parts." You and your family are safe with Allied-Monmouth Wheel Suspension and Steering Parts, Coil Springs, King Bolt Sets and Shackles—all engineered and built to original equipment standards.

ALLIED MOTOR PARTS CO. • DETROIT, MICH.

Other N·A·P·A Lines

CELORON® Timing Gears
Continental Fibre Division, Cleveland, Ohio

CLEVELAND Universal Joints
Cleveland Steel Products Corporation, Cleveland, O.

HAARTZ-MASON Friction Tape
Haartz-Mason, Inc., Watertown, Massachusetts

K. O. LEE Valve Seat Inserts
K. O. Lee Company, Aberdeen, South Dakota

MICROTEST Automatic Transmission Parts and Kits for All Cars
MicroTest Gear Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

MICROTEST Axle Shafts
MicroTest Gear Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

MICROTEST Drive and Pinion Gears Flywheel Gears
Balkamp, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana

MODAC Auto Mats
Wooster Rubber Company, Wooster, Ohio

MODAC Service Hose and Splash Guards
B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio

ROCKFORD Fasteners, Screws, Bolts and Nuts
Rockford Screw Products Company, Rockford, Illinois

TALENT Power Tools
SKil Corporation, Chicago 30, Illinois

ZOLLNER Heavy-Duty Pistons
Zollner Machine Works, Fort Wayne, Indiana

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these — and many other — nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

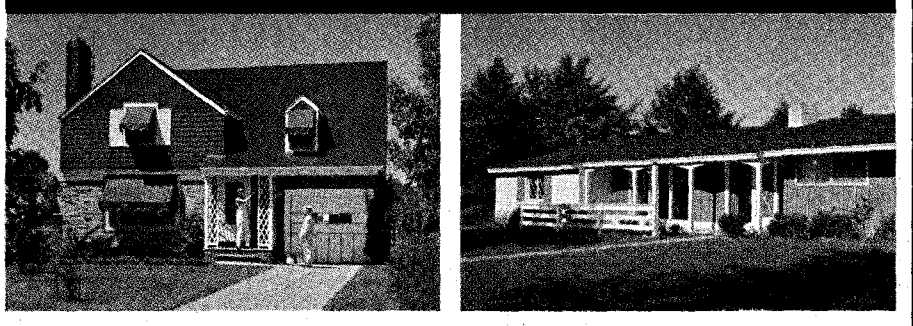
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

Sherwin-Williams House Paint...

stretches the years between painting

right paint for every type of surface



endorsed by leading painters

Sherwin-Williams House Paint, famous for its quality for over 89 years, is now better than ever! New developments by our research chemists and laboratory technicians have improved this wonderful paint to bring you the greatest value yet for your painting dollar.

You'll find the right SWP® House Paint specifically formulated for the exterior of your house . . . SWP GLOSS in 52 gorgeous colors for wood siding . . . and SWP VELVET FLAT in 39 beautiful, rich shades for shakes, shingles, stucco and all kinds of masonry.

FREE! The beautiful 44-page "Home Decorator" book for 1957, filled with facts about painting. At your dealer, or write The Sherwin-Williams Co., 1214 Midland Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT

Fugitive From Romance (Continued from Page 34)

No doubt his calls were monitored too. If she called him and got mixed up in his police troubles ——

He lay back on the bed and tried to think what to do. First he must write to his mother and reassure her about Anita Broderick. That was definitely over. Anita was the reason he had come to Europe in the first place, selling his car and ten shares of blue-chip stock left him by his grandmother, just to be near her and suffer. Anita and her mother were to be gone for three months, and he knew that such a separation would mean the end.

In New York, where Sam caught up with her, Anita was only impatient. She did not seriously believe he intended to follow her halfway around the world. In London she looked thoughtful, in Paris she lunched with him twice, and in Cologne she consented to sit down and talk things over. Nothing much came of that.

But in Vienna there was a full moon, and under it she kissed him passionately and murmured, "La, dear boy, of course, I adore you—here, that is! If only we did not ever, ever, ever have to return, *eh bien?*"

The Continental manner became her. Anita was sleek and slender, and she could afford European fashions. No great intellect, of course, but a man could dispense with a few things in favor of her endlessly stimulating feminine witchery.

Then in Rome he caught her kissing an American radio correspondent on the Sant' Angelo Bridge. "La, dear lad, how could one not adore you?" she cried. "If only we did not have to face the dullness that is America again—*eh bien?*"

There are several ways to recognize a fool. One of the best is to behold him standing in the same moonlight, holding the same girl in his arms and listening to the same old guff. Actually, that way you see two fools.

One week later Sam was careering down the interior roads of Spain on Baby, wearing a beret and the start of a coarse brown beard. For a month he slept in pastures and humble wayside hostels. He lived on bread, cheese and wine, and avoided cities and people. Several times he was almost distracted by pretty girls with black, flashing eyes and dimpled smiles, but he fled with ascetic indignation, true to himself, if not to Anita. There was a deep, throbbing ache in him and he had to get it out of his system.

His beard had grown enormously by the time he felt able to face cosmopolitan Madrid. So had his appetite. He was in a restaurant, struggling to order a two-pound steak and getting absolutely nowhere, when this capable-looking little blond girl came up to his table.

"You're an American, aren't you?" she said. "Let me handle it. How about onion—do you want that too?"

Swiftly, competently she translated his order into Spanish. Sam admired her tremendously.

There was nothing Continental about Dot Lloyd. She was a small, healthy-looking girl who, it turned out, came from a farm two miles east of Dunbar, Nebraska. She had a full, womanly little figure, wonderful legs, wavy yellow hair, brown eyes and practically no tact. She sat down and watched him bring his month of fasting to a terrible end.

"You look like a jerk in that outfit," she said. "What are you trying to do, start your own monastery?"

"I've been on the bum," said Sam. "My girl ditched me."

"I don't blame her," said Dot. "I wouldn't be seen dead with you in that outfit myself."

"I wasn't wearing this outfit when she ditched me."

She studied him a moment. "Say, would you do me a favor?"

"Sure," Sam said, with his mouth full. "What?"

"Shave off those whiskers and discard that beret and take me out somewhere. A girl can't go alone after dark in Madrid, and —— Would you mind awfully being my escort? I've got the money, if you——"

"Gee, thanks, kid!" said Sam.

He meant to be sarcastic, but suddenly it was like being back in the human race after a long, gloomy leave of absence. Dot had a merry, plain-spoken sort of friendliness as honest as a new dime.

Dot was a stenographer for the American Air Force, and had been here two years. They went out together three times before Sam discovered that the police were trailing him. An Air Force employee simply could not afford to associate with a police suspect. He was pretty sure they had not seen him with her. For her sake, he had asked her not to call. Now she was threatening to do it. He had to get in touch with her first. He showered and changed clothes quickly.

He rather looked forward to matching wits with No. 2. Sometimes he could shake the detective, sometimes he couldn't. Except for the chance of compromising Dot, it could have been fun, with just enough real risk to make it interesting. And there was no better way to learn a strange city than by playing hide-and-seek with detectives. Thanks to No. 2, Sam knew Madrid pretty well by now.

He went down to the lobby. He recognized the detective instantly. No. 2 lounged near the (*Continued on Page 124*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Sea and the Secret

By EVA BYRON

Beautiful in the endless
black of night,
The slow waves fall in foam
along the shore,
Edging the shadows with a
rim of white,
Filling the silence with a
rhythmic roar.
Above in utter darkness
skies unfurl,
Beyond in total blackness
water flows—
The great tides rise and
ebb, the planets whirl,
Wherefore and why, not
one among us knows.
All of our knowledge is but
foam and sound,
A narrow edge upon the
unknown dark,
Where man through time
has sought, but has not
found
The source of reason,
ultimate and stark.
Yet here the secret waits
beyond black air—
Put out your hand and
take it, if you dare.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A boy, his dad and a boat . . . maybe he'll never tell you . . . but in the eyes of that boy of yours you're just about the greatest man who ever lived. And whether it's a trip the two of you take together . . . or something more important, like his college education . . . it's wonderful to have the money when you want it.

But where you save your money makes a difference. That's why, these days, people are putting more savings account dollars in Insured Savings and Loan Associations than in any other type of savings institution. You'll find the management of your Insured Savings and Loan knows where to invest your dollars so they'll be safe and bring you excellent returns. And—don't forget—your savings are insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. So start now to save the safe, progressive way.

MEMBER
SAVINGS AND LOAN
FOUNDATION

Where you save does make a difference

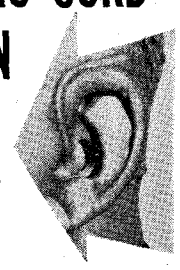
THIS MESSAGE IS SPONSORED BY THE INSURED SAVINGS AND LOAN, BUILDING AND LOAN, AND HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATIONS IN YOUR COMMUNITY WHICH DISPLAY THIS SIGN

©The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 E Street, N.W., Washington 4, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MIDGET HEARING AID HAS NO CORD OR BUTTON

so tiny it is worn on one ear



An amazing new transistor hearing aid that has no cord or receiver button has just been developed by Tonemaster Manufacturing Company of Peoria, Illinois. You can now have natural-like hearing with only a very tiny, inconspicuous unit behind one ear. Feather-light with full-range finger-tip volume adjustment, the revolutionary new Tonemaster can be slipped on or off the ear easier than a pair of glasses.

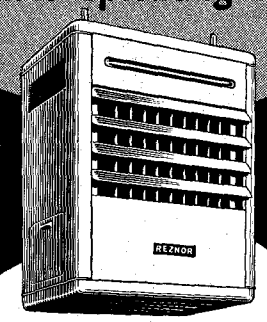
As all sound is received at ear level no static or clothing noise interferes with clear, natural hearing. Even in a swimming suit no wires or cords interfere or can be seen. Use the telephone in the normal position. Economical to operate, the new Tonemaster permits far more freedom with much clearer hearing. If you would like free descriptive literature for yourself or a friend write today to Tonemaster Manufacturing Company, Dept. 1000, 128 So. Monroe, Peoria, Illinois.

Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages

TONEMASTER MFG. CO., PEORIA, ILL.

REZNOR GAS UNIT HEATERS
Your best heating investment!

lower operating costs



Fuel cost is the total cost of operating Reznor gas unit heaters — and you pay only for the heat you need and use. There's no heat lost in transmission because heat is produced where heat is needed. There's no need for costly stand-by firing because heat is produced instantly when heat is needed.

These completely automatic packaged units are ideal as primary, supplemental or replacement heating for commercial and industrial buildings. Call or write for details.

Look for Reznor under "Heaters-Unit" in the Yellow Pages

REZNOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING GAS UNIT HEATERS

Reznor Mfg. Co., 60 Union St., Mercer, Pa.

CORNS

also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Invisible. Jars, 35¢, 60¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

removed by MOSCO

(*Continued from Page 122*) door, pretending to read a newspaper. It was Sam's best and closest view of the man, and it was not exactly encouraging.

No. 2 was not much more than twenty, and when he turned to look at Sam, swiveling smoothly at the hips without shifting his feet, his coat tightened across the loosely powerful shoulders of a born fighter. Over his paper his eyes were hard, clear, intelligent. No man to fool with, this operative, despite his mop of curls.

Adjoining the hotel was a big office building. Sam turned suddenly and slipped through the connecting door. Here in this lobby was a row of small, smart shops. He chose a modiste's, through the window of which he saw a girl trying to squeeze a tight new girdle over the hard, cold hips of an angular bisque mannequin.

The girl shrieked and covered the mannequin's bare bosom as Sam entered the shop. He put his finger to his lips and went on out the back door, with what he hoped was a calm, reassuring smile.

He found himself out in a narrow, crooked, crowded street that led to the Old Quarter. One thing about Madrid—anywhere you went, there were always taxicabs. There was an empty one here, parked in front of a hole-in-the-wall bar. On one of the bar stools sat the driver, an elderly man with enormous gray mustaches, ogling the buxom barmaid.

It was ridiculously easy. Sam watched through the rear window as the cab pushed through the crowd of foot traffic, shrill horn piping. He saw No. 2 come out of the modiste's shop and, as luck would have it, look the other way.

Then they were around the corner on a wide street. The driver bore down on the horn and stepped on the gas, not because Sam had told him to, but because all Madrid cabbies drive that way. Sam had escaped his eternal shadow.

But a smart man like No. 2 would quickly pick up his trail, so Sam changed cabs twice before getting out a block from another large international hotel. There he waited until the third cab was out of sight. Then he went into the hotel by a side door, heading straight for the phone booths. By now, Dot should be home from the office.

He had her on the line within ten minutes, something of a record for Madrid phones. An altogether irrational glow of pleasure went through him when he heard the concern in her voice. She was worried about him!

"Sam, I've been worried sick! Where have you been?"

"Oh, a guy I knew came into town, and I ——"

"Oh, don't give me that! If you've got a girl friend, why don't you say so? Have I ever acted as though I had any claim on you? You're either scared or rude—and you're not rude!"

"Dot, I can't tell you about it now. Please believe me! I promise to call oftener, but you mustn't call me, ever."

A pause. "You are in trouble, aren't you? Have you been to the embassy?"

"Dot, I'm begging you ——"

"Sam, I want to see you. I know my way around here better than you do, and maybe I can help. What are friends for, anyway? I knew this wasn't like you!"

Against his better judgment, he agreed to meet her. Not, however, at her apartment; he still had hopes of not involving her in his troubles. But within walking distance of her place was a tree-shaded café on a wide, busy street. It was patronized not merely by Spaniards and American tourists but by all the Mediterranean hodgepodge of peoples whose trails crossed in Madrid.

It was not an ideal place, but there was no such thing. "Give me twenty minutes to get there first," he said. "If I have my hat on, you go right on past without recognizing me. If I'm bareheaded, everything will be all right. Unless you promise, I won't be there at all."

"I promise," she said, "but now you really have got me worried!"

He went out by the side door of the hotel again and caught a cab to a busy cinema house. He lurked in the crowd there for a moment and then took another cab. He felt pretty sure he was still far ahead of No. 2.

The sidewalk café was busy, but not too busy. He took an empty table under a sheltering tree and studied the crowd carefully. He saw no one resembling a detective, and by now he felt himself an expert at recognizing them. He took off his hat and put it on a chair beside him.

He bought a beer and drank it slowly. It was almost nine o'clock, but the long Spanish twilight had bathed Madrid in a golden glow that was only now fading. Church bells rang in every section of the city.

Around him he heard the tongues of all the civilized world, a sociable chorus of contentment that derided all human friction. In this atmosphere, the very existence of his persistent police shadows seemed preposterous. The Spaniards had a phrase for this warm, sensual love of just living: *Con gusto.* He loved it here. He did not want to leave. Yet rather than get Dot in trouble ——

When she suddenly appeared, walking with circumspect slowness and examining the crowd furtively, he was struck by how pretty she looked—and how tiny and defenseless, in her softly belted green dress. Which was absurd, of course, because he knew no girl better able to take care of herself than little Dottie Lloyd.

He stood up. She came hurrying to him, and her little gloved hand came into his.

"For pity's sake, why the gloomy squint?" she whispered. "What's wrong?"

"Darned if I know," he said, "but somehow the police seem to have nominated me *Enemigo Publico Numero Uno.*"

"They ought to, for that accent alone," she said.

She smiled, but her eyes searched his face worriedly. They sat down. Sam ordered two more beers, and over them he told her, reluctantly and haltingly, about his two police attendants. He kept expecting her to burst into hilarious laughter, as though he had violated some trivial and perfectly obvious tourist regulation, but she did not.

The night, when it finally came, was sudden, black and quiet. The tree was between them and the street lights, but even in shadow he could see the puzzled concern on her face. She edged her chair closer to his.

"Snuggle up like lovers, so you can keep your face down without looking suspicious," she whispered. "It's all right to smooch in Spain. Now start at the beginning. Tell me everyone you've talked to since you came here."

"You," he said helplessly.

"Oh, be sensible!" She squeezed his arm. "Please."

"I mean it! I've ordered meals. I've asked directions very badly and bought a few liters of gas for Baby, mostly by sign language. I've cashed a few traveler's checks and sent my laundry out. That's the list."

"But you must have talked to someone!"

"I don't speak these people's language and they don't speak mine. That has been one of the wonderful things about Spain—how, with only a few grunts and a wave or two, you can get the feeling of making friends. If the constabulary would just ignore me, I'd keep going till my money ran out."

"Maybe," she said uncertainly, "you've let someone use you without even knowing it."

"I thought of that, but all I did, until I met you, was hobo around on Baby. If I'm a patsy, whose patsy am I, and for what purpose?"

"Well-l-l, dope peddlers or jewel thieves —— I know I'm being melodramatic, but those things happen."

"Not to me. I've searched my baggage a hundred times. There's one possibility, but I don't want to talk about it here. Would you mind taking a little walk?"

"Not at all."

She took his arm and they started strolling slowly, keeping to the shadows. At least a dozen other couples were doing the same thing, this street being a popular evening promenade in a nation where (*Continued on Page 126*)

"I wish you were my son for about five minutes!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERY TIME SHE DANCES, I'M MORE THANKFUL FOR ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS DOCTORS CAN DO NOW.
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. WHY, JUST THINK WHAT MENINGITIS MEANT WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN!

SOME OF US can recall a time not too long ago when meningococcus meningitis was high up on the list of fatal childhood diseases. Perhaps no disease of children was more feared, because meningitis . . . or "brain fever" as it was called . . . nearly always meant the worst.

Doctors had no cure. And when a child did recover, there was always a chance of damage to the brain.

Fortunately, several new drugs have halted the killing and crippling powers of meningitis, so that physicians can now treat most cases confidently and successfully.

This has been called one of the most heartening developments in the entire history of medicine. And equally heartening to all of us are the remarkable gains against pneumonia, whooping cough, diphtheria, appendicitis and nutritional diseases . . . to name just a few.

When you consider what all this means . . . in terms of saving lives, shortening recovery time and making normal living possible . . . you appreciate the effectiveness and value of modern medical care. In fact, it may well turn out to be one of the biggest bargains that will ever come your way.

Copyright 1957—Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit 32, Michigan

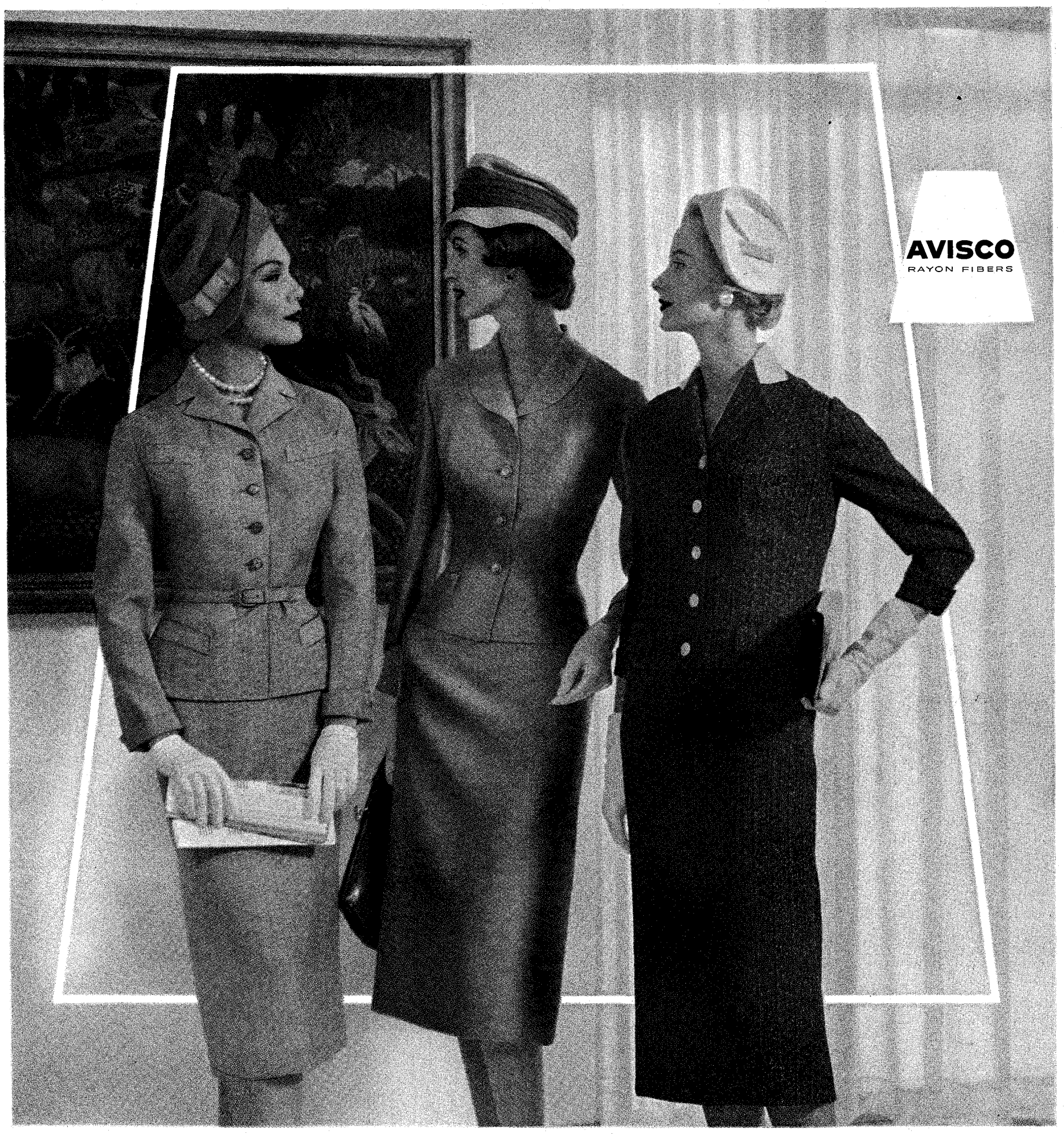
PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

MAKERS OF MEDICINES SINCE 1866

Working with your physician, your pharmacist and your hospital to make modern medical care one of the most rewarding investments of your life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •



AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE FABRICS OR SUITS

The costly look, just $29.95/AVISCO® rayon is the reason

Handmacher tailors these superbly fitting unlined suits in fabrics that owe more than half their composure to Avisco rayon fibers. Although their textures are totally different, each fabric has been tested. It dry cleans perfectly, resists wrinkles. You know this is true when you see the Avisco Integrity Tag on the suit you buy.

New York City, B. Altman & Co. • Philadelphia, John Wanamaker • Cleveland, Halle Bros. Chicago, Lytton's • Indianapolis, L. S. Ayres • So. Calif., The Broadway • Minneapolis, Dayton's Seattle, Frederick & Nelson • St. Louis and Clayton, Vandervoort's • Kansas City, Harzfeld's

LEFT: Newly belted — in Firenza, by Triplex, with a worsted look. Avisco rayon, acetate and silk. Aqua, pink, toast, lemon, navy, cloud, blue or brown. 10 to 20; 10+ to 22+

CENTER: Close-curving, shawl collared—in Earl Loom's Angela, crisp, lustrous Avisco rayon and acetate. Beige, caramel, pearl, black or navy. 5 to 15; 10 to 20; 10+ to 22+

RIGHT: Blouse-back, with snug hip band—in Earl Loom's Bouclaine, a textured, flecked weave of Avisco rayon, cotton and acetate. Navy, silver, mocha or beige. 10 to 16

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

However you "cream" your coffee –

You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!

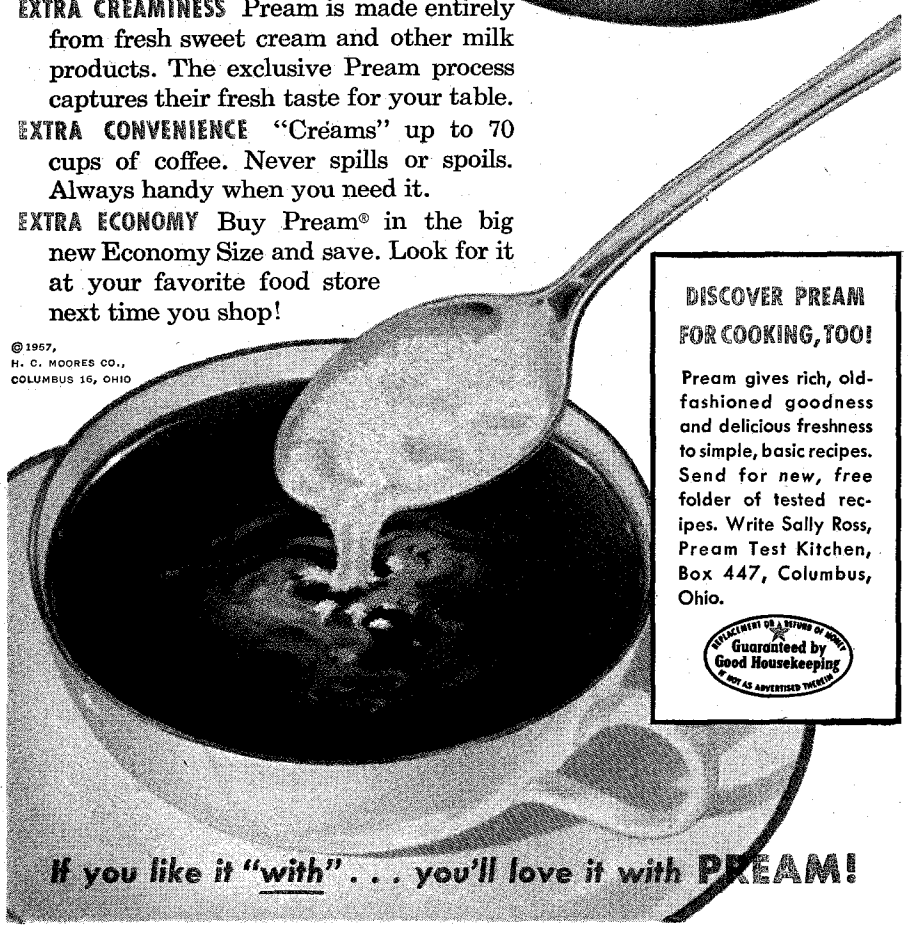
Get it now in the

BIG NEW ECONOMY SIZE!

EXTRA CREAMINESS Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. The exclusive Pream process captures their fresh taste for your table.

EXTRA CONVENIENCE "Creams" up to 70 cups of coffee. Never spills or spoils. Always handy when you need it.

EXTRA ECONOMY Buy Pream® in the big new Economy Size and save. Look for it at your favorite food store next time you shop!



DISCOVER PREAM FOR COOKING, TOO!

Pream gives rich, old-fashioned goodness and delicious freshness to simple, basic recipes. Send for new, free folder of tested recipes. Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus, Ohio.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

©1967, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

If you like it "with" . . . you'll love it with **PREAM!**

(*Continued from Page 126*) Madrid a callow, self-deluded romanticist with a schoolboy crush on a girl whose face he could not now remember for the life of him. He had really suffered, yet something about Spain—something about the sun, the mellow shadows, the air, the sky, the people—something had healed him.

Here he had learned to tell the false from the true. Here, in a land of real romance, where love was no shocker, he had learned to idolize a girl who was worth a thousand Anitas. And now he had to leave.

All nights, even the most remorseful, end eventually. Sam walked all the way across Madrid to the hotel, half wishing he would be arrested. Nothing happened. He approached the hotel cautiously and reconnoitered from across the street. Beside the door stood a long row of motor scooters, with Baby in the middle. No sign of a stake-out.

He tried to look as much as possible like a tourist who had been out working up a breakfast appetite, as he crossed the street and mounted the steps of the hotel. The door opened as usual, and he heard Ignacio's cheerful voice.

"*Buenos días*, Señor Cuming! Lovely morning—lovely, lovely! One lives anew on each such day, eh?"

Gone was the glowering suspicion of recent greetings. Ignacio's handsome, dignified face was wreathed in smiles. It was hard to suspect so genial a man of baiting a police trap, but Sam paused in the doorway for a quick look around the lobby. No sign of either of his shadows.

"Ignacio," he whispered, "are there any police around?"

"No, *señor*. The officers have come and gone."

Gone? Sam felt a slight chill. Perhaps he had killed No. 2! Perhaps the detective's body was still propped stiffly against that tree, his brown eyes lusterless, his curls drooping over a waxen face. Sam stepped into the lobby and put his hand on Ignacio's shoulder.

"Look here, something's wrong. I may be in serious trouble. Last night I slugged a policeman, Ignacio, and ——"

"But of course!" said Ignacio. "Who would not? One is walking with a lady, a stranger confronts them rudely—what is more expectable than to commit the necessary assault? All is now understood. The authorities are quite satisfied."

"Satisfied?" said Sam. "Because I slugged a cop?"

"*Sí*, naturally! It was the *señor's* previous demeanor that aroused suspicion. Consider! A young man appears on a *motocicleta*, in what is plainly a disguise. He speaks to no one, not even pretty girls, and he resists fiercely when they would address him. All he does is ride about on his *motocicleta* and observe—what? It is impossible to surmise what he observes, but it must be something important. Suddenly he abandons his disguise, but he does not cease his solitary rides, and he still avoids the girls. When a young, healthy man avoids girls, he must be on an important secret mission, one requiring a dangerous variety of dedication. Was it not logical for the authorities to assume he was a secret agent?"

"Not at all," said Sam, when he could speak at all. "My girl threw me over. If that makes me a subversive ——"

"There is only one cure for a broken heart, *señor*, and it is not a *motocicleta!*" Ignacio was beaming, but there was reproach in his eyes too.

Sam said, "Yes, I know. I found that out."

"*Sí*, and perhaps her father does not approve, or she is too rich, or she is already married, eh? Such things occur—and they are men, too, those police! They have an enormous compatibility with such situations of secrecy." Ignacio sighed. "The detective says she is very, very lovely."

Sam thought dazedly, *Ah, Spain.* Here logic was made romantic and romance logical, and a cop did not mind a smash on the jaw if it was in behalf of a pretty girl. But Sam had a sudden conviction that it was Spain that was right side up, and all the rest of the world upside down.

"She is, Ignacio," he said. "I want you to meet her."

"We are very discreet here, and there is a side door ——"

Sam seized the doorman's hand and shook it warmly. "Many thanks, Ignacio," he said, "but I think now we can use the front door." THE END

MACE THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think you revived considerable interest in the Charleston . . . if that makes you feel any better."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man Who Was Born Twice

(Continued from Page 31)

and money quixotically. He had long since quit his factory job. In 1936 he was one of Czechoslovakia's official observers at the Olympic Games, and was engaged by both the Austrian and Hungarian winter Olympic ski squads as a special cross-country coach. For recreation he was a mountain climber, and made numerous ascents of Europe's most difficult peaks.

His effect upon me was profound. I was a young and struggling American writer living abroad during the '30's. Walter Kussy and I struck up a great friendship. We were within a few months of the same age. I wanted Walter to study medicine and become a specialist in the care of athletes. He, in turn, got me away from the typewriter and started me to running as an antidote for my too-bookish life. I began to jog five miles a day, and during those European years ran more than 5000 miles, enjoying every step of it.

Walter and I hated war. We had both been officers in World War I, on opposite sides. The idea that we had been under oath to destroy each other was all we needed to reveal the monstrous folly of war—its horrible victimization of the innocent. When we remembered our youthful patriotism, our willingness to sacrifice life itself for flag, country and cause, we felt profoundly grateful that we had come through whole and hale, granted a chance to become friends through long hours and days of talk on rambles through Czechoslovakia's hilly forests.

Walter and I hated Hitler and National Socialism and Fascism and Communism and Falangism and all the other autocratic political structures rising in Europe. I begged him to apply for a visa to the United States. But Walter felt that Europe was his destiny. He had a deep attachment to the soil on which his ancestors had lived. He couldn't be happy anywhere else.

We said good-by in Vienna on June 2, 1938. Hitler's troops had occupied the city after Hitler's fateful border crossing. Walter had just received mobilization orders calling him up for duty in the Czechoslovakian Army. I was leaving for Antwerp in the morning, to take ship for America, where I belonged. Both Walter and I knew that awful days lay ahead. We said good-by to each other in the street, unable to voice the words; we threw our arms about each other and then he turned and walked away. I watched him go, through eyes blurred with uncontrollable tears.

The man who arrived in New York on March 13, 1950, was afraid—afraid of everything, even of me, his friend. Walter was afraid of the America he was coming to, afraid of the Europe he had left. Afraid of life with a great and bottomless fear born of too much loss, too much suffering, too much frustration and defeat. With his back to the last wall, he had lost faith in safety. Sadder still, he had lost faith in love.

This emigration to America was not his doing. He was helpless flotsam on the limitless stormy sea of fate. It was many long years since his own wishes had had anything to do with the way his life went. I had reached out and plucked him from one world into another. Why? Without me, the papers would never have gone through. I had paid his fare by airplane. I had sent $100 for his cash expenses. This outpouring of support was like a monumental burden to him, crushing him with a sense of unrequitable obligation.

Back in 1938 his service with the Czech Army had ended with the pathetic capitulation at Munich. Then the Sudeten Germans had risen to take over his country, and he had been thrown into jail as politically suspect.

Then the same Germans who had arrested him—and released him because he was in truth a political innocent—had needed manpower for their army. Jail one year, uniform the next! Irony of ironies, an officer's uniform—*Herr Major* Kussy! After all, long military experience entitled one to rank. He had entered his third army, under his third flag.

More and more people are coming to believe that the Bureau of Internal Revenue is where they keep the taxpayer's shirts.

VESTA M. KELLY

They wanted to send him to the Russian front, but for the first time in his life he took what measures he could to avoid combat. He wangled a home-front job as officer in charge of a state farm on a commandeered estate employing eighty Czech farm hands. He could get along with the Czechs, speak their language, do better than his martinet Prussian predecessor. Walter grew sugar beets and grain, made hay, raised cattle and watched the debacle.

At the end, when everything fell apart, he was driven out of the country with all other German-speaking citizens in a final Communist-inspired orgy of national hatred. Trying to drive to American Army lines, Walter was stopped at a roadblock. When a man aimed a shotgun at him, he threw up his arm to protect his face and took the full blast of shot in the back of his right hand and up his forearm.

After two months as a Russian prisoner in a captured German Army hospital train, he made a daring escape with his arm stuck out at right angles in an "airplane" sling. He lived like a hunted animal for three weeks before reaching American outposts with half a dozen other refugees who had attached themselves to him.

With a document certifying his refugee arrival through the lines, Walter walked 450 miles out of Czechoslovakia into Bavaria and then to Austria, where he arrived penniless and in rags late in 1945. He found shelter among old friends and ski comrades at Mühlbach near the Hochkönig peak in the Austrian Alps, near Salzburg.

So began five years as a human outcast, a man without a country, a semicripple with a mangled arm—no drugs, no doctor, nothing but the blind unreasonable will to recover and live.

In 1946, when I learned that Walter was alive, I began sending CARE packages to him, and bundles of old clothing and occasional cigarettes—better than money. And letters. He wrote back laboriously with his hurt hand. He was working at painting toys, to restore the use of his fingers. It was hard to hold the brush. Food was short, but in the double-talk of that censor-ridden day he let me know that a determined poacher could get an occasional chamois or deer. All firearms had been called in by the government. It wasn't till years later that Walter told me how he and a friend stole a rifle. "When

You Get so *Much More* in Nunn-Bush *Flexible Fetherwates!*

America's only Ankle-Fashioned shoes in colorful, new "light as a feather" flexible styles, ingeniously made to charm you with superior comfort . . . and charm your friends with their fashionable good looks. Every dollar invested in Nunn-Bush *Ankle-Fashioned* Shoes can be expected to deliver much more than a dollar of wear!

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush dealer

Style 2138 *CHALET Last* Brown Grain *Flexible Fetherwate*

Style 2183 *CHALET Last* Sunset Calf *Flexible Fetherwate*

from $18.95

Style 1597 *ROMA Last* Gura Grain and Black Calf *Flexible Fetherwate*

Find Your Nunn-Bush Dealer in the 'yellow pages'

NUNN BUSH

First in Quality!

ANKLE FASHIONED SHOES

ALSO MAKERS OF EDGERTON SHOES FOR MEN, FROM $11.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EX-LAX HELPS you toward YOUR NORMAL REGULARITY

...gently... overnight!

TAKE EX-LAX AT NIGHT and don't let constipation be a problem. Pleasant-tasting EX-LAX acts gently, effectively—won't disturb sleep.

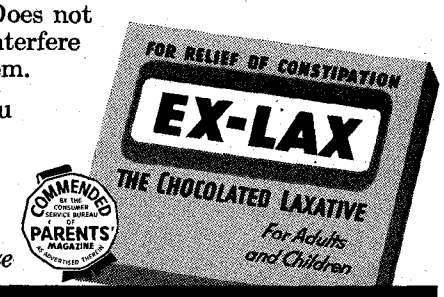
NEXT MORNING, enjoy the closest thing to *natural* action. No embarrassing urgency. No upset with gentle-acting EX-LAX.

MEDICAL LITERATURE REPORTS PROOF that the laxative ingredient in EX-LAX acts in two important medical ways to relieve constipation.

1—Unlike some laxatives, EX-LAX acts in the large intestine, not the stomach. Does not rob vital nutrition . . . does not interfere with normal functions of your system.

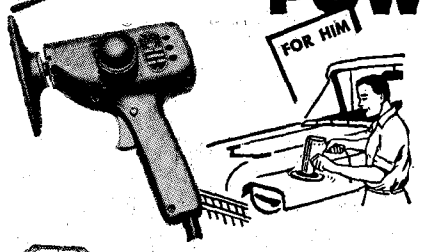
2—EX-LAX *continues* to help you toward your *normal regularity*—seldom, if ever, is it needed next day. So when you need a laxative, use EX-LAX.

15¢, 35¢, and 75¢ economy family size

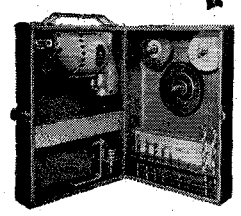


MORE FAMILIES USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE

EVERYONE GETS TO USE SIOUX POWER TOOLS



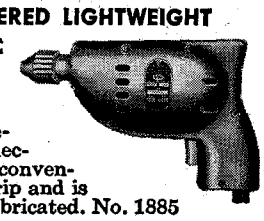
Of course, you'll have to take turns, but everyone gets to use the new SIOUX POLISHER-SANDER. Mother can polish floors and furniture and Dad can make the car look show-room new again. Then it's a Sander and a Drill too; so life will be easier in many ways.



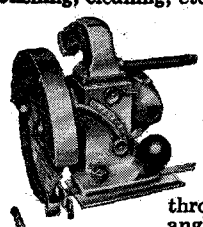
EASY TO HANG OR HAUL DRILL SET

Set includes powerful ¼" drill and accessories for drilling, grinding, wire brushing, polishing, cleaning, etc. No. RC 1822.

FULL POWERED LIGHTWEIGHT ELECTRIC DRILL



This sturdy, dependable ¼" electric drill has a convenient "pistol" grip and is permanently lubricated. No. 1885

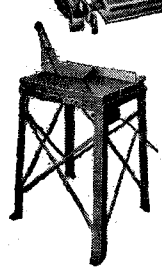


POWERFUL ELECTRIC SAW

A Professional type saw with plenty of power and long trouble free life. Saws through 2 x 4's at a 45° angle with blade to spare. No. RC 1806.

ORBITAL FLAT SANDER

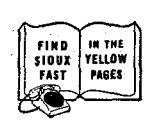
The SIOUX Flat Sander banishes drudgery—saves time. It produces the finest finish on wood, metal fibre, anything you might otherwise sand by hand. Easy to use for him or her. No. RC 1850.



SAW TABLE

Put the Portable Electric Saw in this sturdy steel table and presto, you have a real production Saw Table. No. RC 1800.

Write for **FREE CATALOG**



Under "ELECTRIC TOOLS"

ALBERTSON & CO. INC.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, U.S.A.

it's a matter of keeping alive, it's astonishing what a man will do."

The effect on Walter's spirit was to turn an ebullient friend of all the world into a bitter introvert. He felt himself a pariah. To a European it is an awful thing to be without documents. It means more than loss of rights. It is like a loss of identity. Walter found himself crossing the road to avoid meeting people. With other refugees he lived in an unreal half world, trusting no one, resenting everyone and resented by everyone. He couldn't even turn to the church, for he was a Protestant in Catholic Austria and there were no ministers of his faith in the Hochkönig region.

Did he trust me? He clung to me as the lodestar of his remaining bit of hope. Though I didn't realize it at the time, perhaps the most humiliating fact of his refugee existence was the change in the relation between us. When I had known Walter in Europe, he had been so strong, so secure; I had been the insecure one. I, the struggling and solitary American, had leaned on strong Walter, the champion who was going off to the Olympic Games as an official Czechoslovakian observer. A couple of times I'd even had to borrow money from him.

Now I was not only the one person able to succor him in his hour of distress but the very years which had seen Walter reduced to beggary had witnessed my own success. I had become a news analyst for a radio station in New York; I owned a home in Connecticut; I had a bank account and could send Walter things like fifty-dollar ski boots without feeling any particular pinch. I begged Walter to write me of his slightest need.

But to Walter the act of reducing his pitiful needs to words served only to emphasize how helpless he had become. What did he ask for? Needles and thread. A pocketknife. Could I get some lining material to renew the sleeve linings in his coat? Could I get some ski wax?

To be destitute and helpless simply killed his pride. It was more bearable when he could endure misery in silence, but to have to ask for help was unendurable.

The man who arrived at Idlewild Airport, New York, on March 13, 1950, was gaunt. His receding hair was iron gray. He had to put on steel-rimmed glasses to read his landing papers—I had sent him the glasses. He had eight dollars in his pocket—all that was left of the travel money I had sent him. About the only things he had that didn't come from me were the suit of loden-wool clothing on his back, two pairs of skis over his shoulder and a well-worn Oriental rug which he hoped to sell for $500. He didn't realize that its appraisal value was nearer $150.

My heart wanted to break at the sight of him. But my wife and I hoped to wipe away all the tragedy by lavishing love and kindness and security on him.

What good are dreams? It didn't take many days to reveal to us that this man who lived in fear had developed a hair-trigger pride and a black, ingrown despondency which made him prattle neurotically by the hour in vainglorious egocentricity. We wanted to induct him gently into American ways, show him the new world—the world we loved—teach him our language, get him through the maze of first documents, driver's license, declaration of intent to apply for citizenship in five years. But he proved the most difficult person I had ever had to deal with anywhere. Help him? You couldn't help Walter. Tell him anything? He knew it all before you opened your mouth.

In the end, the only thing we could do for him was to give him a $1000 grubstake—we told him $500 of it came from the "sale" of the rug, which we kept—and turn him loose to make his own way in America, for better or for worse. I thought I had brought a champion to the United States, but three months after Walter's arrival I wouldn't have given a nickel for the whole experiment.

The man who stood up in Lincoln County Courthouse in Kemmerer, Wyoming, on June 18, 1956, was terribly happy and excited. He was carefully dressed, like a bridegroom, in a blue-green sharkskin suit which seemed to fit very well. I looked at the suit and wondered where he had bought it. Then I recognized it with inner affection. It had once hung in my closet. I'd bought it during the war. How lucky to find it, no cuffs on the trousers, no vest. Under price controls—$47.50 was the price that came to my mind, or perhaps a little more. Had I sent that to Walter? He had taken darn good care of it.

Then, glancing at his shoes, I had another surprise. I had taken that pair of black Oxfords, once my best shoes, abroad in 1930. I had been unable to wear them after I started running—my feet had broadened a good inch. Walter has smaller feet than mine. I had sent them to him after the war.

And Walter—Walter, too, looked as good as new. He glanced around and smiled affectionately. The old Walter, back in the '30's, might have cut loose with a yodel at a moment like this. That's what he did during the opening ceremonies of the 1936 Olympic Games. Perhaps he would do it now.

I knew Walter had spent the early hours of this momentous day on a long, solitary walk, reviewing the dramatic ups and downs of fifty-five years of life—the wars, armies, bivouacs, the defeats, the medals, the trophies, the privations. And these last six years in America, when he had come off the ropes and started fighting again.

Walter's scrubbed hands, work-worn and calloused, had flecks of grime ground into the skin. His head was up with the self-assurance of a man who knows he does good work—so good that his work is in demand. Walter had a trade. A new one. He had learned it from the bottom with all the intensity and thoroughness of that European nature of his. Walter was a pipe fitter. Proud of it, for pipe fitting had made him free. Walter's car was parked behind ours at the courthouse curb. It was the second car he had had in five years; the first a jalopy, this one as good as ours. Walter had a place in the sun. He had become more than a respected and skilled workman. The very trade-union which had good-naturedly admitted the intense alien to pipe-fitters' school and given him a journeyman's card, had then developed such respect for his integrity and passionate industry that he had just been elected to its executive board. No medal ever meant so much to Walter as this recognition by Local 193, United Association of Journeymen and Apprentices of the Plumbing and Pipefitting Industry, A.F.L. & C.I.O., of Casper, Wyoming.

Walter had turned to pipe fitting after trying many other things on his strange slow road up in a strange new land. He had done ski coaching in Deadwood, South Dakota; day labor in Denver; forestry for the United States Government in Teton National Forest; hotel management at Berthoud Pass, Colorado. He had had lots of jobs.

Walter had made friends. Many had reached out hands to help him. Many people would have liked—as I would have liked—to take over all his problems, lavish support and gifts, make life

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easy for him. Funny, he had run away from help, even though this laid him open to the charge of stupidity and ingratitude. What he had really wanted, you see, was neither pity nor charity—just a chance to rebuild, for himself, by himself.

And our country had given him that. He had quit jobs often. Sometimes foolishly, in terms of economic welfare. Could people realize that to Walter it meant more to be free to quit a job than to be bound to servitude through dread of the economic future? Quitting jobs was like learning ski jumping. At first a small jump scared you to death, but as you learned to land on your feet you dared bigger and bigger leaps. A great experience, learning to be free.

Walter turned to manual labor when he discovered that working with his mind in a strange language among strange ways brought intolerable strains that made him feel as if his head would split apart. To assume responsibility, like the management of a resort hotel or ski coaching in a winter-sports area, made him lie awake at night, tossing and worrying about all that was expected of him.

To work with his hands was different. Pipe fitting? He didn't stop at ordinary pipe fitting. Walter became the kind of pipe fitter who works on intricate refinery jobs. When America allowed him, an alien, to do this, he knew America trusted him and had a place for him. He felt proud and happy to be building America. What greater satisfaction could there be than to join the restless, ceaseless construction that has never stopped since the first settler took tools in hand?

Then, as a cure to despondency, Walter discovered the Rockies. He, the man whose heart was in the Alps, found miles of new mountains. The climber of the Matterhorn found Mount Moran. The man from Hochkönig rode horseback into high air and the great sweeps of the Thoroughfare country; his skis swished over passes to stake spiritual claim to a new and exciting heritage among fresh pinnacles.

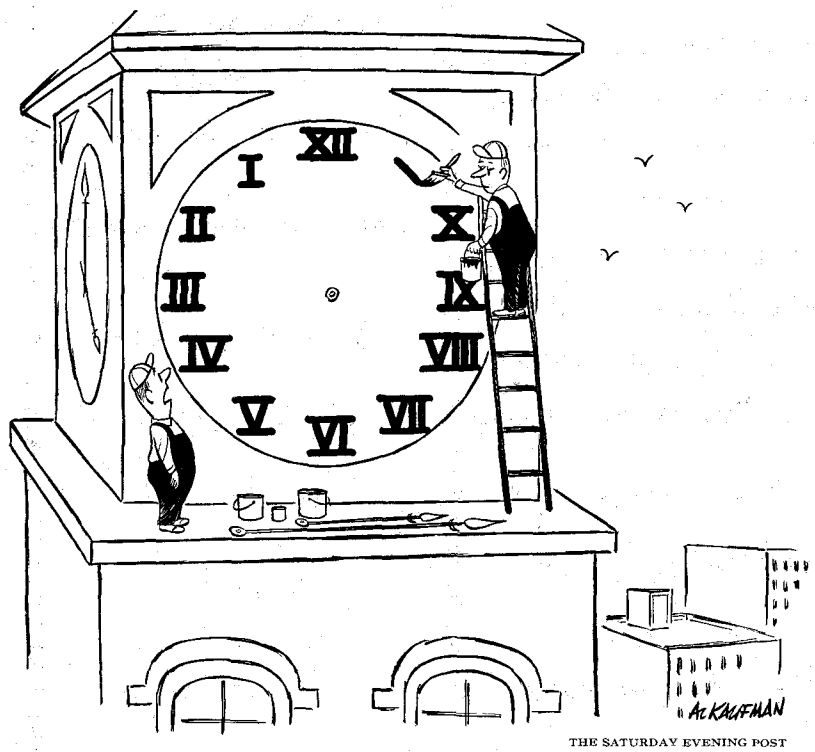
Now, as his name was called, Walter stood up in Lincoln County Courthouse at Kemmerer, Wyoming, and went forward to join seven other applicants. They held their right hands in the air and took the solemn oath of allegiance to the United States of America.

I have never been so nakedly aware of the importance of one sovereign human individual as in the moment when Walter Kussy swore fealty to our flag, his fourth, and became of his own choice a citizen of our republic and a whole man.

You may think this rebirth is something that I, the American, did for Walter, the European. You are wrong. I did have a part in it, but it was Walter himself who reshaped his manhood and rebuilt his life, and it was the free political air of the new world that made it possible. Walter himself expressed it after the ceremony, when he came to me and said, "I think I have always been an American in my heart, but I've never known before such proud freedom before the world. And for the first time you and I are fully equal—*vollkommen gleich.*"

This man might have succumbed. He might have gone down before the lavish, well-meaning generosity of those, like myself, who pitied him. He might easily have become a social parasite. Of course I helped him—as he helped me when I was alone and weak. The glory is that neither of us will accept help except in life's very black moments, and then only reluctantly and temporarily. Last spring I opened a letter from Walter and found in it an unsolicited and unexpected check for $500—which I banked proudly, though I had told Walter I never wanted a cent in repayment of my gifts to him.

In my experience with Walter there is, I believe, a deep lesson in relationships between the United States and Europe. Europeans—and Americans—sometimes behave irrationally in distress, display neurotic peevishness and resentment growing out of frustration and disappointment. At such times we must pray for divine wisdom and patience. As long as our motives are straight, any tension between us will pass. Between the Old World and the New there is a brotherhood as deep as life itself. As the centuries go along we must all of us face tough days. We are proud, arrogant; we love to be strong, we hate our own distress. But the bond between us is stronger than all this. It is brotherhood, and brotherhood means tolerance and understanding. Our civilization holds no qualities more precious. THE END



"I've got news for you, Peterson. . . ."

Find your
CENTRAL
Insurance Man
in the yellow pages!

CENTRAL MUTUAL INSU
Since 1876 this strong conservative company has paid its policyholders substantial dividends. Writes all forms of property insurance, including fire and casualty.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
MS INSURANCE AGENCY
320 Park Drive ..... HArbor 2-3114
SMITH INSURANCE AGENCY
1942 Columbus St. ..... CResnt 9251

• **Property Insurance?**
• **Casualty Insurance?**

ou'll get real satisfaction when you oose your insurance agent from those ted under the famous "Dog and ield" trademark of CENTRAL UTUAL.

wo good reasons:

Your CENTRAL Man will *save you money*—because he's an expert insurance planner. And because he represents Central Mutual, you will receive a policyholder dividend—representing a substantial saving on the cost of your insurance.

Your CENTRAL Man will *save you trouble later*—because he knows what to do when emergencies arise. He acts promptly so that your claim will be quickly paid.

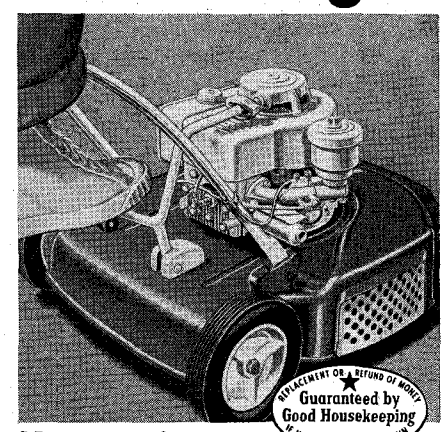
s, the CENTRAL Man is *your man.* ook up his name in the Yellow Pages OW. You'll find him under the mous sign of the "Dog and Shield."

re than 4,500 fessional agents f brokers through- the U.S. and nada

Find Your **Central Man** in the **Yellow Pages**

Central Mutual
INSURANCE COMPANY
Van Wert 1, Ohio
SINCE 1876

before you buy a power mower, see MOW-MASTER with stand-up starting



No stooping, no bending, no hard hand-cranking. Just step—start—and away you mow! And MOW-MASTER costs less than many conventional hand-starting mowers. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

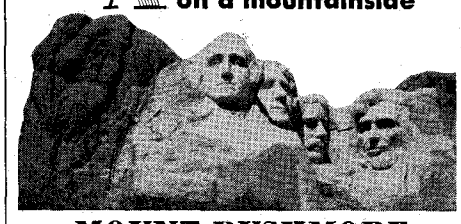
fmc FOOD MACHINERY AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION
PROPULSION ENGINE CORPORATION
351 Marion Avenue, South Milwaukee, Wis.
Subsidiary of Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation

Charcoal Relieves Gas

REQUA'S CHARCOAL TABLETS give prompt, wonderful relief to sour, burning gas and heartburn. For **REQUA'S CHARCOAL TABLETS** sponge up the sour, burning gas in our stomach and help us feel like "happy days are here again." A famous stomach specialist uses and recommends them. Don't wait! Get **REQUA'S CHARCOAL TABLETS** at druggist today—250 tablets for $1.00—or sent direct upon receipt of price. For **FREE BOOKLET**, "The Value of Charcoal in the Home," write: **REQUA**, Dept. SE-4, Brooklyn 16, N. Y.

So simple, a child can do it. Just mix the powder from New PULVEX Worm Caps into your pet's regular food. That's all. Piperazine Adipate—a new medical discovery found only in New PULVEX Worm Caps—quickly expels large roundworms (Ascarids). It's odorless; dogs like its taste. No muss or fuss. No after effects. No danger. For dogs, pups, cats, kittens. At all pet departments. Or write for name of nearest dealer. PULVEX, Chicago 14, Illinois.

see **AMERICA** on a mountainside



...see **MOUNT RUSHMORE** in the **BLACK HILLS** of South Dakota

Shaped in ageless granite, this mightiest of Man's sculptures brings a rush of reverent pride to every American who stands before it. This summer, see unforgettable Mt. Rushmore. Vacation and see America in the mile-high Black Hills of South Dakota!

WRITE FOR THIS **FREE** COLOR FOLDER! ...32 pages of things to do!

SOUTH DAKOTA DEPARTMENT of HIGHWAYS
A. R. Pankow, *Publicity Director*, Pierre, South Dakota

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Licked My Jinx (Continued from Page 33)

everybody tagged him golf's "Rookie of the Year." Two years afterward, he's still trying to live up to the impossible claims that were made for him. Fortunately for Gene, he held the "title" only a year. I wasn't so lucky. I must have been "Rookie of the Year" for almost a decade.

When you have this brand on your back, life on the circuit can get pretty frustrating at times. Five years ago, for example, I won four straight tournaments on the winter tour—the Texas Open and the Houston, Baton Rouge and St. Petersburg Opens. This was the longest winning streak by any golf pro in seven years. I had just turned twenty-nine. Speculation about my becoming another Hogan was at its all-time loudest, even after my string finally was snapped in the Jacksonville Open.

When I entered the Masters Tournament two weeks later I was thirteen pounds underweight. I was overgolfed and exhausted, yet I managed to finish second to Sam Snead. My chances of winning were ruined by a seventy-eight I shot in the third round.

The morning after the tournament I had breakfast with Jimmy Demaret, with whom I was traveling. Over our coffee we read the sports pages. My chances of becoming the next Hogan seemed to have cooled considerably. Sports writers who had been calling me "The Winter Wonder Lad" now referred to me as "Bad-Round Burke."

"Burke may be a whiz kid on the winter tour," wrote one man, "but he comes up empty in big ones like the Masters." Said another, "Jackie Burke, king of the rat courses, found the Augusta National track a bit too long."

Taking in these comments, Demaret felt moved to make an observation of his own. "Say, boy," he remarked from behind his paper, "I guess you're just about the youngest has-been there ever was."

On the whole, the sports writers have been more than kind in their remarks about me. Their kindness may have been my trouble. When you are young and impressionable, you can easily make the mistake of trying to live up to your newspaper notices. When you do that, you press. You start trying to play better golf than you know how, and in time you don't actually play as well as you know how.

The real tragedy in being a whiz kid, however, is the high cost it exacts. Maybe it's just as well that I didn't win any of the big ones while I was still a kid, because that can build you up to an awful letdown. It makes it all the harder to adjust later on to the anticlimactic life of a past champion.

Back in 1952 I began to pay the toll for such early success as I'd had. I was losing sight of the fact that golf is supposed to be a pro's livelihood, not his whole existence. I became such a slave to my golf game that I grew overly concerned about my health. I refused to eat fried foods and certain kinds of meat. Every little ache or pain drove me to a doctor. Although I was at the peak of condition, I nevertheless felt it necessary to sleep ten or eleven hours a night.

Despite my youth, I was a social hermit. You had to drag me to get me to a party. If I did go, I'd be the last to arrive and the first to leave. I'd sip my highball as though it were a glass of gasoline. I believed that the one party that led to the one drink that led to the one hour's loss of sleep might spoil the one shot that could cost me a tournament. "Man," I used to lecture myself, "there's just no way you can fight that whisky and be a player."

Between my hypochondria and my early-bedtime hours, I was a constant source of laughs for Jimmy Demaret. Once, at a cocktail party, Demaret announced my arrival to everyone in the room. "Look who's here, everybody!" he shouted. "Old curfew legs. All his joints close at ten o'clock."

On the golf course, I was as high-strung as an operatic tenor. Once an old fan of mine tried to get me to autograph a program as I walked off the eighteenth green. Having just missed a four-foot putt, I was in no mood for signing anything. Instead, I just brushed by him.

The next morning he chided me for having ignored him. "Look, old buddy," I said, making matters worse than they already were. "That putt I missed may have cost me three hundred dollars. What did you expect me to do? Bake you a cake?"

To my complete embarrassment, Dagmar, the bosomy television star of the day, named me No. 1 on her list of Dream Boats. Not long afterward, a gossip columnist hinted that I was about to marry Shirley Temple. This was not only embarrassing, it was ridiculous. There weren't six girls in the country I knew well enough to ask for a date, and none of them was Shirley Temple. As a matter of fact, I regarded marriage as a trap, and I had some peculiar statistics to back up my opinion. The six best pros I could think of only had three children among them.

One day, in his pro shop in Florida, I got to talking about marriage to Claude Harmon, who has four children. "You know, Claude," I said, thoroughly convinced of what I was saying, "I don't see how a man can possibly get married on less than a hundred thousand a year."

At the rate I was going, I would have aged ten extra years from worry and frustration before I reached fifty. My salvation came in the summer of 1952, in the person of a girl named Ielene Lang. She was a member of the gallery at an exhibition I had been playing in Buffalo, New York. I wangled an introduction to her through the local pro, and that evening we had dinner together. The next day I was walking the fairways in a daze.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" Demaret asked me. "You look like a guy who's been in too many play-offs."

I played through one tournament, but there didn't seem to be much sense in playing another. Leaving the circuit, I drove back to Buffalo and had three more dates with Ielene. I proposed on the second and she accepted on the third. We had then known each other a total of six days.

We were married the following October. A year later Ielene had our first child, John Joseph, III. He was followed the next year by Michael. Mary Ielene was born last year.

Marriage has mellowed me, I'm thankful to say. I've built a home for my family in Bellaire, a suburb of Houston. Today a considerable purse has to be posted before I'll leave home to play in a tournament. That's something nobody ever expected from a gypsy pro like myself. There was a time when about all you had to do to get me to a tournament was drop eight dollars on the first tee.

In addition, I've made an effort to widen my outside interests. For one thing, Demaret and three other Houstonians talked me into joining them in financing a nearby housing subdivision, complete with its own public-utilities company. With Demaret, I have become part owner of a country club on the outskirts of Sarasota, Florida. I have also designed a set of golf clubs for youngsters, which is now being manufactured and distributed. Having the background of a teacher as well as a player, I was asked not long ago to write a book on my golf theories and technique. This is now being sold both in this country and abroad.

Somehow, my marriage and my outside interests have allowed my golf game to take its proper place in my life. Despite my new responsibilities, winning tournaments no longer seems so urgent or demanding. I suspect, therefore, that I'll win more of them. "Jackie will be all right from here on in," Demaret told a friend of mine not long after I won the Masters last year. "He's only playing for money now."

I was the eldest of eight children, one of whom died as an infant. I was born in Fort Worth, Texas, on January 29, 1923, to Jack and Quo Vadis Burke. My father was a golf pro, a man who worked at his profession with the dignity and dedication of a physician. Not long after I was born, he accepted a position at the River Oaks Country Club in Houston, where I grew up.

My father was short in stature and utterly Irish in appearance. He had high blood pressure that turned his complexion almost tangerine. He looked like a man of hot temper, who would have been just as much at home with a shillelagh in his hand as a golf club. Actually, he was the most (*Continued on Page 134*)

NEXT WEEK

The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey

Bridegroom Bob Meyner: Will He Seek the Presidency in '60?

IN COLOR

Tulips and Daffodils

Where New Bulbs for Your Garden Come From

Fiction

by Conrad Richter, Nelia Gardner White, Alan Le May and others

The Seven Dictators of Broadway

How New York Critics Determine the Fate of a New Play

My Daughter's Silent World

A Mother Faces the Bitter Truth of Her Child's Deafness

The Woes of Willie Mays

Inside Story of Why He is Unhappy

The Oddest War Ever Fought

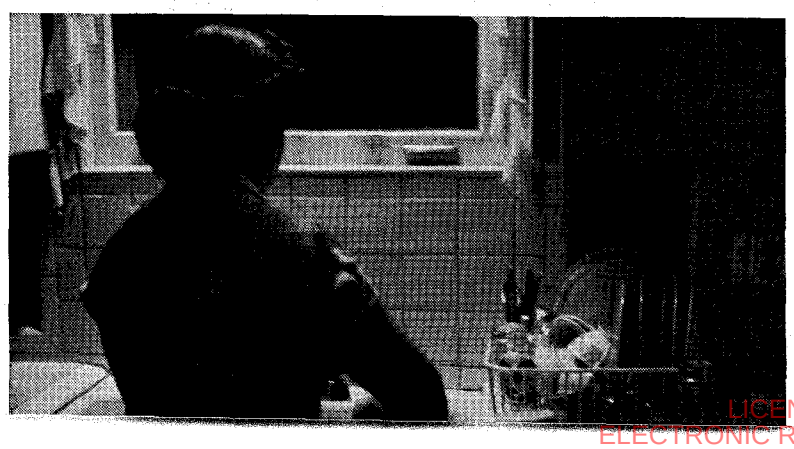
Noel Barber Reports on a Strange Middle East Conflict

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light, easy to handle *milk in Pure-Pak*

Children love to spoof—but the fact is, Pure-Pak is amazingly light-weight . . . only a fraction the weight of old-fashioned containers. Milk in Pure-Pak means extra safety every mother appreciates. Pure-Pak cartons are so sanitary . . . used only once . . . only for dairy products . . . only by you. They're sterilized only an instant before being filled . . . then sealed with a tamper-proof seal that guarantees protection. Ask your milkman for this modern dairy service today!

STOP MILK BOTTLE WASHING FOREVER . . .
If your family uses only 2 quarts of milk a day . . . you will spend between 15 and 20 hours this year just washing and setting out bottles.



Bob Considine, famous reporter, radio and TV star, tells the wonderful "NEW STORY OF MILK" in a new 16 mm. sound motion picture. Call your dairy today, or write us and schedule a showing of this full-color motion picture for your club, church or school group.

Over 20 million times a day, someone breaks the seal on a fresh Pure-Pak carton.

The modern Pure-Pak milk packaging method is a product of the Pure-Pak Div., Ex-Cell-O Corp., Detroit, Mich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 132*) contented, mild-mannered man I have ever known.

He worked very hard at being a father. In addition, he was a combination teacher and uncle confessor to practically every young pro in the state. It was not uncommon for him to bring half a dozen young pros home for dinner. After my mother had filled them with fried chicken, they would sit around the dinner table or the living room and listen to my father talk golf. There wasn't an aspect of the game, from club making to golf-course architecture to the techniques of playing and teaching, that he couldn't discuss on a high level.

In his twenties and thirties, my father had been one of the better tournament players of the day, winning thirty-odd events on what then passed for a tournament circuit. In 1920, at the Inverness Club, in Toledo, Ohio, he missed winning the National Open by a stroke.

After he had married and settled down in Texas, amateurs and even pros came to him from all over the country for lessons. Very few people in Texas constructed a golf course without first consulting him. Even manufacturers sometimes asked his advice before placing a new line of equipment on the market, and he pioneered some club improvements of his own, including an all-weather grip, which has been used ever since by practically every major pro in the country.

Because of my father's enthusiasm for golf, the story persists that his big purpose in life was to educate me for the tournament circuit. Some newspaper and magazine articles have contended that he groomed me specifically to win the National Open. Plausible though these stories may sound, they aren't true. My father never encouraged me to be a golfer. In fact, he didn't want me to be a pro. The truth is, he was interested almost solely in my future as a human being, and hardly at all in my future as a golfer.

Looking back, I think he realized that my enthusiasm for the game needed to be dampened, if anything. The high moment of my every day as a boy came on the golf course. If I wasn't playing or practicing, I would sit by the hour in my father's golf shop. As I watched him sandpaper those old hickory shafts, I'd breathe in the smell of the oil and glue and shellac, and listen to the caddies playing dice in the yard. It's an atmosphere I've never tired of.

I learned to play golf through a combination of instinct and environment. When I didn't know the answers, I asked questions. "How do you play a punch shot?" "How do you fade an iron?"

Most of the answers were supplied by Jimmy Demaret, whom my father hired as an assistant when I was ten years old. I was an awful nuisance, but not nearly so much as Jimmy used to pretend I was. "If you don't stop bothering me," he'd say, "I'm going to hide your bubble gum."

My father was not so much concerned with how I hit the ball or what scores I shot as he was with how I comported myself on the course. Although he pretended to leave me to my own devices, actually he kept close tabs on me. I recall getting mad one day on the thirteenth green, which is about as far from the golf shop at River Oaks as you can get. Having missed a short putt, I reared back and let fly with my putter. My father suddenly materialized from behind a tree. It was as close as I ever saw him come to losing his temper completely. He chased me clear back to the clubhouse on the dead run.

Another time, playing in front of a gallery, I kicked my ball off a green in disgust. My father stepped out in front of the whole gallery and began to lecture me. "If you can't control your temper, son," he said, "then give up the game." I felt about as small as a golf ball.

My father enrolled me at Rice Institute when I was seventeen. I spent most of my time practicing pitch shots on the football field, and before the academic year was over I thought it would be wise to withdraw. I spent a few more months at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Alabama, at the request of my mother, but there seemed to be no sense in kidding either myself or my parents much longer.

I had to be a golf pro. When I announced my decision to my father, he stared silently at the floor, like a beaten man. After what seemed like hours, he picked up his head. "All right," he said with a note of finality. "If a pro is what you want to be, then call up every sports writer in town and tell them so. There'll be no turning back after that."

... ...

Recollection of a Very Young Oracle

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Oh, once on a time I knew
all the answers,
A sage, pontifical youth
Top-heavy with wisdom.
For I was privy
To every secret of Truth.

But now Truth mutters to
me in riddles.
The difference, it appears,
Between omniscience and
confusion
Is just about twenty years.

... ...

This was in 1941. My first job as a pro was at the Galveston Country Club, which hired me solely on the recommendation of my father. It's just possible that I was the worst pro in the history of this old game. Instead of giving lessons, I played and practiced and bet with the members, most of whom were gamblers and oil-well riggers. And I don't believe I sold one set of clubs.

Once a member asked me to come out to the lesson tee and watch him hit a few balls. "That won't do you any good," I replied. "Why don't you come out and watch me hit a few, instead?"

Another time, looking for a bit of sympathy, a member stopped me on the practice green. "Say, Jack," he said, "I'm putting rea-al bad."

"Yeah?" I replied. "So am I." I wasn't being sarcastic, and I wasn't being indifferent. I just didn't know any better.

I left Galveston to join the Marine Corps, where I served for four years as a combat-conditioning instructor, eventually reaching the rank of staff sergeant. In February of 1943, my father died of a heart attack. Returning to Houston on leave for the funeral, I discovered that he had committed himself to play in an exhibition for the Red Cross at River Oaks. The exhibition was scheduled for the day of his funeral. He and Demaret, who was on leave from the Navy, were to have played against Byron Nelson and Jug McSpaden.

To my family and friends it seemed only natural that I should substitute for my father, and I agreed. Although, between them, Nelson and McSpaden were then winning practically every tournament on the circuit, Demaret and I managed to beat their better ball, three down and two to play. I was low man among the four of us with a sixty-seven, which was four under par. In my time I have seen members of a gallery clap, cheer and even whistle. That's the only time I've ever seen them weep.

I was discharged from the Marine Corps in May of 1946. The following month I entered the Western Open near St. Louis, where I shot a pair of eighties, a score that failed to qualify me for the last two rounds. Disappointed and dead broke, I was forced to take stock of my game. I could putt, I had length and, like most Texas golfers, I knew how to play in the wind. But my shots just weren't accurate enough to stand up to the pressure of the tournament circuit. What I needed was a sounder, more streamlined swing. Back home I might have seemed like Bobby Jones, but on the circuit I looked like an old lady trying to beat off a purse snatcher with an umbrella.

Perhaps most important of all, I needed teaching experience. There are very few really good players who have not been good teachers as well. A good tournament player must be able to make a spot analysis of his own game, and to develop this ability you first have to learn to analyze other people's games.

Craig Wood, an old friend of my father's, got me a job as a teaching professional at the Hollywood Golf Club in Deal, New Jersey, for the remainder of the summer. The following winter I joined the circuit again, and at Orlando, Florida, I finished in the money for the first time, winning thirty-three dollars. That spring I became an assistant to Claude Harmon at the Winged Foot Golf Club in Westchester County, New York. Golf clubs are as thick as gas stations in Westchester, and before long I had landed a head-pro job of my own at the Metropolis Country Club near White Plains.

In the meantime, I was rebuilding my swing from the ground up. As Craig Wood pointed out to me, my left hand was placed too much on top of the shaft. I looked as though I had hold of a ham sandwich. This habit was causing me to hook the ball, sometimes so badly that I could hardly get the ball in the air. It would skim to the left just a few feet off the ground, like a quail looking for a place to hide. Likely as not, it wouldn't stop until it had reached deep rough or some trees. I played so many shots out of the woods that Demaret got to calling me Jungle Jim.

Under Wood's guidance, I turned my left hand back under the shaft until the thumb was aimed down the center. I then underwent what we called "the elimination of the left side." Thus, as I approached each shot, I knew that, regardless of how intense the pressure might become, I would hit the ball in one of only two directions—dead straight or to the right with a fade or slice. With the hook, or left side, eliminated, my chances of error were 50 per cent less.

The first successful test of this new swing came in the fall of 1949, when I won the Metropolitan Open at Metropolis. I finished six strokes in front of Gene Sarazen, breaking the course record in the process with a sixty-four. By coincidence, it was twenty-five years to the day since my father had defeated Gene in a PGA championship.

The next year I won three tournaments on the circuit with my renovated swing. In 1951 I earned close to $20,000 in purses, and finished the year as fifth leading money winner. I was also made a member of my first Ryder Cup team that year. This year I'll be on my fourth. In 1952, when I won those four straight tournaments, I was awarded the Vardon Trophy for having the lowest scoring average on the circuit—70.54 strokes per round.

By the time I reached the Masters Tournament last year, I had won a grand total of nine events on the circuit and had placed second in almost twice as many, including the 1952 Masters and the 1954 Tam o'Shanter "World Championship." Looking back, it seems incredible to me that I could have come close so often without picking up at least another win or two, particularly since I can't recall having blown any tournaments with bad last rounds.

Some days you feel as though you couldn't hole a putt in a bathtub. On the final day of last year's Masters Tournament, I felt as though I could putt the eyes out of a squirrel. The wind had been blowing a gale off and on all week. Bobby Jones, host for the Masters, declared it was the worst weather in the tournament's history. On the last day, more than one third of the select field failed to break eighty. Among those who failed was Ken Venturi, then an amateur, who had been threatening to run away with the tournament. His margin over me going into that last round was a very comfortable eight strokes. Cary Middlecoff and Doug Ford were ahead of me too.

I was playing two holes in front of Venturi. In a sense, this position was ideal. All pros like to post a score, and then let the rest of the field shoot at it. Make no mistake about that. As Sam Snead has put it, "Let me post my score and the others can do the worrying."

I must have sunk a mile of putts that day. While everybody else was making bogeys, I was shooting birdies. On the seventeenth green I stroked a putt that I would have sworn was going to stop a foot short of the cup. Instead, the ball suddenly picked up momentum, hesitated on the lip for a fraction of a second and then disappeared. To this day I'm convinced the wind blew it in.

My playing partner was Mike Souchak, one of my close friends on the circuit. A former football guard for Duke University, Mike looks as though he could make five yards through a row of lockers. When that putt dropped, he gave me a bear hug that almost dislocated my shoulder. To loosen it and to regain my composure, I had to walk around the eighteenth tee for a minute or two. I was one under par and I intended to finish that way. If I could, I felt sure that nobody, not even Venturi, would catch me.

My second shot to the eighteenth hole, a par four, caught a trap on the right-hand side of the green. Trap shots have always been one of the better departments of my game. I flipped the ball out of the sand three feet short and slightly to the right of the cup.

Willie, my caddie, handed me my putter. "Cruise her right on in there, Mr. Burke," he said. And that's precisely what I did.

The following July, at the Blue Hill Golf and Country Club near Boston, I got through 155 holes of match play to win the PGA championship, defeating Ted Kroll in the final, three and two. Sam Snead is the only other golfer who has won both the Masters and the PGA in the same year. For having tied this record, the PGA later voted me Golfer of the Year.

Not long after that vote was announced, I ran into Barney Google, an old caddie friend of mine in Houston. "Well, Mr. Jackie," Barney remarked, "ain't it about time?" THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new Allstate Crusader Policy gives you

23 added auto insurance protection features

...yet you still pay Allstate's famous low rates*!

With more cars and more speed, your chances of having an auto accident are greater today than ever before. And, as you'd expect, Allstate has come through again with the *extra* auto insurance protection you need in today's traffic!

Many new, important extra-protection features have been added in the great new Allstate Crusader Policy.** *Yet you still pay Allstate's famous low rates!*

What's more, it's protection you can really count on from the insurance company founded by Sears. Last year alone, Allstate paid *over 125 million dollars* in claims to protect its policyholders. Proof that, whatever happens, you can always be sure you're in good hands with Allstate.

CHECK THE MANY NEW FEATURES LISTED AT THE RIGHT! Then see or phone your nearest Allstate Insurance Company Agent for this vital extra-protection. It's the *safest* buy you'll ever make!

Here they are! The many extra-protection features you can get with Allstate

- The liability of every household member is protected while driving your car
- Your family living with you protected when driving other cars
- You are protected when driving borrowed or rented cars
- Any additional car you buy is automatically covered for 60 days
- You are protected when driving a substitute car
- Pays every penny of repair bills when two Allstate collision-insured cars collide
- Repays towing and labor up to $25
- Pays up to $25 per day for court appearances for personal injury lawsuits
- Pays up to $8 per day when car is stolen
- Repayment of bail bond is doubled to $200 limit
- Pays transportation up to $5 if car is disabled in accident
- Pays for burned car wiring
- Pays for all vandalism damage to tires
- Fewer restrictions on drivers in auto business
- You have liability protection when riding in a taxi
- You are protected when pulling a utility trailer with any insured car
- Payment made for eye-glasses broken in, or needed, after an accident
- *Injury to passengers in mobile home or utility trailer* covered
- Death, Disability and Medical Payments rate reduced 15% for safety belt users
- Loss to or of utility trailers is covered up to $500
- Pays up to $200 for clothing and luggage damage
- Liability assumed before an accident is covered
- You are protected when pulling a trailer with truck for non-business reasons

New protection against uninsured drivers!

Here is one of the most vital protections you need today! For little more than a penny a day you can add protection that pays for injuries or death to you or your passengers from accidents caused by uninsured motorists who are legally liable. This new protection also applies to all members of your family living with you, whether injured in a car or as pedestrians. Be sure you include this important new protection in your Allstate Crusader Policy. Ask your Allstate Agent for details.

This is a brief listing of the features available in most states. The Contract is contained only in the policy.

You're in good hands with...

ALLSTATE®
INSURANCE COMPANY

Founded by Sears Assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent, Sears, Roebuck and Co. Home Office: Skokie, Illinois.

STOCK COMPANY PROTECTION

Agents offices in Sears stores, Insurance Centers and other convenient locations throughout U.S.A. and Canada. Also in Honolulu, Hawaii.

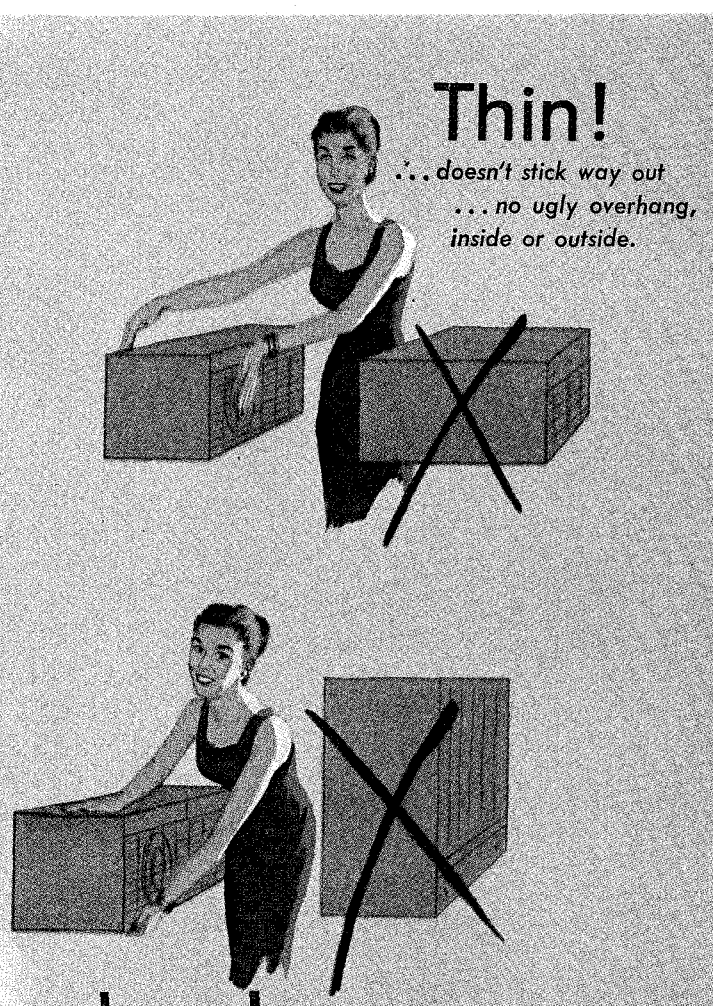
*In Texas a participating policy is issued at standard rates. **Now available in most states.

© A. I. CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fedders "Thin...and Low" Air Conditioners

take 46% less space...save re-wiring costs...use less current



Thin! ...doesn't stick way out ...no ugly overhang, inside or outside.

Low! ...doesn't stick way up ...doesn't block the view or shut out the light.

An exclusive Fedders achievement—"Thin...*and Low*" Air Conditioners are 46% smaller over-all, but deliver the extra cooling performance that has made Fedders the world's largest-selling air conditioner.

Only Fedders has *Unimount** compressor —gives performance never before possible

Greater cooling power . . . revolutionary space-saving design . . . vibration-free performance . . . lowest installation and operating costs — all these advantages are yours because the Unimount* Compressor is the "heart" of 1957 Fedders!

For multi-room cooling, Fedders has pioneered the new 1-HP Supreme that needs no 230-volt re-wiring, saving you up to $150 on installation. This powerful Fedders runs on regular 115-volt electricity . . . operates on any circuit that a standard ¾ HP 12-amp model can use, and requires no more current.

For average rooms, Fedders 7½-amp ¾ HP Supreme gives efficient cooling on *40% less electricity*—less than a toaster, hand iron or similar plug-in appliance.

Ask your Fedders dealer to demonstrate these all-new *"Thin . . . and Low"* Fedders, with every quality feature — 2-speed controls for day and night cooling . . . exhaust and ventilation . . . no-draft Weather-Wheel grille . . . built-in thermostat. All Fedders are triple-tested, sold with 5-year warranty.

*Pat. Applied For

You can rely on

FEDDERS

World's largest-selling Air Conditioner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So You Think You Need Eight Hours' Sleep!

(Continued from Page 43)

particulars here and there that sleep as he knows it differs from popular assumptions. He accords sleep a place in the scheme of life quite different from traditional belief.

For example, it is often said that we lose a third of our lives in sleep. Kleitman, on the contrary, sees it as a star-spangled triumph that we can stay awake as much as we do. The facts can be seen in anybody's life history. As babies, we sleep and sleep and sleep. As adults, we are able to boost the period of wakefulness to sixteen or seventeen hours, and more. Kleitman explains that man has added "wakefulness of choice," a functioning of the cerebral cortex, to "wakefulness of necessity," the kind that animals must maintain to find food. This extra wakefulness represents "a tremendous evolutionary development."

Misconceptions about sleep cause a vast amount of unnecessary worry. It is generally believed that eight hours of good sleep is normal for adults. Millions who don't get that much suppose they are not living by the laws of good hygiene.

But the fact is, says Kleitman, that there is no normal quantity of sleep, except for each individual. Your requirements may be nine hours, or five, or possibly even less. Eight hours is probably more than most people need. Almost everywhere Kleitman and his co-workers have studied the duration of sleep—including the continual night of the arctic winter—a little over seven hours appears to be the most common figure, and people do well on that amount.

Many of our favorite ways of judging sleep are as misleading as a thirty-inch yardstick. We speak of "dreamless sleep" as the most restful. There is no doubt that dreams can get us wrought up about purely imaginary problems. But dreaming is not an impairment of sleep, and recent research shows that we do vastly more of it than anyone ever suspected.

You have heard that one hour before midnight is worth two or three hours later on. There is no evidence to support that notion.

We speak of "deep sleep" as ideal sleep, and certainly it sounds preferable. But it is only an assumption, says Kleitman, that deep sleep is somehow the best.

We speak of "the ravages of a sleepless night" and are alarmed when sleep won't come. But Kleitman and other researchers have shown that we can miss astonishing amounts of sleep with remarkably little harm.

The king of all misunderstandings about sleep is the assumption that we ought to wake up bright and vigorous, full of high-octane energy. Instead, we wake feeling like wet cardboard and conclude glumly that we are falling apart, or aren't getting enough sleep, or that sleep isn't doing its work.

The fact is, that feeling of general ineptitude is natural. Furthermore, it reflects the true situation. We are in poor shape on awakening; we may even be somewhat less efficient, less alert, than when we went stumbling to bed. Don't judge sleep according to how you feel in the morning. For some people the benefits don't show up until several hours later.

People expect to feel buoyant on awakening because they subscribe to the common notion that we sleep to throw off poisons accumulated during the day's activity. If that were true, we would be at our best on arising and would decline progressively during the day. Things don't happen that way; we improve—which explodes the toxins theory. Some men and women have especially good reason to feel dopey in the morning. They are "evening people," who don't reach peak efficiency until late in the day. They'll never feel bright in the morning and shouldn't expect it.

For years the gospel on the sleep of babies was a U.S. Children's Bureau publication saying that the newborn sleep twenty to twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Millions of mothers must have worried because their darlings didn't comply. Convinced that a troublesome error was at large, Kleitman resolved in 1953 to get clear-cut answers. He cornered the truth by observing the sleep of nineteen babies for six months—more babies, studied longer, in family living conditions, than in any previous project concerning sleep. The majority got along nicely on about fifteen hours, even if they were only two or three weeks old.

Kleitman has lost a lot of sleep investigating sleep. In his longest and most rigorous vigil, he stayed awake a solid week and half a day. You can't do that by will power. The Army recently kept thirty soldiers awake seventy-two to ninety hours with nothing but "gentle persuasion." Last February, five soldiers boosted that to ninety-eight hours. But Kleitman was staying awake nearly twice that long.

The perfect bridge lamp is one that gives enough light and is too heavy to throw.

DAN BENNETT

That calls for stimulants and a crew of watchers. At first the watchers play cards with the experimenter and keep him engaged in conversation; later they hound and badger him. If he sits down, they haul him to his feet; if he closes his eyes, they shake him. They also catch him if he tries to sneak off for forty winks.

A German newspaperman released in 1956 from prison in East Germany told of "torture by sleeplessness." He was roused every fifteen minutes, he said, by whistles, flashing lights, and stinging gnats blown into his cell. He said he had seen "even the strongest men" break in four or five days under such stress, and sign anything desired in the way of confessions. This sounded plausible to Kleitman, who says, "One gets to the point where he would confess anything just to be allowed to sleep." People break under this treatment, not in the physical sense, but because judgment and self-control give way.

Physically, the effects of doing without sleep are astonishing—in their absence. During his marathon 180 hours, Kleitman found that his eyes burned unbearably and he saw double. But he did not lose weight, there were no alarming changes in blood pressure, heart rate or red-blood-cell count. It is the higher centers of intelligence which break down. In a Japanese experiment, dogs kept awake seventy-seven days showed actual deterioration of the brain. Kleitman thinks the same results would follow in human beings kept awake long enough.

Could death be inflicted this way? Old medical books say a Chinese merchant was executed in this manner, dying on the nineteenth day. "Possible, but unlikely," says Kleitman. A man so tormented would acquire immunity by falling into a stupor so deep that he could be tormented no longer, or by going insane.

Kleitman hears from insomnia victims who say they haven't slept for a solid year, and occasionally someone bobs up in the news who claims to dispense with sleep entirely. Most recently it was a retired English farmer, who says he hasn't slept for thirty-eight years and doesn't miss the stuff. Kleitman takes these tales with a barrel of salt.

Why must we sleep? Here is a state which differs from coma, anesthesia or a trance. It is not the true opposite of wakefulness. It bears some resemblance to serious illness, yet it is a healthy condition. It is a distinctive stupor, but why must we sink into it every day?

Deprivation of sleep suggests answers. Increased sensitivity to pain, a tendency to hallucinations, irritability—all point to fatigue of the higher levels of the cerebral cortex. This is the furrowed surface of the largest, "brainiest" part of the brain, where ideas are generated and experience is stored. It is man's newest acquisition in the onward and upward course of evolution, and it seems to tire more readily than older departments of the brain.

The process of going to sleep is now well understood. Muscles and mind stimulate each other—muscular tension keeps the cortex active, and the cortex can keep muscles tense. But fatigue lowers muscle tone; so does lying down. Lessened activity in the cortex follows, and that in turn lets the muscles relax. When this cross-stimulation subsides—like the dwindling conversation between two sleepy people—you sleep.

It is important to relax the muscles, but the mind must be quieted too. Kleitman says that ordinary thinking, let alone worrying, will keep the muscles tense. It follows that such time-honored rituals as counting sheep or naming the states to induce sleep have sound physiological value. So has reading, for some people. Anything is good, says Kleitman, so long as it conditions you for sleep.

Knowing why and how we go to sleep, can science write a sure-fire recipe for getting good sleep? No. "Good sleep never has been defined," says Kleitman, "and for the population as a whole, it probably never will be."

In a test, thirty-six subjects passed 179 nights in the University of Chicago physiological laboratory. Factors were modified to see under what conditions the subjects would report a good night's sleep. Nothing affected all sleepers the same way, or the same sleepers the same way every night.

Yet, if Kleitman's deductions are correct, there may be a way to "improve your batting average," as he puts it. That is to adopt the strictest regularity in living habits, thus fortifying a whole set of daily rhythms. Kleitman doesn't urge this program on anyone. Many people, he observes, would find the monotony too much to pay for a good night's sleep.

To many questions about sleep, Kleitman has no flat answer. Is a bedtime snack good or bad? "Good for Jones, bad for Smith. Eating helps some people fall asleep, others find it the very murder of sleep."

A nightcap is a little different. "The alcohol may help through its action as a depressing or hypnotic drug."

Every morning millions are shocked into wakefulness by the alarm clock, before sleeping their natural fill. Is that bad? No, says Kleitman—"There is quite a safety factor in the usual duration of sleep." On the other hand, he finds no evidence that excessive sleeping is harmful. "Sluggards don't sleep themselves into an early grave."

Which is better—a firm mattress or a softer one? (*Continued on Page 139*)

STOP WATER IN YOUR MASONRY WALL

THE BIG 3 WAY

And ——

▶ THOROBOND, Bonds Everything to Anything

▶ THOROCLEAR, Seals, Retains natural masonry color

▶ THOROSHEEN RW7, Acrylic Paint for new plaster

THE THORO SYSTEM

FREE WRITE FOR BROCHURE "HOW TO DO IT"

STANDARD DRY WALL PRODUCTS, INC.
NEW EAGLE, PA. • CENTERVILLE, IND.

Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better *total* effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one, but a combination of medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin Tablets *today!*

It's SEA'LICIOUS®

A NEW TASTE THRILL!

Made with luscious tender oysters, creamery butter and fresh milk.

So good for you!

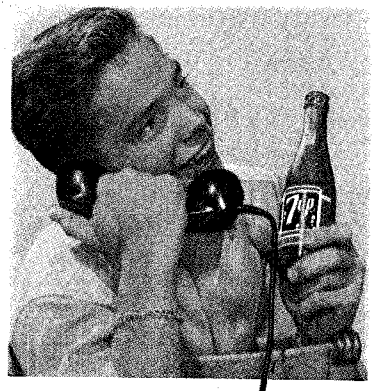
More Comfort Wearing FALSE TEETH

Here is a pleasant way to overcome loose plate discomfort. FASTEETH, an improved powder, sprinkled on upper and lower plates holds them firmer so that they feel more comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today at any drug counter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cool pet of the teen set... it's Seven-Up

the real thirst-quencher !



He said: And have you heard about the disc jockey who lives on spins and needles?

She said: Oh no! A zero on the laugh-meter for you, boy!

He said: No charge, Marge. It's free glee!

She said: My grandma tells 'em better—and I'm not braggin'!

We say: We don't like to brag, either . . . but we can't help noticing that the teens who are "latest with the greatest" are solid with 7-Up. One reason is that *fresh*, clean taste. Seven-Up quenches thirst like nothing else can. Leaves no stickiness in your mouth, when you finish the bottle. Get with it! Have one.

Copyright 1957 by The Seven-Up Company

Nothing does it like Seven-Up !

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 137*) "It makes little or no difference," says Kleitman. "The bare ground, mats on the floor, sagging hammocks—all have proved satisfactory for portions of the race. The only test is individual—the best sleeping surface for you is the one on which you sleep best."

He sees no special significance in the high consumption of sleeping pills nowadays. "I think it is only because they are available. What keeps human beings tense and sometimes wakeful is a fact independent of epoch or era: That is man's ability to project into the future. It is doubtful, for example, that any other animal knows it is going to die. Our peculiar gift of looking forward lets us worry about all probable misfortunes and many improbable ones. And worry is an excellent preventive of sleep."

But the pills "are not a cure of worry," and he thinks they should be used sparingly and only at a physician's direction.

Is it truly possible to catch up on sleep? Kleitman says yes. "A great many people incur a sleep debt during the week and pay it off on the weekend. Young people do this best. Girls can catch up better than boys. Don't ask me why; I don't know."

Using an electroencephalograph, Kleitman and his co-workers are uncovering a string of surprises about dreaming. When Kleitman wrote his scholarly Sleep and Wakefulness, in 1939, he had to say that in this field "we are not much more advanced than the ancients." What frustrated researchers was the fact that they had to rely on sleepers' recollection. But in 1955 Kleitman and Dr. William Dement were able to tell a scientific meeting that dreams may now be spotted in progress, and timed, from certain jerky eye movements.

Instead of lasting only a few seconds, as supposed, it is found that most periods of dreaming run from ten to thirty minutes. The research also indicates that everybody dreams every night. Toward the end of the night we are likely to dream half of the time, though perhaps remembering nothing about it on awakening.

The fact that we change positions twenty to forty times a night was established long ago. Oddly enough, those findings make some people indignant. They write Kleitman to say that they don't toss around at all; they sleep as tidily as a knife in a sheath. Challenged on a claim to this effect, a University of Chicago student slept two nights in the laboratory, almost as motionless as a statue. But he wouldn't do it again; apparently it wasn't restful. One observer "guessed" that the student "was sleeping very lightly."

In June of 1938, Kleitman and Bruce Richardson, an associate, moved into a chamber of Mammoth Cave, 150 feet underground, pitch black, humid, silent as the grave. It was also chilly, and there were rats. But the researchers didn't mind; the cave erased the twenty-four-hour day and let them live on an artificial day of twenty-eight hours to test adaptability. They stayed there a month and two days.

Behind this experiment was the known fact that body temperature doesn't stand at the "normal" 98.6. It rises and falls on a daily curve. Kleitman wanted to see if new curves would develop to suit a day of different length. It didn't happen for Kleitman, but it did for Richardson.

Does it make any practical difference that the temperature curves can be altered? It does indeed. It affects your work, your reaction time, your bedtime and your ability to adjust to changes in working hours. That's because alertness and efficiency vary as the body temperature varies.

We are brightest, Kleitman found, when body temperature is highest. Efficiency can be determined at any moment with a simple clinical thermometer, replacing a whole battery of tests. Peak efficiency lasts two hours or longer. In this golden period we are at the top of our form. Reflexes are faster, we solve problems more easily and make fewer errors. Kleitman hears from men and women who arrange their work to take advantage of this fact. If we switch from day to night work, our temperature-efficiency curve moves too. But it takes time, more for some people than others. The classic example of doing things physiologically wrong, Kleitman thinks, is the Navy's system of rotating watches every day on surface vessels. Men are brought to duty just at their dullest.

Cruising in 1948 on the snorkel submarine Dogfish, Kleitman found that things were better under the surface. Submarine watches usually are fixed for the whole cruise. Kleitman's chief criticism was that too many men go on duty only thirty minutes or so after being roused. Body temperature may be even lower on awakening than when we went yawning to bed; the man just out of bed is dopey. Civilians are usually up and about for two hours before they begin work. Kleitman laid out experimental schedules to give submariners the same deal. Tried out, these timetables were pretty well liked.

The temperature curves go far toward explaining why there are "morning people"—early birds—and "evening people." "Morning people" hit their peak shortly before or after noon. "Evening people" aren't at their best until later; a few human night owls don't hit their peak until eleven o'clock at night.

In shifting the curve, Kleitman and his associates have lived on curious schedules, including a twenty-one-hour day with an eight-day week. One summer the physiologist and his whole family lived on an eighteen-hour day in Tromsö, Norway; daylight was continuous. The Tromsöites, however, were going to bed and getting up at very much the same hours popular in regions with the conventional night and day.

Will we take sleep in pill form in the superscientific future? Kleitman doubts it. "It is quite possible to delay fatigue. But abolishing it—that's another matter." On the other hand, fatigue in the nervous system is not yet well understood. When it is, Kleitman thinks we may have pills letting us stay awake 100 to 200 hours, more than eight days—useful in many emergencies, including war.

Although most people seem to need around seven hours of sleep, there are many who can get along nicely on far less—six, five, even four hours. Why can they do it? No one knows. All that can be said, so far, is the obvious—they resist fatigue better. With this goes "a large capacity for curiosity," in Kleitman's phrase; these people find a lot to interest them—good reason to stay awake.

They may also have superior intelligence. "In my opinion," says Kleitman, "very bright people need little sleep." He adds that this is not universally so, a comforting thought if you happen to be a hog for sleep. THE END

When a man disagrees with his wife, it proves just one thing—he's courageous.

HAL CHADWICK

NEW

ROYAL TRITON

Announcing a new formulation of Royal Triton 10-30... the amazing purple motor oil

Now more than ever, all-weather Royal Triton 10-30 prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of extra miles. Royal Triton 10-30—the all-weather grade of the amazing purple motor oils. Ask for it wherever fine motor oils are sold.

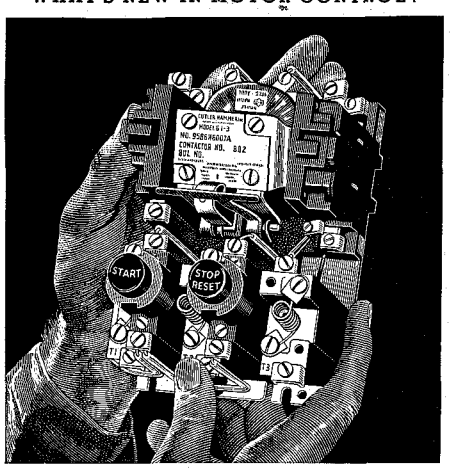
UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Find Your ROYAL TRITON DEALER in the Yellow Pages

Los Angeles: Union Oil Bldg. • New York: 45 Rockefeller Plaza • Chicago: 1612 Bankers Bldg. • Boston: 214 Harvard Ave.
Philadelphia: Eastwick Ave. & Edgewood St. • Kansas City, Mo.: 612 W. 47th St. • Dallas: 313 Fidelity Union Life Bldg.
New Orleans: 644 Nat'l Bank of Commerce Bldg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?



STANDARD CONTROL COMPONENTS FOR FULL THREE-PHASE SAFETY

The chief designing engineer of a prominent machinery builder says, "As machines become more automatic, electric motors become a more integral part of machines and any trouble with motors can prove unbearably expensive in downtime and repair expense. We believe it foolish to chance motor burnouts avoidable with three-coil overload relays, especially since standard components now available provide such protection with no panel crowding and so little extra cost."

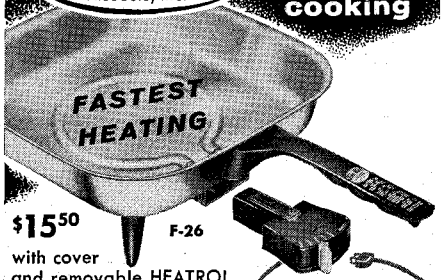
Only Cutler-Hammer Three-Star standard control components provide this protection. For complete design data, write on your company letterhead for Pub. EE120, "Panel Builders Handbook". No charge or obligation. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

CUTLER-HAMMER
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

GET IT FIRST IN CUTLER-HAMMER

Everything you've wanted for easy perfect electric cooking

Du-Wal PRODUCTS, INC.



$15.50 F-26
with cover and removable HEATROL
• LIGHTWEIGHT
• MORE ACCURATE HEAT
• COMPLETELY IMMERSIBLE

NEW Heatrol use on all DU-WAL appliances

DU-WAL PRODUCTS, INC. CHICAGO · NEW YORK
3636 N. Talman • Chicago, Illinois

KILL ROACHES
SILVERFISH
WATERBUGS
CRICKETS

Now! Keep your home free of these insects with this different insecticide. Bait in sanitary tube attracts insects. They eat it and die! Long-lasting—bait never loses killing power. Round-the-clock protection. Clean, easy to use; no mess, no odor. If your store has none send $1 for 9 Hives to DeSoto Chemical Co., Dept. 14, Arcadia, Florida.

GATOR ROACH HIVES
Money Back Guarantee!

How to Eat Like a Movie Star

(Continued from Page 29)

core of customers was that of the Alamo's defenders. But even with the deepest devotion to Dave and the greatest will in the world for his success, they couldn't eat just chili and ribs every night, and that's all there was to eat for the first six months, nonstop. By the end of the first month, a large percentage of the hard cores had given up trying and were simply concentrating on all drinks thirty-five cents.

Prominent among the hard cores during this frontier era at Chasen's were the actors W. C. Fields and Frank Morgan; the screenwriters Nunnally Johnson and Jo Swerling; Frank Capra, the director; Buddy Ebsen, the dancer and comedian; the producers Lou Gensler and Bob Sisk; the magnate from Universal Pictures, Cliff Work—the first dollar ever earned in the joint, now framed in Dave's office, bears Work's autograph—and Gene Fowler, the biographer and historian. Those who had families brought them. I recall an illuminating lecture delivered by Fields to Gene Fowler, Jr., then still at bubble gum, on the best techniques for picking pockets. Very stanch was a delegation of last-ditch Irish, headed by Jimmy Cagney, that included Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh and those two magnificent veterans of Dublin's Abbey Theater, Dudley Digges and Joseph M. Kerrigan. Dave needed them all.

This was his maiden effort at professional restaurateuring. Prior to the Pit's opening, he had been a strictly amateur, though highly skilled, chef. Running a successful restaurant is a complicated and subtle affair; there is a great deal more to it than offering good food, no matter how good, for sale. Chili-parlor life expectancy has always been low in Los Angeles. Dave might well not have survived but for two friends who hovered over him.

One of these, the hardest of the hard cores, was an unforgettable character named Edward James McNamara. Mac was a singer and actor who previously, for eight years, had been a patrolman on the Paterson, New Jersey, police force. A sublime teller of stories and splendid company, he was in Hollywood allegedly working in pictures when the Southern Pit Barbecue opened. Trained observers noticed, however, that he put in nearly as many hours at the Pit as Chasen did. Mac used to explain that he was acting as a stand-in for a customer. In truth, he was keeping an eye on things for Harold Ross, the editor of the New Yorker magazine.

A $3000 advance from Ross had enabled Chasen to open the Pit. Ross had got to know Dave through Joe Cook, the vaudeville and musical-comedy star with whom Dave had played in eight musicals in succession. Dave was much more than a professional colleague of Cook's, though; he was an intimate, almost an attachment—wherever you saw Cook offstage, there would be Dave, like one of the twin hulls of a catamaran. When Cook finally retired from show business, the depression was still on and show business was sick.

Dave was scarcely at the top of his form, either. The movies had killed vaudeville, from which, with Cook's help, he had graduated to musical comedy. Musicals with Joe Cook in them had always been smashes—except the last one. Now Cook had said good-by, and Dave, who had been with him for so long, felt lost. Ross, a coarse-talking man of harsh exterior who was capable of great charm and kindliness, had a solid affection for Dave and worried about him. When he asked him what he wanted to do, and Dave, somewhat apprehensively, confessed that he'd like to open a small restaurant in Hollywood, Ross said he thought it was a hell of an idea and promised to back him. Cook and Ross both loved to eat, and Dave had prepared countless feasts for them. Tied down in New York, editing the New Yorker, Ross couldn't go to the Coast to kibitz on the project, so he dispatched McNamara to kibitz for him locally.

A mountainous figure, with a voice to set weather vanes spinning, and an admirable cook in his own right—Steak McNamara is still to be had at Chasen's—Mac was certainly quite a kibitzer. At the Southern Pit Barbecue he was Ross' private police inspector, bawling Dave out for his mistakes, praising his virtues, calming his anxieties, bullying him to laughter when despair set in, rallying him with fight talks. Meanwhile Ross was kibitzing by remote control.

That Ross was Chasen's financial backer has long been established in American gastronomy; it is not so well known how tremendously fired up Ross became about the practice and procedure of restaurateuring. His absorption went far beyond that of an investor; Ross was a furious participant in whatever interested him. On behalf of the struggling chili parlor, he cornered and pumped the biggest restaurant and hotel men in New York, talent-scouted among celebrated chefs and headwaiters, and bombarded Dave with an endless fire of notes and memos filled with suggestions, advice and queries. "Dear Chasen," one of these began. "What are you going to do about Parsnips?"

All this kibitzing and heckling and prodding inspired Dave to evolve a new restaurant and virtually a new personality. I went East in the early summer of 1937, when the Southern Pit Barbecue was about six months old, and didn't return to Hollywood until nine months later. When I checked in at Chasen's—the Southern Pit nonsense had been dropped—I had trouble getting my bearings. It was still at the same address, but Dave had completely rearranged what had been the chili dispensary—he has always been a never-satisfied rearranger—and added to it a fine back room which lodged several dozen tables.

There were real dressed-up waiters serving them, bossed by an elegant maître d'hôtel whom Ross had kidnaped from Twenty One and smuggled West. There was a personable young waiter captain named Joe Malatesta, who had written a monograph, containing his observations and maxims, set forth in three languages, which he distributed to clients he considered literary. But most important of all, Dave now had a genuine menu.

I have before me one of those old Chasen's menus, unfurling the two-dollar dinner. Not counting coffee, tea or milk and the celery and olives, there are thirty-five items on it. You got a five-course meal, everything beautifully cooked, and there were twenty-one main dishes to choose from, with potatoes any style and another vegetable thrown in. Broiled New York cut steak and filet mignon were fifty cents extra, but steals at the price. One of the most memorable of the twenty-one main dishes on this two-dollar menu was roast rack of baby lamb.

Rack of lamb costs nine dollars at Chasen's these days all by itself. About the only factors that have remained constant there are John Dionne, no longer kidded about the Quints, but still smiling behind the bar, and the color of all Dave's coat linings, which is red. Trouping through Dixie years ago with one of Earl Carroll's Vanities, he picked up this caper from a dudish Negro stage hand in Birmingham. Let me offer some contrasts to indicate what has happened during the past (*Continued on Page 142*)

"Now this part calls for sensitivity, as it's the climax of the commercial . . . when you mention 'competitive brand A,' allow just the faintest suggestion of disgust to play over your features."

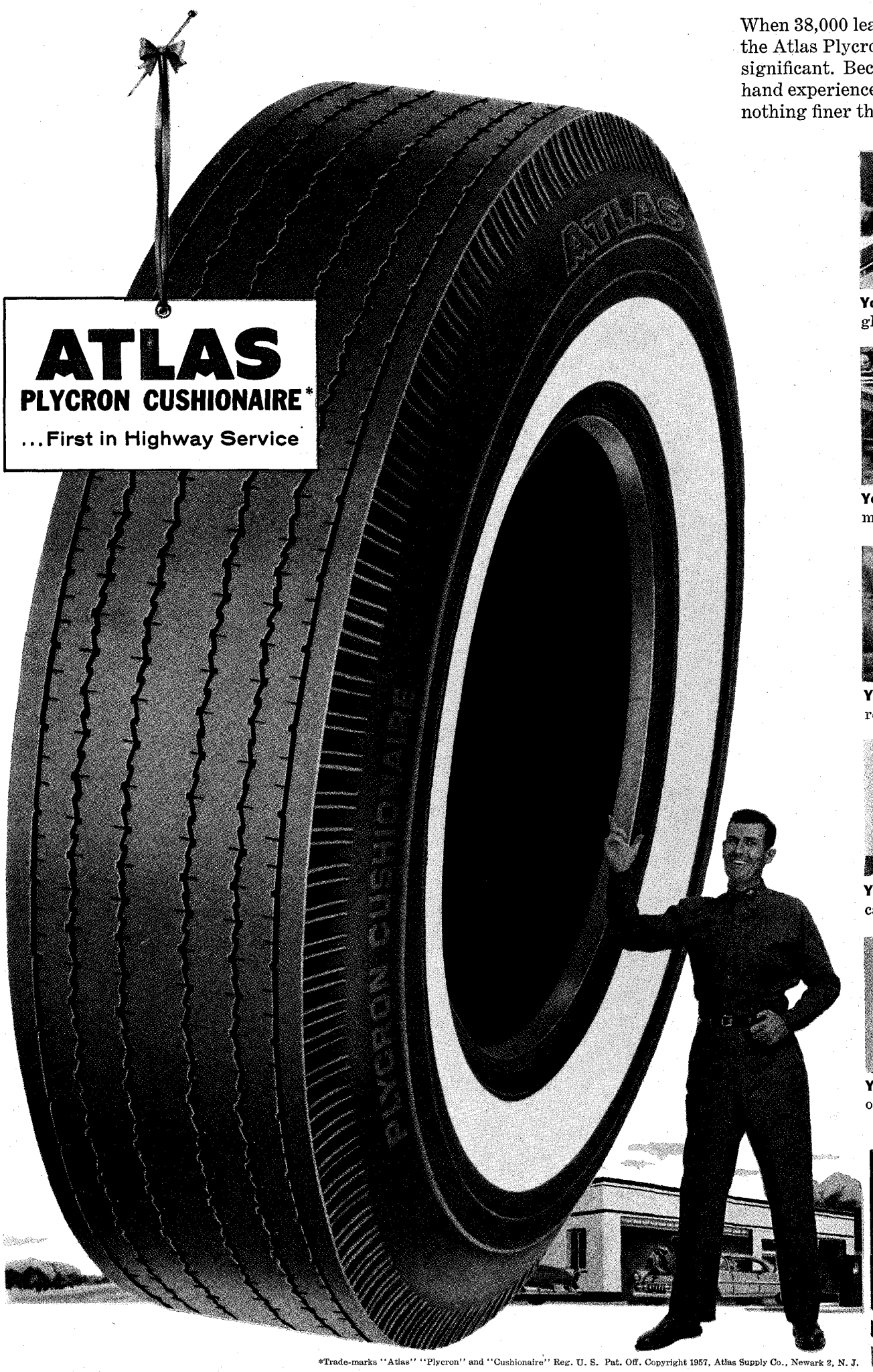
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

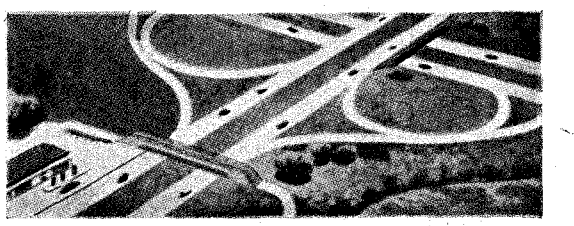
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's NEW... it's GREAT!

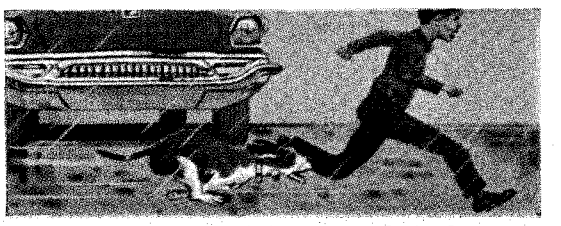
...It's backed by more service stations than any other tire in the world

When 38,000 leading service station dealers recommend the Atlas Plycron Cushionaire Tire above all others, it's significant. Because these men know tires from first-hand experience with *all* brands, you can be sure there's nothing finer than Atlas for your complete satisfaction.



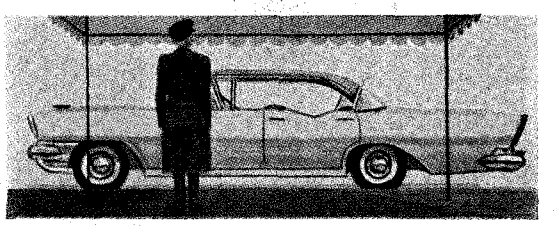


You ride farther! Atlas Plycron Cushionaires are gluttons for mileage.



You ride safer! Hundreds of non-skid edges for maximum traction and braking.

You ride easier! Soft riding, easy steering. Less road hum and squeal on turns.



You ride prouder! Narrow whitewalls make your car look longer, lower, smarter.

You ride surer! Ask about the written guarantee on Atlas tires—honored at 38,000 service stations.

ATLAS* TIRES
BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

*Trade-marks "Atlas" "Plycron" and "Cushionaire" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1957, Atlas Supply Co., Newark 2, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 140*) two decades not only to Chasen's but to these United States.

The Southern Pit Barbecue was opened on the $3000 that Ross put up; today Chasen's physical plant is worth close to $500,000. The Pit could accommodate fifty customers, if some of them ate on their hind legs or didn't mind lying down with their plates on the floor, which some of them sometimes didn't; Chasen's now thinks nothing of serving 400 leisurely meals in an evening—it is not open for lunch—and usually handles about 700 head on New Year's Eve. Although Chasen's prices can in no sense be considered popular, you will often see customers stacked up three deep at the bar as late as 10:30 P.M., waiting for tables.

The Pit used to gross about forty dollars a day, and Dave was so green at the business he couldn't figure out whether he was running at a profit or a loss; for some years now, Chasen's annual gross has approached $1,000,000. Harold Ross put $22,000 into the venture altogether and took out at least ten times that much. Chasen's is now entirely owned by Dave and several members of his immediate family.

Back in his kitchen, Dave now has seven stoves, a small bakery and a great deal of refrigeration for hanging choice cuts of meat. His laundry bill for tablecloths, napkins, chefs' aprons and bus boys' jackets runs to $17,000 a year. The last time I counted, there were 124 items on his menu. Of course, an operation of this size requires lots of help.

If the part-time dishwasher is reckoned as a fraction and Dave as a whole number, the Pit had a staff of three and one half; Chasen's current staff, if we throw in the doorman and the car hops, the hat-check girl and the accounting department, totals almost 100. Bossed by Paul Poles, who has been with Dave for sixteen years and is now the maître d'hôtel, and Louis Bianco, the general manager, who also presides over the wine cellar, there are nine captains, thirty waiters and eight bus boys. In the kitchen, Chef David Nisi—a red-headed, blue-eyed Northern Italian who is a British subject who held culinary cabinet rank in some of the best-eating restaurants, hotels and clubs in London—commands a picked company of forty men. It is a happy staff.

Not that a few personnel problems haven't cropped up from time to time. Once a subchef reported at Dave's office to pick up his check before leaving on his summer vacation. Dave noticed that this man was wearing a vest with his street clothes, although it was a hot day. The vest not only bulged suspiciously; from behind it, came curious cracklings and rustlings every time the man moved. These were caused by the wrapping paper on seventeen grenadines of prime beef—each weighing two pounds and exquisitely interlarded with pork insertions—which the subchef had liberated from the kitchen meat safe. "I was going on a little picnic," he explained as he was being degrenadined. This subchef was, literally, run off the premises by Dave. Dave may not be robust, but he is fast and wiry, and a tiger if roused.

Besides being a restaurant, Chasen's is an extensive catering organization capable of providing food, drink and accompanying tackle for anything in the way of a Hollywood private party, political-fund-raising dinner, industrial-management banquet, or what you will. No assignment is too large: during the war Dave fed 12,000 people a day at the San Bernardino Air Base, and all of them smacked their lips. He works out the meals for passengers flying by TWA. At present he is planning to enter the canning business for a nationwide distribution of his chili, his beef stew and his onion soup. Save for a brief fishing trip every summer to Black Lake, Colorado, Dave is knocking himself out each calendar day of the year.

He goes to the restaurant every morning—even on Mondays, when it's closed—and, six days of the week, he averages fifteen hours there daily. If Chasen's were in France, the position Dave occupied in it would be called the animator. During the last half of his fifteen-hour average day, while animating dinner, he is all over the restaurant at once with short, quick steps—almost running. One night, in the interests of science, we hung a pedometer on him, and when the last customer had left, we found that he had covered just a little short of five miles.

Probably he would have buckled under the strain of it all long ago, had it not been for his wife, the former Maude Martin, a Louisville girl whom he married in 1942. Maude is a handsome blonde whose looks and measurements make a monkey out of her age, and she's quite an animator herself. Before her marriage she ran five beauty parlors for the Saks Fifth Avenue stores; since then she has become proficient in almost every phase of running Chasen's. When Dave is occasionally laid low by bouts of sciatica, she takes over the controls. During the war, when restaurant help was scarce, she insisted on helping Dave roll the garbage cans to the collection point outside the kitchen door. Dave protested that it was no occupation for a Southern gentlewoman. Maude snapped, "Dammit, honey, this is our garbage," and kept on rolling cans.

Ross and McNamara are dead, but they lived to see Dave achieve his success and were both very proud of him. Chasen's celebrated its twentieth anniversary last December thirteenth. Dave can consider himself a truly fortunate man. He has a happy marriage, innumerable friends all over the country, a fine home, more than financial security, a flourishing career, and is definitely a personage in his community. That isn't bad for an immigrant boy who ran away from home at the age of fifteen to be a stooge in a small-time vaudeville act for eight dollars a week.

But this is not meant to be a success story. Its prime purpose is to tell the reader who likes to cook, and doesn't mind going to some extra trouble, how he, or she, and three friends or loved ones, can eat a couple of Chasen dinners without having to see the finance company first. This is really a do-it-yourself article.

In generously providing the following recipes, Dave and his chef, Signor Nisi, have striven to keep them as uncomplicated and workable for the amateur as possible. For instance, one of the quiet glories of Chasen's is a cream-of-fresh-tomato soup, but its preparation requires, among other things, beef of two different kinds, the carcass and giblets of a fowl, and five hours of pot-watching. It was therefore scratched by the selections committee and a much simpler but equally delicious soup was put in its place. There is no operation in these recipes that should throw a good plain cook. Naturally, your results from them won't be exactly the same as what Dave or the signore would turn out, for it is unlikely that you will have seven stoves or forty professional helpers available, not to mention fourteen-carat ingredients. But your productions will be very close approximations.

Whenever an ingredient is unobtainable in the amateur chef's territory, adaptation should be made in a bold spirit. If there is no Italian grocery or food-importing store where you live, and hence no *prosciutto* to be had, smoked ham that is fat-free and very thinly sliced makes an excellent substitute. Shallots are not hard to come by in metropolitan areas; a request for them in a small-town supermarket, however, is almost certain to bring only blank looks or huh?'s. But scallions or small, mild white onions will do just about as well. Zucchini and summer, or crookneck, squash are kissing cousins, if not identical twins. And so on. Fortitude and a little fast footwork will conquer all. (*Continued on Page 144*)

Form 1040 Blues

Halfway through the puzzle
Two facts are plain:
Along with my income
They're taxing my brain.

By D. S. Halacy, Jr.

printed on NEKOOSA PAPERS!
millions of
continuous
business
forms
for products
and business uses!
Nekoosa
PAPERS
If you are a printer of continuous business forms, ask your Nekoosa Paper Merchant to show you samples of the Nekoosa Papers made for this purpose. Or write directly to . . .
NEKOOSA-EDWARDS PAPER COMPANY, PORT EDWARDS, WISCONSIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLOR RECIPE: Ceiling—SPRED SATIN *Decorator White* 3418; Walls—SPRED SATIN *Clove* D-90; Furniture—SPRED LUSTRE *Congo* D-112 and SPRED LUSTRE *Flame* D-68; Floor—GLID-TONE *Brown Mahogany* 248 and *Wheat* 246 wiping stains.

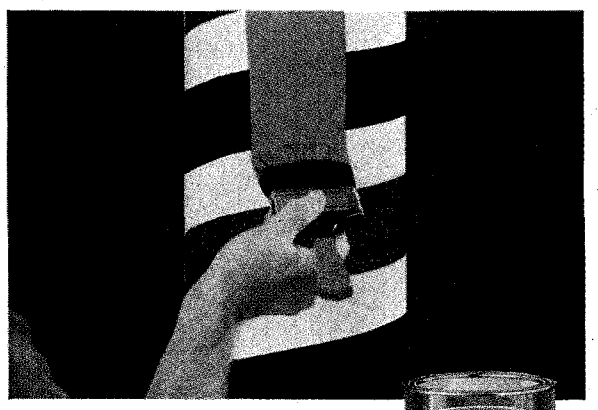
Now! Color harmony guaranteed with SPRED SATIN

THE LATEX WONDER WALL PAINT

and New SPRED LUSTRE ALL-PURPOSE ENAMEL

Use famous SPRED SATIN wall colors and new SPRED LUSTRE enamel for woodwork as harmonized in exclusive Glidden DRAMATONE system described at right; *you just can't make a mistake!* Glidden DRAMATONE guarantees *perfect* color harmony! And, only Glidden gives you such durable, stay-fresh colors—so highly washable *you won't have to paint again till you want to change colors!*

DRAMATONE decorating system gives you complete color-harmony help, on the back of each big, 4″ color chip. Easy-to-follow harmony guide *guarantees* you can't go wrong! Helps you harmonize with fabrics, carpeting, too!



SPRED SATIN OUTPERFORMS all other wall paints—goes on twice as fast with brush or roller, dries in 20 minutes! No brush or lap marks—touch-ups won't show. No unpleasant odor. Brush or roller cleans in water!

AMAZING ONE-COAT COVERAGE! Delicate pastel green hides brilliant stripes—proof that new SPRED LUSTRE gives better coverage with roller or brush! Resists heat, water, abuse; *use indoors or out!* One coat covers most colors.

62 NEW PASTEL AND NATURAL WOOD TONES in easy-to-apply GLID-TONE WOOD STAINS give you professional-looking wood staining with less effort. Choose from 49 new pastels, 13 natural wood tones. Use indoors or out!

Find Your Nearest SPRED-Glidden Paint Dealer In The Yellow Pages

Glidden

Pacemaker in Paints

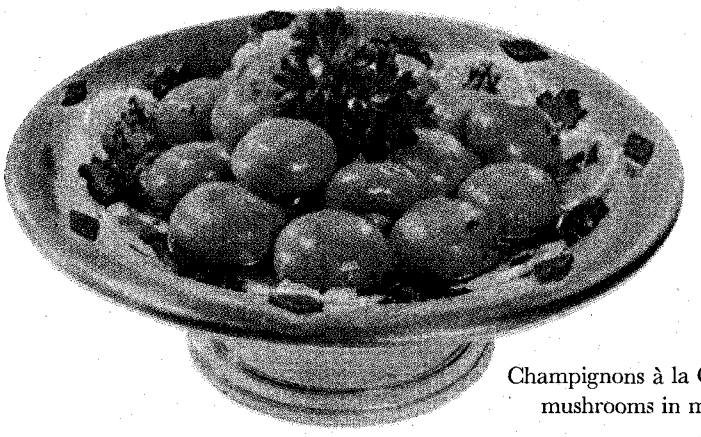
The Glidden Company • Cleveland 14, Ohio
In Canada: The Glidden Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.
SPRED SATIN also sold by dealers for the following paints:
HEATH & MILLIGAN • CLIMATIC • ROYAL • T. L. BLOOD

QUALITY Glidden PRODUCTS

©1957

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 142*) As implied earlier, these recipes are geared to four eaters. If you want to feed more or fewer than four on your first attempt at Chasen cuisine, apply multiplication or short division. Finally, if Gallic studies weren't included in your education, don't be buffaloed by the French tags that appear on some of these dishes. The menu French at Chasen's is suspect, in any case: Chickenburger Forrestière, for heaven's sake! What would Escoffier have thought of that?



Champignons à la Grecque: mushrooms in marinade.

Hors d'Oeuvres

Champignons à la Grecque. Select 24 small, fresh mushrooms—allowing 6 to each eater—wash and peel them; then cut the tough parts from their stem ends. If fresh mushrooms aren't available in your territory, try the canned button type. Parboil them for 6 minutes in salted water to which 2 tablespoons of lemon juice have been added. Next prepare the following marinade. Into a saucepan put a cup of white vinegar, ½ cup of olive oil, 2 crushed cloves of garlic—you're no doubt hep to the dodge of crushing ingredients by covering them with the blade of a butcher knife, then striking the blade with the heel of your fist—a piece of bay leaf, 6 crushed peppercorns, a pinch each of powdered thyme and coriander seeds, and a few fennel leaves. If there are Italians in your territory who do their own cooking, there is bound to be fennel, which they call *finocchio*. If no Italians, maybe you have some Scandinavian fellow citizens, in which case substitute dill—Scandinavians can't live without dill. If you do find some fennel, after you've cut off the leaves for the marinade, be sure to eat the rest of it; for not only are fennel stalks and roots delicious with their aromatic, licoricelike flavor but they have the name of being a cure for failing eyesight and a powerful love potion. Bring the marinade to a boil and let it roll for about 8 minutes. When it has cooled, drop in the mushrooms and leave the saucepan in the refrigerator for at least 12 hours. If you put mushrooms fixed this way into Mason jars and let them pickle for a month or 6 weeks in a cool place—not the refrigerator—you will hardly be able to stop eating them all in one sitting.

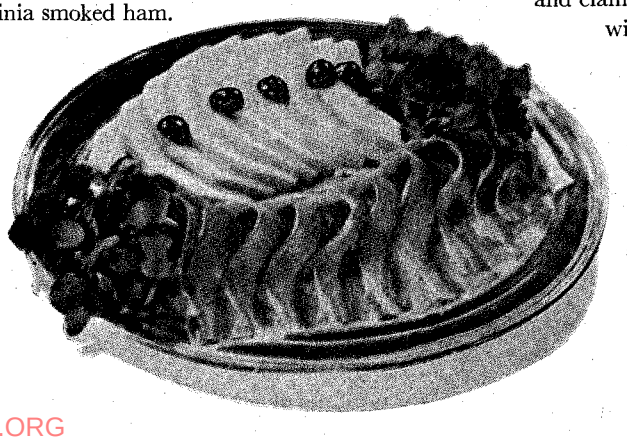
Alternate: *Prosciutto* and Melon. Almost any sort of melon will do for this number except a watermelon; at Chasen's they favor honeydews, but cantaloupes will serve equally well. Cut the melon in half and carefully separate the meat from the rind. Allow three slices to each plate and cut them about an eighth of an inch thick. On the other side of the plate put three very thin shavings of *prosciutto,* or smoked ham—Virginia preferred. At Chasen's they lay a little water cress on the plate between these two elements. Before serving, chill everything, including the plates. This hors d'oeuvre always gets a big play from Don Ameche.

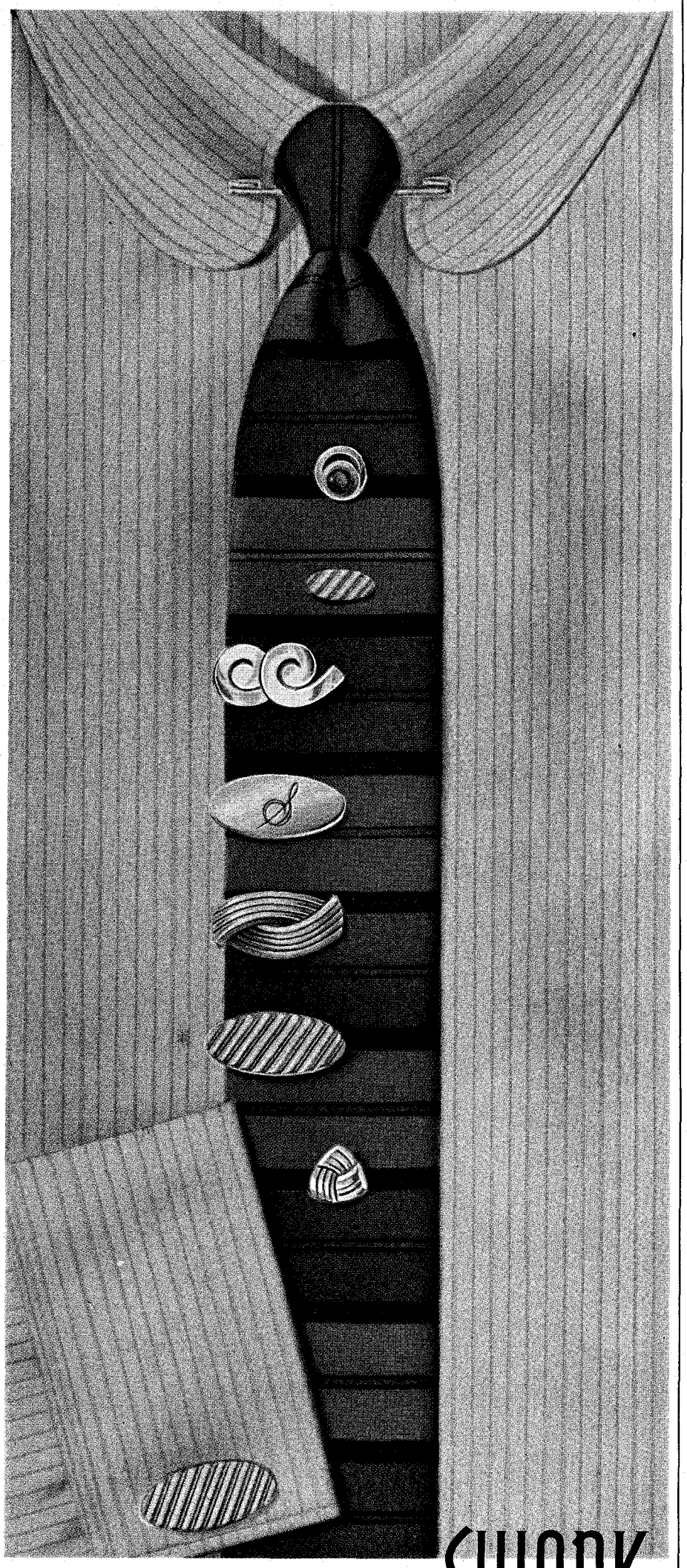
Soup

Consommé Bellevue. Has a large draw from the discerning gluttons among Dave's clientele and is a cinch to make, because all you need is the elbow grease to work a can opener and an egg beater. Buy the best canned chicken consommé and canned clam broth that you can find, pry off the tops, combine enough of each to make 2 cups and heat good and hot; also be sure that your soup cups are nice and warm. Whip some cream—say ½ cup—and put a gob of it on top of each serving. Chasen's offers this in the classic style, with no gobbets of chicken, rice or clam accompanying.

Above: Consommé Bellevue: chicken and clam broth (to be served with whipped cream).

Below: Slices of ripe honeydew melon and shavings of *prosciutto* or Virginia smoked ham.





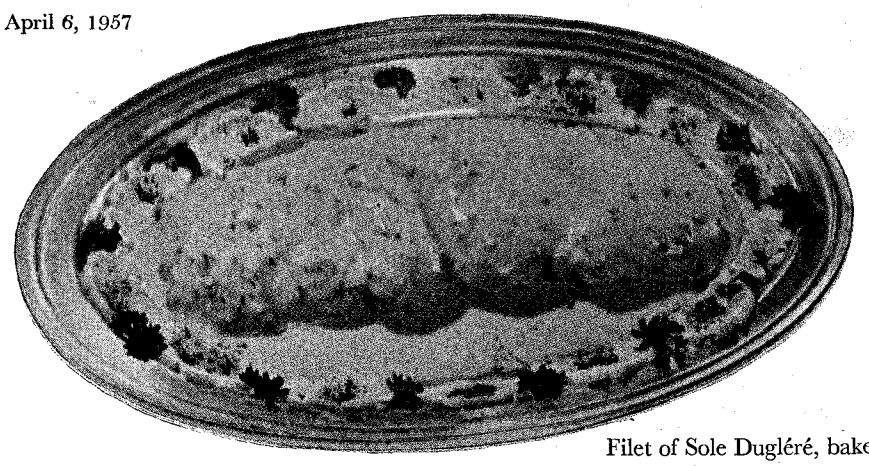
"IVY" JEWELRY by SWANK

Elegance, refinement, distinction . . . these are the words to describe the new Pin-Ups, Pinch-Klips and Cuff Links by SWANK. In golden and silver tones.

Pin-Ups, $1.50 Pinch-Klips, $1.50 Cuff Links, $2.50 Collar Pin, $1
All SWANK jewelry is gift-boxed.

Look for the name SWANK.® World's Largest Manufacturer of Men's and Boys' Jewelry.
Prices plus Fed. Tax, Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Filet of Sole Dugléré, baked in a wine-and-vegetable sauce.

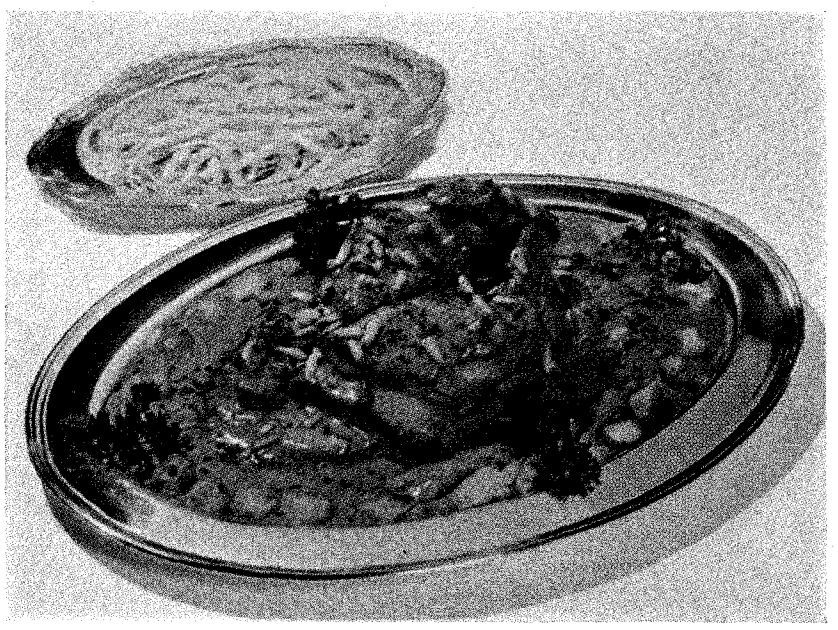
Fish

Filet of Sole Dugléré. About the only thing we know of M. Dugléré is that he was a nineteenth-century French chef and supposedly dreamed this dish up. Buy two whole soles and cut them into eight filets lengthwise. Light your oven and set the gauge to 350 degrees. Into a lavishly buttered baking dish or large shallow pan put a tablespoon of finely chopped shallots—see above for subs—a tablespoon of chopped parsley, a pinch of tarragon and 3 coarsely chopped tomatoes which you have peeled beforehand. (No doubt you are also hep to the dodge of peeling a tomato by putting it in boiling water for 30 seconds or impaling it on a fork and turning it slowly over a flame.) Now lightly salt and pepper the filets, lay them side by side on the vegetables, and pour over them a cup of dry white wine. Cover the baking dish with a piece of buttered paper, in the center of which a little hole has been made. Bring the wine to a boil atop the stove; then slip the dish into the 350-degree oven and let it poach for 10 or 12 minutes, according to how thick your filets are. Gently transfer the filets to a serving dish, being careful not to break them. Now put the baking dish back on top of the stove, turn a burner up high, and cook the sauce until it has been reduced by about one third. Turn the burner off and thoroughly blend with the sauce 2 tablespoons of butter into which you have manipulated ½ teaspoon of flour. Taste the sauce and rectify it with salt and pepper, if need be, then pour it over the filets, add a little more chopped parsley to them, and serve.

Poultry

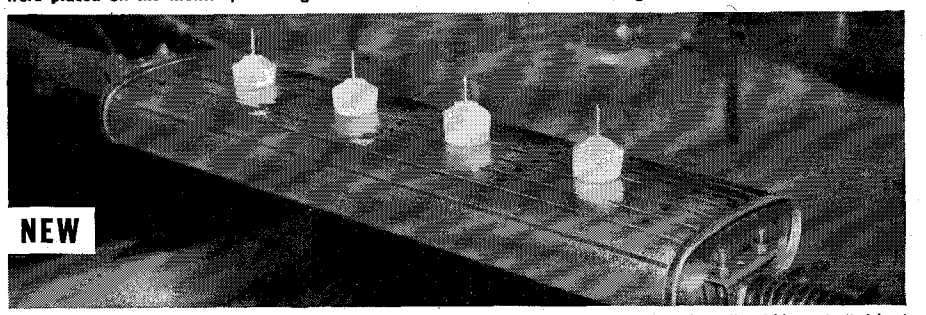
Chicken Alexandria. This used to be called Poulet Jacqueline, but was rechristened in honor of Dave's mother. Buy a couple of tender 3-pound frying chickens and have the butcher cut them up for you into serving pieces. Shake the pieces up in a paper bag containing 4 tablespoons of salted and peppered flour until each piece is well coated. Melt ¼ pound stick of butter in a large casserole or skillet and lightly brown the chicken pieces all over. Add four finely chopped shallots and let them cook until—in the words of Signor Nisi—"the aroma has arrived." This done, pour a cup of port wine over the chicken and 6 tablespoons of canned beef consommé (or its equivalent made with water and meat glaze or bouillon cubes); if you happen to have any veal stock on hand, it will contribute even more, for chicken and the juices of veal write pure poetry together. Now cover the chicken and let it simmer for 20 minutes over a low flame. Meantime peel and core 3 or 4 tart green apples and chop them into three-quarter-inch cubes, then put them into a saucepan with a generous tablespoon of butter. The signore cooks them in a moderate oven, but perhaps it would be better to put them on top of the stove, where you can watch them like a World Series umpire, for you must be careful not to let them turn to applesauce. When the chicken pieces are done, put them on that customary hot serving platter and surround them with the apples. Over a high flame reduce the liquid the chicken was cooked in by about one third, then add 3 or 4 tablespoons of heavy cream and let it roll briefly. Remove this sauce from the fire, swirl 2 tablespoons of butter in it, then add a closed handful of slivered almonds which you have toasted in a moderate oven. Sprinkle the juice of a lemon or so over the apples and pour the sauce over the chicken. Buttered noodles, served separately, go with this instead of a vegetable, and you make them according to the directions on the box.

Chicken Alexandria, surrounded by cubed apples and slivered almonds.

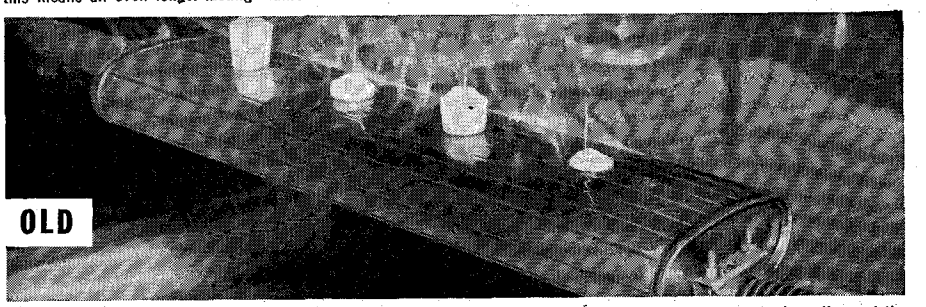


NEW AP "DRI-FLOW" MUFFLER DESIGN SLOWS RUST-OUT AND CORROSION, LASTS LONGER

The new AP "Dri-Flow" model and a muffler of earlier design were installed on an engine dynamometer. Candles were placed on the mufflers, and engine was run for 10 minutes. The melting candles show heat distribution.



New AP "Dri-Flow" Design has uniform heat over its entire area, as shown by the evenly melted candles. This controlled heat eliminates cold spots where excessive corrosive moisture collects, insures a much drier muffler. And with AP's heavier steels, this means an even longer-lasting muffler.



Hot-spot, cold-spot design of most mufflers, including this earlier AP model, is shown by the unevenly melted candles and the heat-darkened areas. Corrosive moisture condenses in the cold spots, while the hot spots tend to burn out metal. This combination attacks mufflers from the inside, results in short life.

Short muffler life has become a major problem on millions of late-model cars. For years, AP mufflers have had up to ⅔ heavier heads, ⅓ thicker shells. And many have asbestos liners or corrosion-resistant aluminized and zinc coated steels. Now the new "Dri-Flow" Design cuts down rust-out and internal corrosion. Insist on AP mufflers for this unbeatable combination: longer-lasting inside, longer-lasting outside.

You can depend on AP mufflers for longer life, more power, better gas mileage, surer protection from carbon monoxide. And remember, *they cost no more!*

AP MUFFLER Specialist — EXPERT EXHAUST SYSTEM SERVICE

Look for the sign of the AP Muffler Specialist in your neighborhood. He'll be a good friend to your car.

THE AP PARTS CORPORATION

10-Q AP Building, Toledo 1, Ohio

Mufflers and Pipes • Miracle Power • dgf 123

AP Longer-Lasting Mufflers—Designed for Today's High-Compression Engines

AUTO-MEDIC

By WYNN

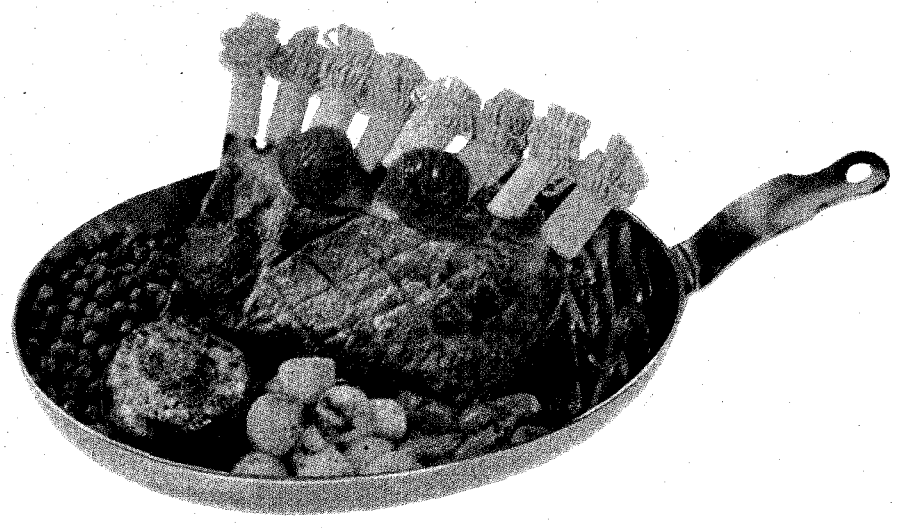
"That reminds me... Wynn's Friction Proofing takes the squeal out of power steering"

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meat

Rack of Lamb Bouquetière. Beef is Dave's great specialty for his carnivores, and he imports it all, some from as far east as New York City. But his carnivores also eat a lot of his lamb dishes, every chew of which is produced locally, because California lamb is second to none. In case your French is rusty, *bouquetière* means flower girl. I asked Dave why it was called that, and he didn't know either. Ask your butcher for a double rack, or two half racks, of the best and youngest lamb he has, and tell him to remove the backbone, but that you don't want the chops Frenched, for, if they are cut that way, you lose some pretty meat. Salt your rack and massage it with a pinch or two of rosemary. Lay it on its back in the roasting pan and shove it into a 450-degree oven for 40 minutes, turning once at half time. Keep it moist by basting frequently. Small new potatoes—peeled after that 30-second boiling-water routine—go into the pan after the rack has roasted for 25 minutes. If new potatoes are out of season where you live, try the canned variety. Gravy with this, of course, and you make it as follows: Remove the finished rack and potatoes from the roasting pan and keep warm. Skim the fat off the top of the roasting-pan liquid and transfer the remainder to a saucepan, plus any blobs of lamb that may have stuck to the roasting pan's bottom. Add a chopped stalk of celery, a sliced onion of medium size, a sliced carrot, a few parsley sprigs and a cup of water. Turn a burner up full-cock and let this liquid reduce by half. Strain, pour into a gravy boat and pass with rack. Joan Crawford phones in a day ahead for this when she eats at Chasen's.



Rack of Lamb Bouquetière, roasted with tiny new potatoes and a pinch of rosemary.

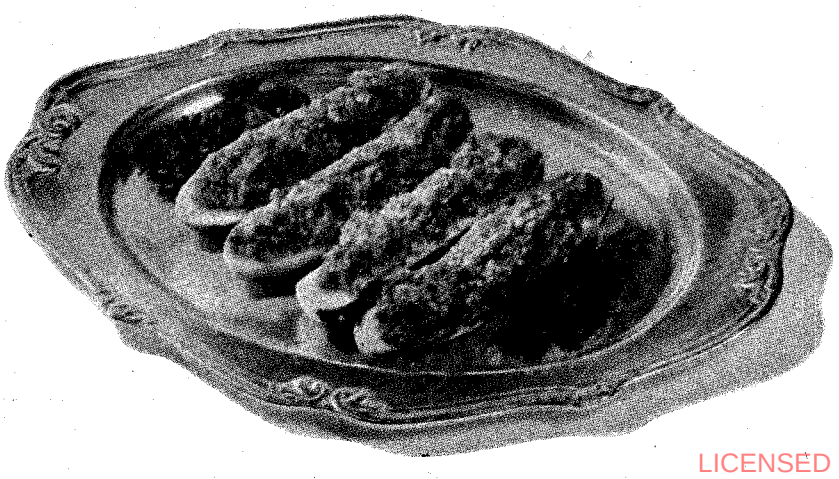
Vegetable

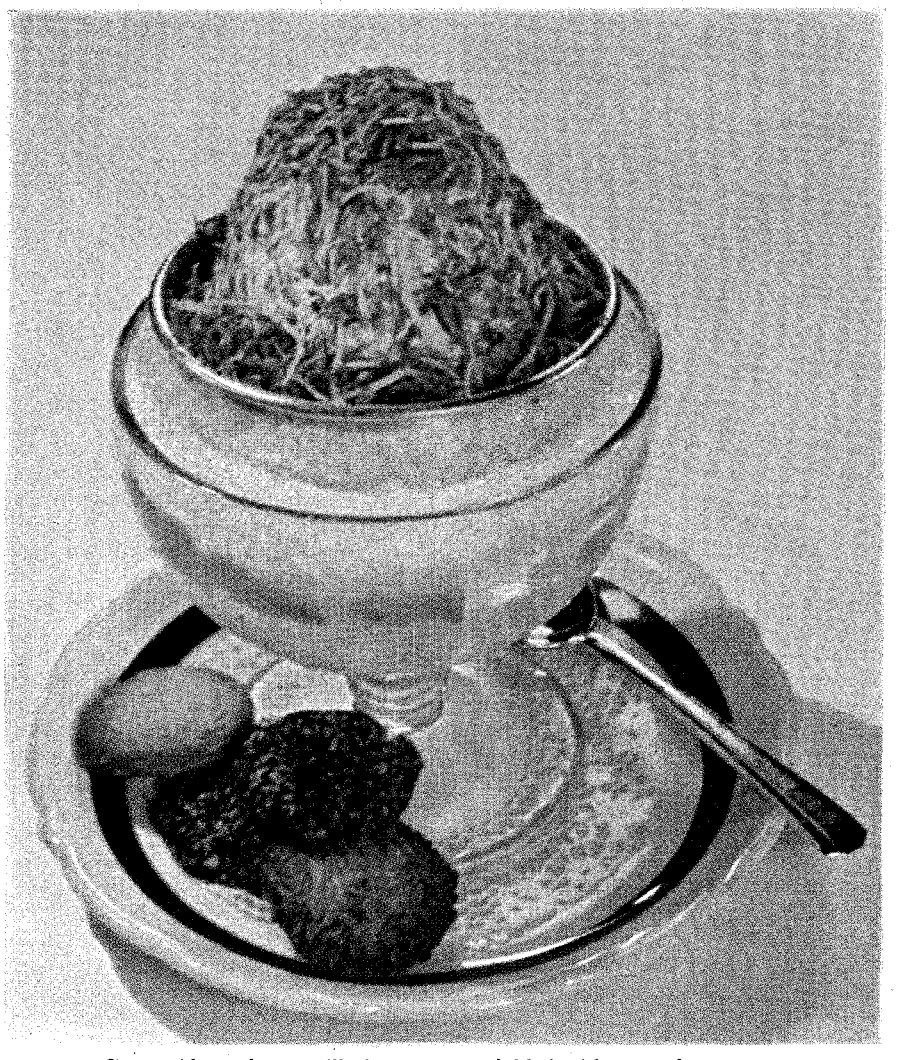
Stuffed Zucchini Provençale. Lightly scrape the peeling off 4 zucchini, then cut them in two lengthwise. Trim them around the edges, but preserve the shells intact. With your paring knife cross-hatch the pulp in the shells, then put the zucchini into boiling water for 3 minutes. The cross-hatching is done, in the signore's words, "with a view to facilitating the cooking." Drain the zucchini, then tenderly remove the pulp and set the shells in a buttered baking dish. Chop the following up fine: the zucchini pulp, 2 small onions, 3 small peeled tomatoes, a small green pepper, a small clove of garlic and a little parsley. First cook the onions in 4 tablespoons of olive oil; then add the parsley and green pepper, the garlic, next the tomatoes, and finally the zucchini pulp. After this has cooked slowly for 15 minutes, fill the zucchini shells with this lovely mixture, sprinkle them with grated Parmesan cheese, and put into a 350-degree oven for 12 minutes.

Salad

Spinach Salad à la Chasen—some French we can all understand. Dave invented this one, or rather adapted it from the old German version of wilted-lettuce salad. For a big salad, buy a pound of the youngest, freshest spinach you can, remove the stems and wash and clean the leaves. Wrap the leaves in a clean dry dish towel and put them in the refrigerator for at least 2 hours to crispen before serving. Fry 4 pieces of bacon until crisp, then crumble or cut them into pieces about one eighth of an inch square. When ready to serve, toss the spinach leaves in half a cup of French dressing, which the signore makes as follows: blend 4 tablespoons of olive oil with 1½ tablespoons of wine vinegar and 1 teaspoon of French mustard, add a little salt and pepper, and each of these, finely chopped: 4 shallots, a clove of garlic and 10 fresh tarragon leaves—or ½ teaspoon of powdered tarragon—mix well and chill. After the spinach tossing, add the crumbled bacon and 2 teaspoons of hot bacon fat and retoss.

Stuffed Zucchini Provençale, topped with Parmesan cheese.





Coupe Alexander: vanilla ice cream sprinkled with toasted coconut.

Dessert

Coupe Alexander. Another of Dave's inventions, a kind of celestial sundae. Buy prepared shredded coconut and toast it in a 350-degree oven, allowing 2 tablespoons for each guest. Into 4 champagne glasses put as many generous scoops of vanilla ice cream as possible, sprinkle toasted coconut on each, then add a swift squirt—but no more—of anisette liqueur. Or, instead of anisette, a squirt of Grand Marnier is nice. Many Chasen customers order chocolate sauce on top of this; others have it soused with Kahlua, the Mexican coffee liqueur.

Alternate: To those who fear that the Coupe Alexander may induce gout, Dave recommends Brie or Bel Paese cheese with slices of peeled apple or pear.

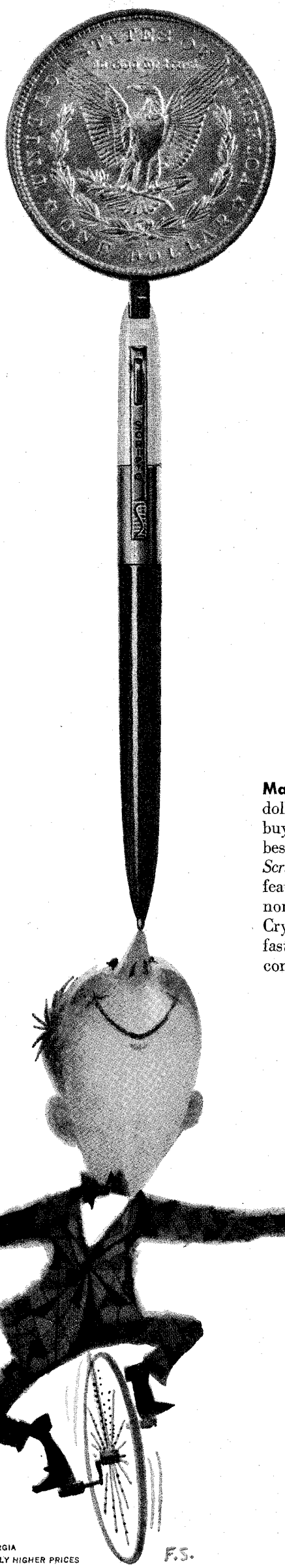
It will be up to the amateur chef to orchestrate the above dishes into two dinners. You won't want either of the hors d'oeuvres and the soup at the same meal; in the interests of digestion, you may want to skip the soup, which is rich, before the rich Chicken Alexandria, or drop the salad after it. The way you combine the dishes will be a matter of your taste and diet preferences. For maximum pleasure, full-bodied bread—French, Italian or Viennese—or hard rolls should be provided; our ordinary soft, air-blown bread with these dishes would taste like goldfish food.

Dave and the signore and I wish you luck with these recipes. Chew everything well. THE END

Spinach Salad à la Chasen, garnished with crisp bacon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREATEST TRICK YOU CAN DO WITH A DOLLAR TODAY

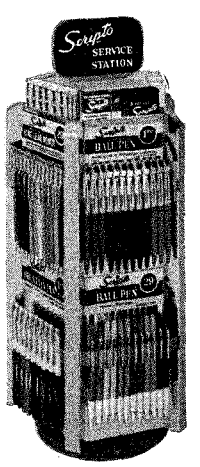


Make a dollar worth a dollar! Even though the dollar has shrunk in half (compared with pre-war buying power on other items), it now buys the best writing value in history—the beautiful new *Scripto Super Dollar Ball Pen*. Check these great features: Giant cartridge with *visible* supply of Rx* non-smear ink—sealed in, can't leak! Exclusive Crystalloy ball point—writes smoother, cleaner, faster, easier! Choice of rich two-tone color combinations—fine or medium points!

Scripto® M. R.

SUPER DOLLAR BALL PEN—$1.00
GIANT CARTRIDGE-REFILL—49¢

Choose the best in writing at any price, from the Scripto Service Station at good stores everywhere.



*TRADE MARK REGISTERED • FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED • SCRIPTO, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA
SCRIPTO OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA • SCRIPTO PRODUCTS AVAILABLE IN CANADA AT SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kiowa Moon (Continued from Page 51)

kind of thing. But if he didn't know where he was, he said so. The boys made a great legendary figure of papa as a trail driver. They claimed nobody had ever seen Old Zack lie down while he had a herd on the trail. Any real sleep he had was actually in the saddle; he used up about five horses a day.

Old Zack had left them no record for the drive from the Dancing Bird to Wichita, for they were still driving to Abilene, far up in the northern part of Kansas, at the time of his death. Ben's second drive, in 1871, had made Wichita in four weeks and two days, which was his best time, and would have been a credit to his father. He also had made the same drive in nine weeks and three days. Cassius had made one drive, that the Rawlinses had sat out, in 1872, in five weeks even, which was cracking good time. You could call six weeks good time, and seven weeks pretty fair. No telling, though, how long they'd be held up in Wichita, waiting to sell, and sometimes they had to load the cars, holding until cars could be had.

During this time occurred one of the small-seeming, unreadable things, the seriousness of which was hidden at the time it happened. They lost a horse, which was a commonplace if anything was, except that this one went missing in broad daylight, out of the uphorse corral. Well, somebody must have turned it out, though no one would admit it. The animal was a sleepy old pony named Apples. It might never have been missed except that it happened to belong to Andy, who called it his night horse.

Cassius had now been gone upwards of six weeks, and they were coming into the just-barely-possible area. The land was already yielding dust again where the grass was poor or the run-off had scoured the earth barren. So now they watched for a distant stir-up.

But when they sighted one, early in an unseasonably hot afternoon, it was in an unlikely direction, and it was a Fort Worth posse that came there, before ever Cash got home. Ben came on in, with Andy and his two hired hands. By lathering the horses, he got home just ahead of the slower-moving posse. Immediately he sent Andy up to the house, with word that Mathilda and Rachel were to stay inside, whatever happened. And shortly after that, nine riders came jogging around the corral to where the Zachary men waited, sitting their sweated horses.

The man in front, gray-thatched and gray-mustached, with a dried-out look, Ben knew for Sol Carr, of Tarrant County. He had been a Ranger, once, before the War Between the States, and would be one again, now that Texas could bring the Rangers back. Ben did not know why his father had disliked Sol Carr, but remembered that this was so. For the time being, Carr was head of a loosely organized bunch of volunteers from the Fort Worth neighborhood. They chased thieves and war parties, and some of them rode all the time.

Behind Sol Carr and to one side, respectfully aloof, rode an Indian in the butternut clothes of a cow hand, but with no dents or creases in his hat. Ben believed this to be a Delaware called Humpjack, who had scouted for troops and Rangers against the wild tribes since long ago.

Most conspicuous, because they hung back and would not meet his eye, were Jude and Charlie Rawlins. But Ben could have named three of the five others. They nodded slightly, noncommittally and without smiling, as he looked at them, one after another, and this confirmed that the posse was hostile. The chilling thing was that these were ordinary men, who were Texans and cowmen, but not renegades, nor of any special faction.

Behind the mounted men, a tenth man drove a light wagon, with a horse tied to the tail gate, and the led horse was Apples.

Andy swung down. "That's my horse you got there! What's that contraption you got on him?" Apples was carrying an Indian saddle of sticks and straps; it looked to be broken.

Farm Wife Dead

By E. V. Griffith

The big, rough farmer's quiet
and subdued.
He goes his blundering way
with hang-down head,
Though ewes are lambing and
the sow's in brood,
And the fields burn green with
spring. His wife is dead
And a silence has settled in;
the slow year turns,
But no one starts new chicks
or takes such pride
In all those house plants; no
one bakes, or churns,
Or darns his socks. . . .
Bewildered, sorrow-eyed,
He goes now, envying other
men their wives,
Their comings-home. . . . To
all things, soon or late,
Comes Death, an implacable
leveler, who contrives
Equable endings for the
strong, the great,
The weak and the poor—
speaking its dark commands
Even to those of the gentle
smiles and hands.

Somebody shouted, "Let that horse alone, boy!"

"That thing's eating him in two! I got to get it off him!"

But Ben said sharply, "Come back here, Andy!" And his brother obeyed.

Carr dismounted now, without invitation, and Ben stepped down to meet him. Ben wore his holster slung low on his right, and Sol Carr was similarly armed.

"We've been following out the No Hope massacre," Carr said to Ben, "and we've been lucky. Found out quite a bit." He let an edge come into his voice, as if he were talking to a man under arrest, or about to be. "I'm here to learn the rest of it from you."

Ben flared up, but his voice remained quiet. Rachel, watching from the house, heard no word of what followed.

"Those were your last words in that tone," he told Sol Carr, "while you stand on my land."

"You can back that up too," Carr said, dry as the dust, "just by taking on all these men. How many do you figure you'll have time to get?"

"One," Ben said.

Maybe the old Ranger modified his tone some, then—or maybe he didn't, actually. Certainly his purpose was not softened.

"We taken a prisoner," Carr said. "A white squaw man, and I believe you know him. Name of Abe Kelsey."

"We've been looking for Kelsey a long time," Ben said.

"That's as may be. What interests us, he was mixed up with that war party, at the massacre. And we got him."

"Alive?"

"Just about. We got the names of the main war chiefs out of him. Seth was there, and so was Wolf Saddle. But he says Lost Bird was the leader. Though he may be protecting Seth."

"If he's alive," Ben demanded, "why haven't you hung him?"

"We may get around to it," Carr answered. "Meantime, he's spieled off a whole string of charges against you. I've got him here in that wagon."

"Let him lift his head," Ben said, "and I'll put a ball between his eyes in the next tenth of a second!"

"You'd shoot an unarmed man?"

"Yes," Ben said.

"Then I better tell you what he says myself. Bein's I'm in better shape to shoot back. He says, to start, the Kiowas used your place, here, for their point of assembly."

"The three you named were here," Ben acknowledged. "We forted up and stood 'em off."

"He says Lost Bird learned from you that the people they massacred were on the road, and there was no other way the Kiowas could have learned of it."

A stir of surprise ran over the posse as Ben laughed in Carr's face. It was a nasty laugh, with promise of fight in it, yet unexpected. "The Rawlinses are the people we have to work with," Ben said.

"They're also the damyankees that crowded in on your range," Carr reminded him. "Your old man had his eye on this grass for a long time. When he finally come to settle on it, Rawlins was ahead of him, and he had to go splits. It's possible to believe you wanted them out of here."

"Oh, horse feathers," Ben said with contempt.

"There's plenty to say it's the Kiowas you have to work with, not Rawlinses, if you want to last where you are. They say this foundling girl, this foster sister of yours you people have raised ——"

He broke off, stopped by the blaze of pure murder that had lighted Ben's eyes, contradicting his smile. "What about her?" Ben prodded him.

"They say she's the key to your understanding with the Kiowas," Sol Carr went on coolly. He had been startled, but he was not the man to be frightened. "Kelsey says your old man found the girl on the prairie and rescued her. And she proved out to be Kiowa. A quarter-breed baby, lost out of a drag litter—Lost Bird's half sister, from a white woman captive. They say the Kiowas are friendly because you're raising one of their own."

"Carr," Ben said, "if you don't have enough Indian savvy to know that's impossible, it's no use to talk to you. You ought to know there's nothing could bring the whole tribe down on us any quicker than if they thought we was holding a captive Kiowa child!"

"I would have supposed so," Sol Carr admitted. "Only there's one thing more. After the massacre Abe Kelsey made his way here. His horse had been hit; died about two miles out. He says you people gave him a horse. You gave him that horse, right there. You helped him get away on it."

"That horse was stolen," Andy said, "out of this corral right here. And within an hour of noon!"

"Nobody around at all?" Carr said with disbelief.

"I had two men here all the time," Ben told him. He glanced at Tip and Joey, and found them looking blank and frightened.

"Do you accuse the two men?" Carr asked sharply.

"I do not!"

"Yet somebody gave Kelsey this horse!"

In the moment of silence that followed, Ben saw Sol Carr look past him and start to say something more, then close his mouth again. Ben had not known that Mathilda had left the house, until she spoke from behind him.

"I did," Mathilda said clearly. "I gave him the horse."

Mathilda had not explained to Rachel, as she left the house, what it was she meant to do. Rachel made as if to go with her.

"Ben won't like this," Mathilda said. "Please don't make him mad at you too."

That worked. Rachel stayed on the window, and watched Mathilda walk down there, to butt in on the men, where she wasn't wanted. Suddenly Rachel went and got the Sharp & Hankins and chambered a cartridge. If a fight broke, she was sure she could not fail to get some of those who were against Ben. About one with every shot, at this range, firing from a rest.

Down by the corral, Sol Carr lifted his hat to Mathilda and spoke courteously. "I remember you, ma'am," Carr said. "You are Mrs. Zachary."

"And you are Sol Carr," Mathilda responded, "who tried to do my husband out of six thousand dollars."

Carr may have reddened a little, but his tone did not change. "I understood you to say you gave Kelsey this horse. Did you realize, then, he had come direct from the No Hope massacre?"

"I realize nothing of the kind. The day he came here was more than two weeks after the massacre."

That stopped Carr for a moment or two, but he said, "He had been wounded, though?"

"He had a gunshot wound in the limb," Mathilda said. "A new one. The blood was fresh on the bandage. You'd better get him some doctoring or you won't get him as far as his trial!"

"Ma'am," Carr said, "this is his trial."

"I'll be interested to hear the verdict," Mathilda said saltily.

"What was your belief, then, as to how he got wounded?"

"I supposed he was caught stealing horses. Our horses, likely."

"You thought he was a horse thief," Carr said wonderingly. "You knew he was a squaw man. You knew he's spread tales against you, to your great harm. Yet you gave him a horse to get away on?"

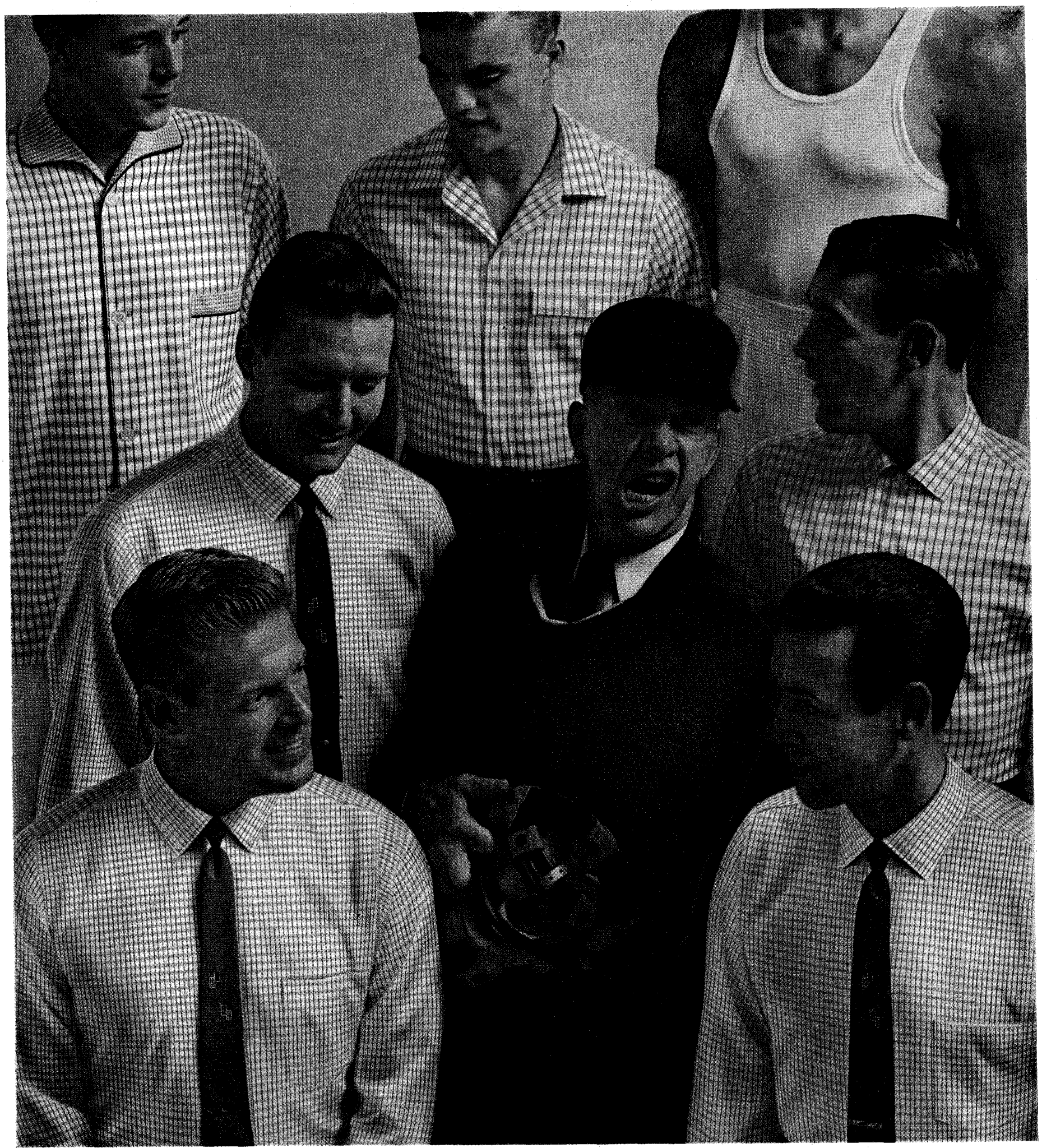
"Poor old man," Mathilda said. "I was sorry for him."

"After all he's done, you tell me you were sorry ——"

"Suppose one of my little children had been taken by red savages," Mathilda said. "Do you think there's anything I wouldn't do, any lengths I wouldn't go to, to bring my child back to me? Of course I'm sorry for him!"

There were a lot more questions. Like, where were the two men Ben had left at the house while Mathilda was giving away Apples. Smoked out, Tip and Joey admitted they had been reining a couple of colts, and had jumped a loafer wolf. They had taken after it, to rope it, and run it a far piece. All in all, they had been out of sight (*Continued on Page 151*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An American Revolution in Style!

"Box Score Checks" is a welcome change of pace, as American as razzing the ump. Dress shirts in small checks, $5.00. Sport Shirts in larger checks—short sleeves, $5.00, long sleeves, $5.95. Pajamas, with large check top, small check trousers, $5.95. Underwear, $1.95. Handkerchief, 65¢. Neckwear, $2.50. In blue, tan and green.

Nothing's in the same league with "Box Score Checks"

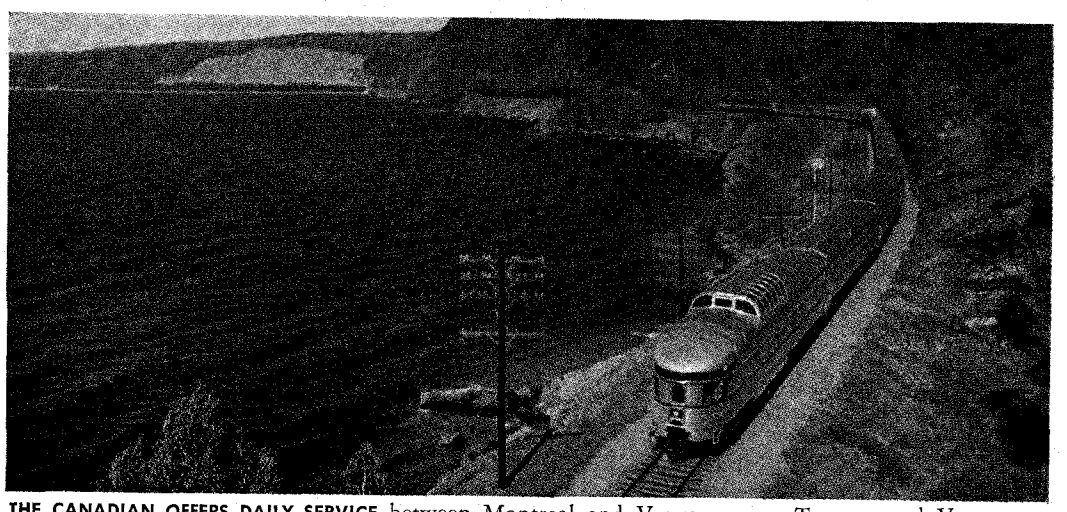
NEW WARDROBE BY VAN HEUSEN®

At better stores everywhere or write to Phillips-Jones Corp., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Swimwear • Sweaters

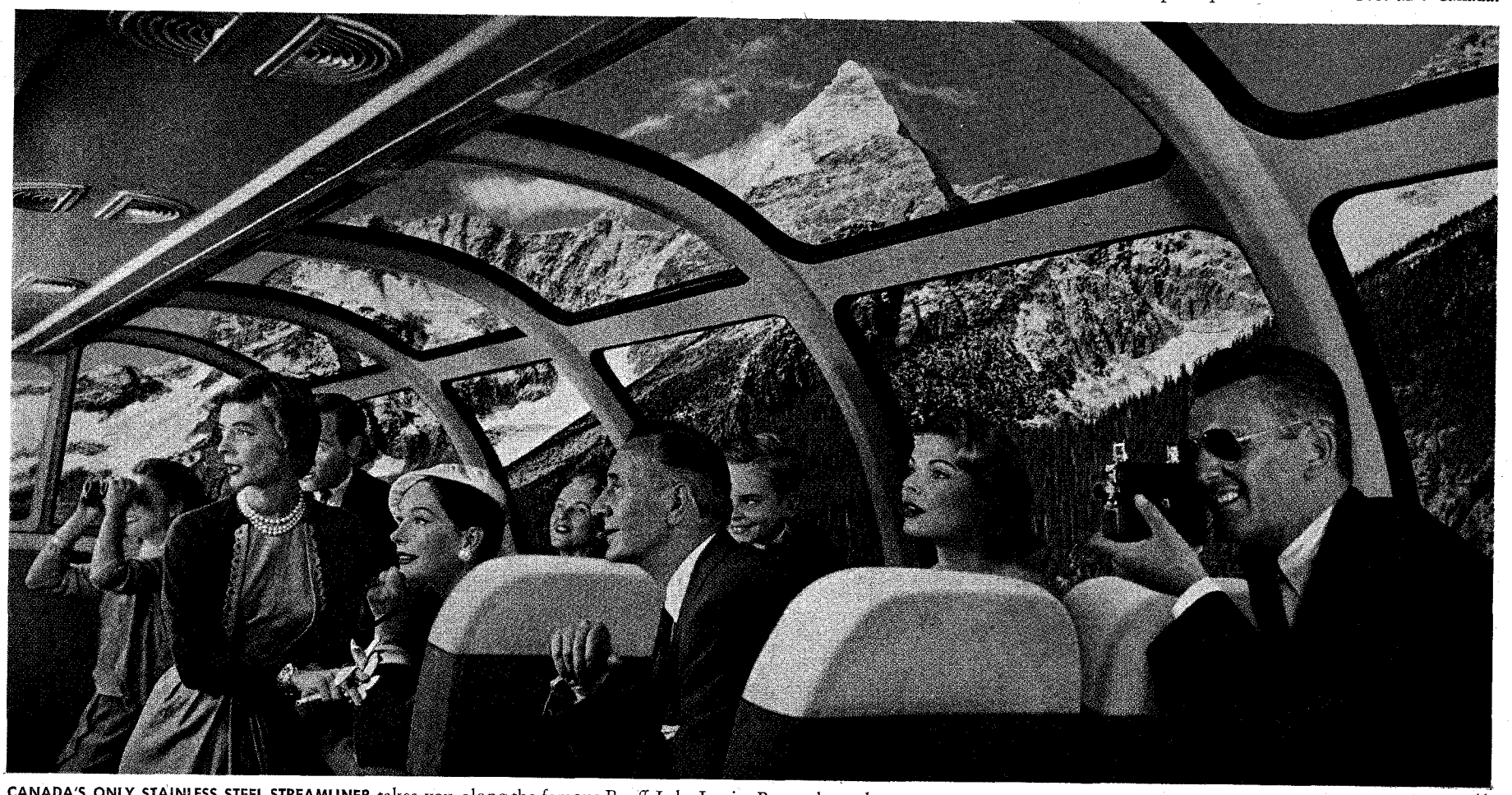
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll see more of magnificent Canada from the Scenic Domes of

The Canadian

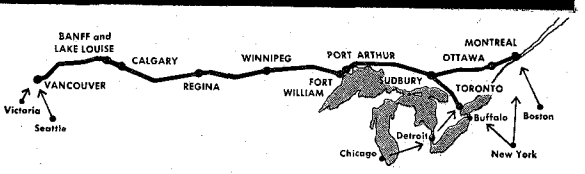


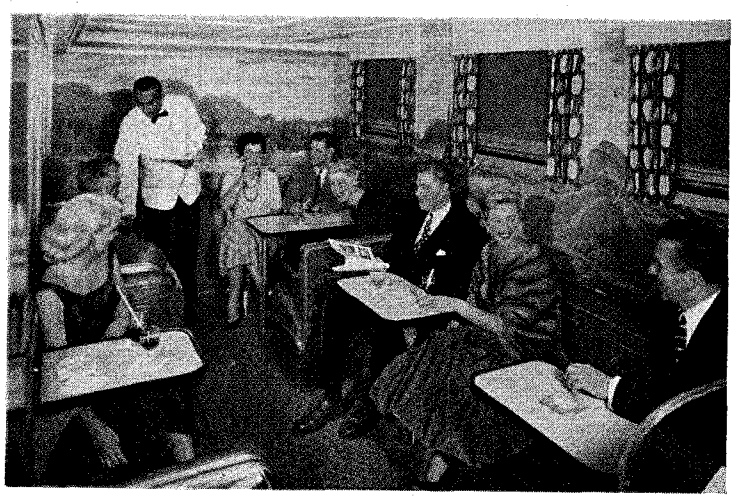
THE CANADIAN OFFERS DAILY SERVICE between Montreal and Vancouver, or Toronto and Vancouver. Whether you travel first class, tourist, or coach, you'll marvel at the spacious accommodations. For full details consult your local travel agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in the U.S. and Canada.



CANADA'S ONLY STAINLESS STEEL STREAMLINER takes you along the famous Banff-Lake Louise Route through 2,881 miles of ever-changing scenery. You travel through the spectacular Canadian Rockies in broad daylight, when you can take full advantage of magnificent panoramic views from the sky-high Scenic Domes. *The Canadian* takes you every mile of this exciting trip under smooth diesel power for greater comfort.

Route of THE CANADIAN





THE MURAL LOUNGE is a perfect spot to enjoy refreshments while you relax with a book, sit back and watch picturesque scenery flashing by, or chat with old friends and make new ones. The décor is heightened by a mural painted for Canadian Pacific by a distinguished Canadian artist.

SIT BACK AND RELAX in your reclining coach seat. Adjust full-length leg rests, comfortable foot and head rests to just the positions you want. Every seat is reserved in these roomy new-style coaches.

THE SKYLINE COFFEE SHOP has its own Scenic Dome ...offers light meals and snacks at popular prices. Or, if you prefer, you can choose from the finest Canadian cuisine in the Deluxe Dining Room Car.

Railways • Steamships • Airlines • Hotels • Communications • Express

Canadian Pacific *World's Greatest Travel System*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 148*) maybe two hours. But the backbone of the posse's purpose, if it had been to involve the Zacharys, had been broken for the time being, on the sheer incredibility of Mathilda's honesty.

Rachel saw the posse leader step into his saddle at the end of it. As the wagon moved, Abe Kelsey dragged himself up with scaly old hands to hang over the side.

Clear up at the house, Rachel could hear him plainly, wailing and pleading, "I'm an old man. I'm a pore old man. I ain't got no friends. I ain't done nothin'. I'm a pore old man. You got no right ——"

She could hear him for a long time, over the sound of the hoofs, as the cavalcade moved off and trailed out of sight beyond the upper bend. Mathilda was crying, now, quietly, and steadily; she could not, or would not, answer any of the many things Rachel had to ask. Without speaking a word, Mathilda went to her bed and hid her face there, crying still.

It was almost sundown when Ben came back and unsaddled slowly. A little after that the posse passed, going back the way it had come, but on the far side of the creek. The old man in the wagon no longer made any sound, and Rachel knew, by this time, why the posse had gone upstream. There was a big pin oak, up there, a whopper for its kind and place, with a limb of suitable height and girth. An old tale had it that a bandit had once been caught here and hanged upon that tree. Some said, and Andy liked to believe, that this ghost from long ago still haunted the Dancing Bird. No matter whether that legend had any truth in it or not. The Dancing Bird had a ghost to haunt it now.

Ben came in reluctantly. He didn't want to talk to anybody. His black moods were uncommon, but when he was in them he could bite, and he was in one now. Rachel knew no way to approach him or question him. He paced, sometimes smacking a fist into his palm, his lips moving in long strings of silent blasphemies. Or else he sat, sullen and bitter, on the edge of his bunk, burning holes in the floor with his eyes.

Andy only picked at his food, and stuck close to Ben, refusing to meet Rachel's eyes. A mumbled "I d'know," was all she could get out of him, and she knew it wasn't his fault. He had been told to shut up and stay shut up. She was alone, now, beyond the wall of this secretiveness; everyone in the house knew things that she did not. The Kiowa moon would soon be riding above them once more, and Ben updated it a number of days. He wouldn't say just what he was expecting to come against them; perhaps he was not entirely sure himself. But it was plain he felt easier with all the carbines within ready call.

Once Rachel asked him outright if it was horse stealing Kelsey had been hanged for. He said it was not.

"Mixed up in the No Hope massacre," he said. Then he let down enough to tell Rachel a little bit more. "He was with Seth when they killed Effie. By his own admission."

"They were trying to pull us into it someway, weren't they?" she pressed him. "Weren't they?"

He blazed up, "Who told you that?"

"Why, nobody."

"Then forget it! And stop making up things!"

Sometimes she tried to find out what the Rawlinses had done against them or were waiting for a chance to do, but nobody would give her a clue to that either.

"No way to fight them," Ben said once. Sometimes, now, he seemed less grim than discouraged, which was a new thing. "Jude and Charlie can shoot all right, if you give them all the time in the world. So can old Zeb. But they don't know how to fight anything that shoots back. If they hurry a shot, it goes wild. Any one of us could put all three of them down. Only—it would be like a man shooting a bunch of boys."

As bad as that, then. Bad enough to send Ben on the shoot, to smoke out their neighbors, except that he wasn't ready for outright murder yet.

That waiting time lasted barely a week, as the Kiowa moon came on, though it seemed a lot longer than that. The seemingly hopeless stack-up of chores melted away. The house got whitewashed, and even received a wash of lime and brown sand on the outside. Only the mud-leaky roof stayed the same, for lack of shingles. The cow hands took to playing endless games of high-low-jack on a blanket under the trees by the creek.

There was a day when Andy thought of something he could do, and it was a different kind of thing than had ever entered his mind before. He started out to build a pansy bed.

Mathilda had always had pansies, every year of their lives. Even when time pressed hard, she had managed to grow a few, for seed to be saved over. If they moved during the growing season, a few pansy plants had to go along in bedding boxes, so that the little flowers would not be lost out of their world.

The pansy bed Andy made beside the stoop was built up more than knee high, with stones from the creek. He carried the first stones in his arms up the slope, but later hitched the work team to the stone boat, and went at it right. After a while, Ben and the cow hands got interested and pitched in, and before they were through they had a raised bed on either side of the stoop, each six feet across, and so solidly built that they were an easy bet to outlast the house by half a century. Mathilda hummed gaily, her face shining, as she set out the tiny plants she had already started. Surely the pansies would grow here as they had never grown before, if only they were still here to see them.

Suddenly the waiting days were over. Eight of Cash's men got back with the reduced remuda and both wagons. But Cassius was not with them.

Ben met the stripped-down band halfway to the Red, and for a few minutes had a great sinking of the heart as he saw from a long way off that Cash was not with his wagons. He found Johnny Portugal straw-bossing, in charge of bringing the wagons and the remuda home. Cassius had ridden on ahead of them, Johnny told Ben at once. Said he had a side trip he wanted to make, on the way home; something he wanted to see, though he didn't say what. So, the morning of their fourth day out of Wichita, he had taken a fast horse and a spare on lead, and was soon out of sight.

Ben took the men on in, and by the time he got home he had worked out a lie. Cassius had always wanted to see where papa was lost, he told them, and Ben had explained to him how to find it. The country Cassius would travel was safe now—no game in it, and so no Indians. Johnny Portugal had really made very fast time; Cassius could hardly be expected for two or three days yet. And so on and so forth. Not a word of it had any relationship to fact.

Cassius came in the next day. He was gaunted and hollow-eyed; like his father, he was another who could never be caught asleep while he bossed a cattle drive. And he was saddle-weary to the bones from recent hard riding. One of the two horses which Cash had taken was dead, Ben learned later. The one he still rode was taxed so far past endurance that it might never recover full usefulness. The carbine was missing from his saddle boot, and Ben lent him his own, lest the loss attract attention when they reached the house. But Cash himself was sound and in high spirits, in spite of his fatigue, and that was the main thing.

As they rode in they agreed to stick with the story Ben had already invented—that Cassius had visited Witch River, as a sort of shrine, because his father had been lost there. Actually, so far as he knew, Cash had been nowhere near it; didn't know it when he saw it, or how to find it.

Nobody but Ben ever learned the story of where Cassius had been or what had been his errand. Ben himself was not told it right away or all at once. Events at both ends of the Wichita Trail called for a making up of minds, so that the tale of Cash's unaccounted days was easily pushed aside.

But what Cash had done was of graver portent than he thought. He had begun by reasoning that Rachel was a Kiowa or she was not, and the truth must be in existence somewhere. If it was, the place to find it was in the lodges of the Kiowas themselves, for they had always kept better records of their history than any other Indians on the plains. He imagined that Striking Horse, a Kiowa warlock Old Zack had once known, could probably lay hands on the facts if anybody could. So Cash had gone to find out.

It was a bold and wholly farfetched try—which was perhaps what made the idea irresistible to Cassius, once he had thought of it. The Kiowas were already as good as at war. A Texican who rode alone into a Kiowa village might not ride out again. *But sometimes,* Cash explained himself, *you have to call for the turning of a card.*

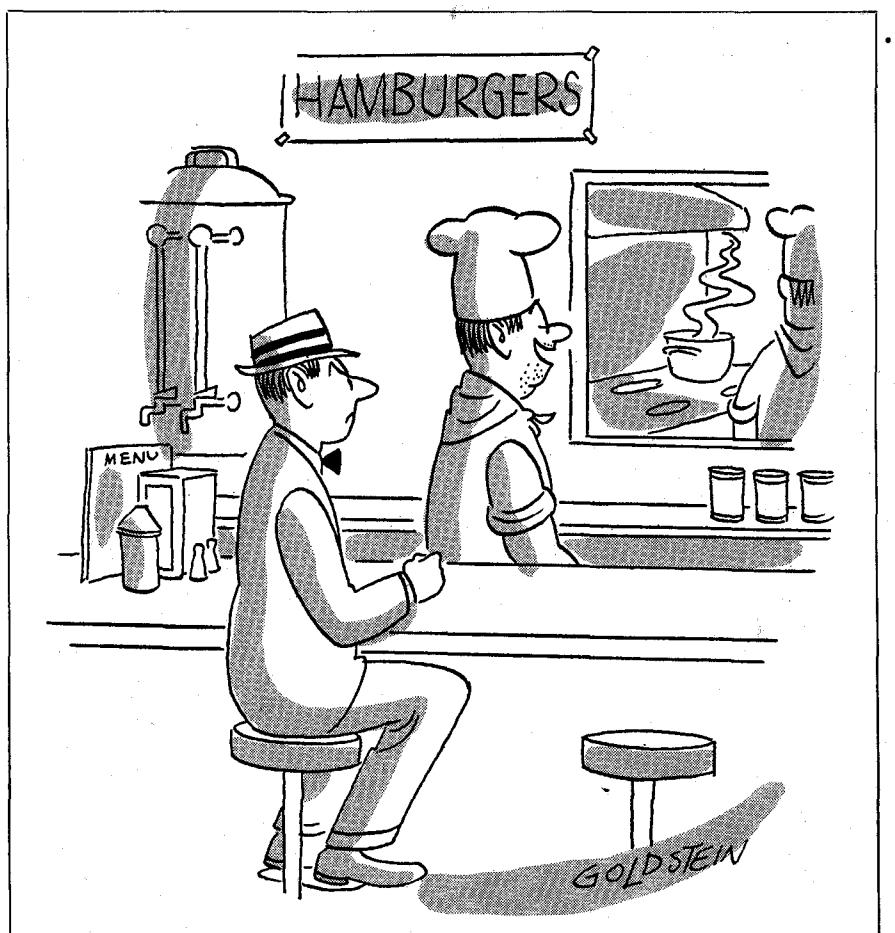
Striking Horse was an old man who for a long time had been what the whites called a medicine chief. The term did not fit too well into the patterns by which the Kiowas lived, for they had no chiefs, either hereditary or elected. Certain leaders who had made reputations were followed voluntarily, but these had no disciplinary authority. And Kiowas had no official medicine men.

What Striking Horse had was a gift of prophecy supposedly conferred by owls, which the Kiowas feared as more or less supernatural, and connected with the world of the dead. He kept with him an owl skin with a bladder in it, enabling him to produce an owl on order by secretly inflating one, and the showpiece among his sacred possessions was the giant thighbone of a man-eating owl. A man had to be a strong warlock indeed to fool around with owls.

Cash did not find Striking Horse quickly, or easily, or without moments of risk. But he got there. It was Striking Horse who had given Cash's father the name of Stone Hand, the time Zack put away the Comanche with a slap; so the warlock knew who he was. Cash opened by giving Striking Horse his carbine and all the ammunition he had for it, with no strings whatever attached—thereby putting himself just as far outside the law as the old Indian was.

After that, piecing out his battered Kiowa with quick-running sign language, he had told the owl prophet about a medicine dream he claimed to have had, in which he was shown a thing that actually happened long ago. He had seen a Kiowa village running away from a great force of Tayhannas. While he watched, a baby was bounced out of a drag litter unnoticed, and so was lost; and this was what the dream had been sent to show him, for here it ended. He had even been made to know in what year this thing had happened. But something was unclear. The baby had seemed to be a Tayhanna child, held captive by the Kiowas. Cash made out that it was necessary to his medicine to know whether this was true or whether the lost baby had been a Kiowa child.

Striking Horse brought out his history calendar and spread it before Cassius. This was a spiral figure, delicately drawn



"He wants that hamburger edible, whatever that means."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A clean, fresh mouth is always important!

Try it once, and you'll know why Lavoris, the mouthwash with true cleansing action, is used by so many families just like yours. Lavoris cleans, stimulates and refreshes . . . gives a welcome lift to your mouth and throat any time of the day. That delightful tingling sensation you feel is Lavoris at work cleansing and soothing mouth and throat tissues. And, it tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

Take a tip from your dentist—use the SPARKLING RED mouthwash that tastes good...does good!

on deerskin, and filled up with tiny pictures, each representing a summer or a winter; for the Kiowas counted time by seasons, rather than years. Each spring and fall the calendar keeper added a little drawing that stood for an event. The single recorded event served to bring the season back to him, reminding him of all other events. The owl prophet's wheel went back so far it had grown bigger than a grindstone.

The old Indian told Cassius to point to the time on the calendar wheel when this thing happened on his dream. At first it didn't seem as though this could be done. Counting back didn't get anywhere, for the calendar keepers commonly left out seasons or whole years. But Cash studied the wheel, and presently saw a winter distinguished by a speckled face. He knew there had been an epidemic of smallpox, the "spotted death," the winter before Rachel was found. So now he pointed to the summer following.

After due thought, Striking Horse decided he didn't remember any baby being lost that summer. He said he would ask some other calendar keepers when he saw them. If he found out, he would send word. He put the carbine away and offered Cash a smoke.

Cassius seemed unabashed that he had come away empty-handed, and out a carbine besides. He thought it entirely likely that Striking Horse would send him word, and if he did, it would be the truth. Nobody, he reminded his brother, had ever known a Kiowa to lie—except, of course, to damyankee commissions, who lied all the time themselves, so didn't count. Cash recalled now that Striking Horse had not asked him where word should be sent. But he judged the Kiowas knew where to find them.

Yes, I judge they do, Ben thought. *Too dang hootin' well.* He was hiding a bitter anger, for his immediate conviction was that Cash had made out death warrants for them all. What Cash had done was to give the Kiowas an indisputable confirmation of Kelsey's tale.

"I don't know why we never thought of this before," Cash said. "Papa could have proved long ago she hasn't a drop of Kiowa blood, right out of those Kiowa history calendars. Easier then than now."

Ben saw, then, what had blinded Cassius to his mistake. Their mother's wishful assumption that Rachel was of pure blood had stood in Cash's mind as an unquestioned truth, without alternative, since before he could remember. But Ben knew why his father had never gone to the Kiowas for an answer. William Zachary had believed Rachel a Kiowa child. Perhaps, for all Ben knew, he had known it for certain.

No use to tell Cash that now. "You did a brave thing," was all Ben said, at last. But nothing about Striking Horse or the missing eight days came up to mar the triumph of Cash's return that first day.

Cash had made his drive in thirty-one days, and it had leaned him to the bone. By all accounts, he had no more than dozed against a wagon wheel once in a while, and the rest of the time had slept in the saddle or not at all. Once his deals were made, he lost some time retrieving his cook and his best seven men from Delano, the whisky-and-women suburb across the Arkansas River; and finally managed to comb the ones he wanted, heavily hung over, out of the sawdust floors. He believed he knew them now, and he was paying them the highest wages offered on any trail. He could afford it, for he was riding the high wave of success. Cassius had sold high at last.

Until Cassius got home, Ben had not touched the huge strongbox carried in the cook wagon. It was built of heavy steel plates, and it took four men to carry it into the house. Inside, sewed up in a great number of small deerskin pouches, Cassius was carrying a little more than $104,000 in gold.

In the end of the soddy's main room, between the bunks that filled the corners, stood a huge cabinet, with a leaf that let down to write on, that they called the "secretary." Papa had made it, the winter his broken leg was healing, and it was a good piece, massively built. They moved it out now, to get at what they called the Glory Hole.

This was a trap door, fitted of random-length planks so as not to show, with a keg set into the earth underneath, to keep their money in. It had been empty, or nearly so, most of the time for quite a while. But tonight they filled it up again, and tried to realize that they were rich.

After Rawlins had been paid some thirty thousand dollars for his lesser share of the herd, and they had paid off seventy-five or eighty other brands for nearly a thousand strays they had driven and sold, and when they had paid off twenty-two thousand in debts, they would still have thirty thousand dollars left—a fortune, clear and unencumbered—plus a couple of thousand head of breeders and young stock, not counting calves and yearlings, standing on the range.

They could send Mathilda and Rachel to safety far away, to the East Coast or abroad; they could do anything they wanted to now—if only they could find out what it was. For now Mathilda balked. She feared even to cross Texas with Rachel, while Kelsey's hanging still had the whole doomful dispute over her birth still fresh in everybody's mind. She wanted her sons with her, at least as far as the Mississippi, and they certainly could not leave the work now. Wait till the work was done this fall; it all would be easy then.

She made it sound natural and sensible to delay their departure for the sake of safety alone. But Ben felt a deep foreboding. Rachel probably came first in his mother's heart; he was fairly sure of that. Yet he began to doubt that she would ever leave her sons of her own will.

After Mathilda went to bed, Ben and Cassius still sat up, talking all through most of Cash's first night home. Andy slept, unbothered, but Rachel lay wakeful in her bed, listening to that ominous-seeming, indistinguishable mumbling, on and on. And though she knew what times they poured themselves fresh coffee, not one word they said came through the heavy door. Bird songs were starting up along the Dancing Bird before they quit. Yet they were up, red-eyed but unfriendly to sleep, in the early dawn. First thing they did was to send a rider down the Dancing Bird with a note to Zeb Rawlins, naming the halfway point at which he must meet them late that day.

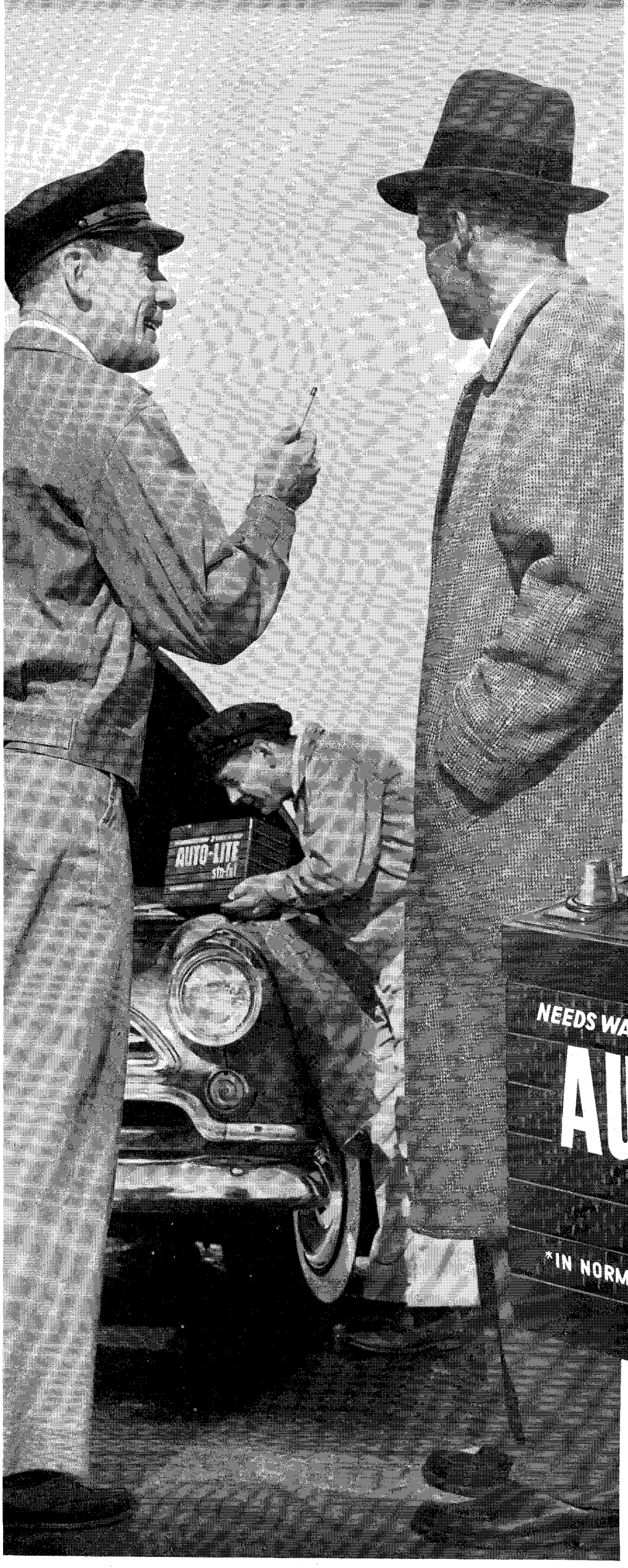
Zeb Rawlins and his two sons met the three Zachary brothers on a stripped and barren flat (*Continued on Page 154*)

Intelligence Test

A woman has, of course, to be
Much smarter than a man, lest she
Disturb the calm that's rightly his
By letting him find out she is.

By Jane Merchant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The battery backed up with 2,000,000 miles of testing..."

Auto-Lite Sta-ful is tried, tested, and proved for long life and quick, easy starts in the coldest weather. Two years and more than 2,000,000 miles of testing showed the following results:

- Not one battery failed.
- 95% gave better cold-weather starting than required of *new* batteries.
- None of the batteries needed water more than 3 times a year.

You just can't buy a better battery at any price!

NEEDS WATER ONLY 3 TIMES A YEAR*

*IN NORMAL CAR USE

6 or 12 volts

Find Us Fast In The Yellow Pages

Dry Charged . . . Fresh when you buy!

AUTO-LITE MANUFACTURES OVER 400 PRODUCTS, INCLUDING SPARK PLUGS, BATTERIES, WIRE AND CABLE, AND AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS . . . SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 152*) ten miles down the Dancing Bird. The wheels of Zeb's buggy crackled as they cut through the baked and curling crust, for here an endless network of earth cracks made cruelly visible the damage this year had done the range. Jude and Charlie carried their carbines in their hands as they rode on either side of their father, and Zeb himself carried a long rifle in his lap as he drove. Saddle horses and buggy team were freshly groomed and tail-plucked, and every inch of rigging had been rubbed to a shine under the film of the fast-gathering dust. This spit and polish, as much as the weapons in their hands, bespoke a predetermination that this showdown should be official, final and complete.

Each of the Zachary boys saw at a glance that only the two carbines were repeaters. Jude's weapon was a Triplett and Scott, and Charlie's a Henry; but Zeb's rifle, with its uncommonly long thirty-inch barrel, was an old cap-and-ball Snyder—the weapon of a man who means to shoot once and make the one shot do. The Zacharys left their carbines in their boots, but they were wearing their revolvers. Cassius had his father's Dragoon; Ben, his big Walker Colt with a nine-inch barrel; and Andy, a Confederate copy of the Whitney, with which he had proved to his brothers he could "wipe their noses for them," if ever he got anybody to hold still for it. All three wore their guns butt first on the left, for cross-drawing when in the saddle.

The two parties pulled up with the noses of their animals a horse length apart. Zeb Rawlins sat motionless, looking so solid and immovable that the buggy was made to look frail. Ben noticed how his great weight bore down its springs. Probably these two had never had any chance of understanding each other, from the first.

"My brother sold your cows," Ben said shortly.

Zeb's eyes went to Cassius, who spoke briskly, "Twelve hundred and nineteen head, as loaded at Wichita. Average for the herd, twenty-six dollars and eight cents a head. Your pro rate of cost, one thousand and four. Leaves you thirty thousand, seven hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty-two cents."

Watching Zeb's face, Ben could see no change in his neighbor's dark and heavy mood. Cassius had described a great golden flood, all but unbelievable, after the lean years that had gone before. Ben supposed Zeb must already have had news of the market from another source. There was a short silence.

"You'll be paid off in gold coinage," Ben said. "Say when and where."

"I'll send for what's due me," Zeb said.

They waited until Zeb Rawlins was ready to go on.

"The charges made against you have not been fully proved," Zeb said. "Not yet."

"Watch your damned mouth," Ben said, and he watched Zeb's jowls begin to purple and shake.

"My daughter has been murdered," Zeb said, still speaking with slow weight. "Her mistreated remains are under the ground. It's enough for me that any part of the blame could be charged to you at all by anybody whatsoever. Yet I'll do this one thing more. I'll buy out any rights you think you have here, together with whatever cattle of yours you don't want to drive off. Figure up your price and send me word what it is. But I want to know soon!"

Ben answered so reasonably that Cash shot him a glance of angry disbelief. "I might buy or I might sell," he said. "Either way, I mean to cross-brand first. There's too many cows on this range owned by marks on paper, and not enough owned by the right marks on cows. If you want me to work yours, too, send a rep. It'll cost you the standard fifty cents a head."

"I'll send a rep," Rawlins conceded. "See that you keep your iron off the odd-brand cattle until he comes!"

Ben's voice raised in anger for the first time, "I'll brand any critter I see fit!"

"All I want," Zeb roared back at him, "is to get you Indian lovers to hell off my range!"

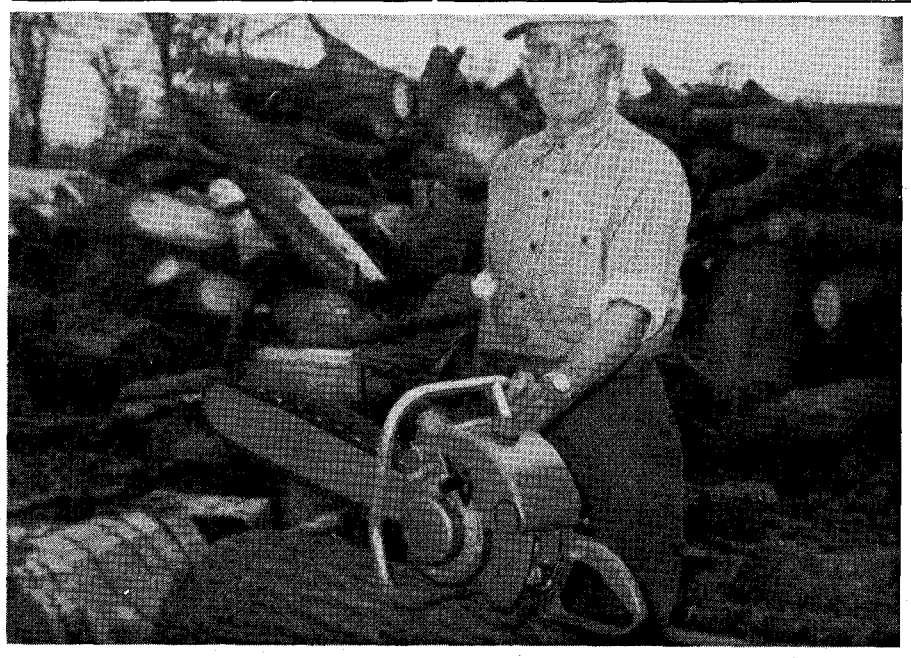
"You've got no range," Ben said, dropping back into his drawl again. "This is Texican land. It'll take a sight more than a fat-gutted damyankee to put me off it."

In the quiet that followed, Andy shortened his reins and flipped the ends out of the way of his draw.

"I'm sick of looking at them," Ben told his brothers. He turned his horse, and the moment for gunfire went past.

But something else had happened that might build up to a bigger and longer fight than any six men could have had on the flats by the Dancing Bird.

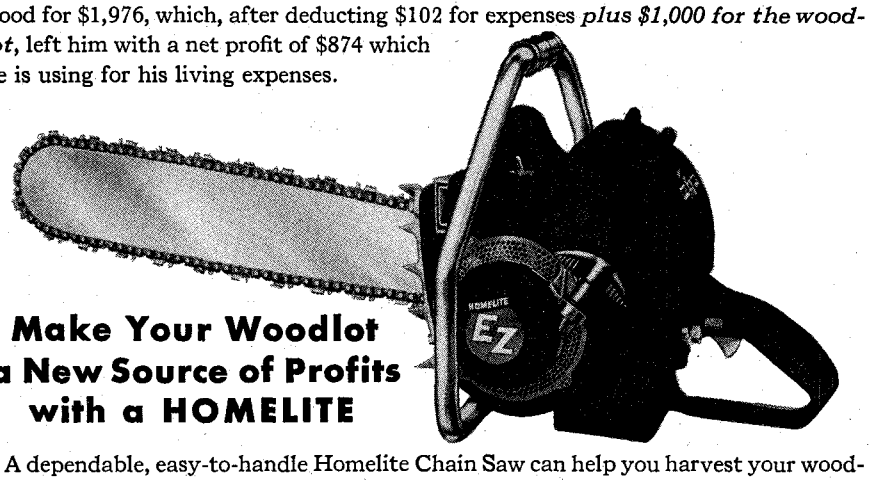
Now Ben had his good year; he could think in miles of land, instead of pounds of powder. But if he was going to buy land scrip, he had no time to lose. Once the Rangers came back to make this border safe, the country would flood with people and all this beautiful grass would begin to go under the plow, never to be recovered again. Confederate Texas had sold land scrip by the wagonload to finance the war. Much of it was still knocking around and could be cheaply had. But a lot of it had been used to tie up land by map landmarks, as a speculation. Ben saw reason to think that some of the country he now used was already the private property of absentee owners who had never (*Continued on Page 156*)



"$874 Net Profit in 7 Days!"

Homelite Chain Saw

Mr. Lester Tamplin of West Manchester, Ohio is a retired farmer who bought a 15 acre woodlot for $1,000. With the help of his lightweight Homelite Chain Saw, he cut 26,500 board feet of lumber out of the woodlot *in just 7 days!* Mr. Tamplin sold the wood for $1,976, which, after deducting $102 for expenses *plus $1,000 for the woodlot*, left him with a net profit of $874 which he is using for his living expenses.



Make Your Woodlot a New Source of Profits with a HOMELITE

A dependable, easy-to-handle Homelite Chain Saw can help you harvest your woodlot fast and give you the cash for new equipment, farm and home improvements.

Take the Homelite EZ, for example. It gives you five full horsepower packed into only 19 pounds — the fastest direct drive chain saw you can buy. And you can depend on low maintenance costs and smooth performance in any climate.

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

Homelite builds and sells more chain saws than any other company in the world.

HOMELITE — *A DIVISION OF TEXTRON INC.*
4404 Riverdale Avenue, Port Chester, New York

☐ Please call me about a free demonstration.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ Please send me name of nearest Homelite Dealer.

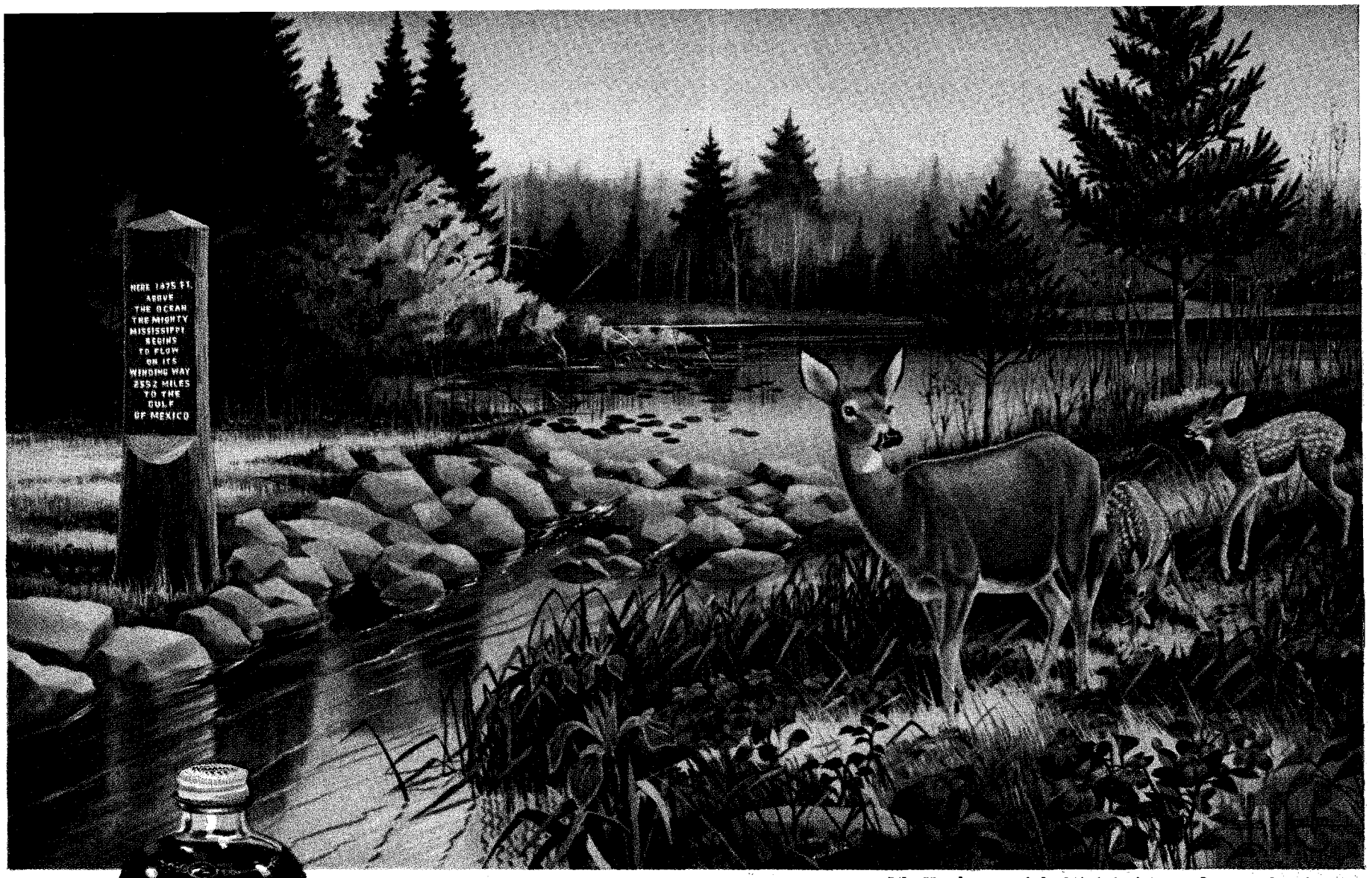
Name.....
Address.....
Town/City.....County.....State.....

In Canada: Terry Machinery Co., Ltd.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It hurts when I laugh."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Headwaters of the Mississippi, Itasca State Park, Minnesota

Spring Pine Freshness...

brought right to your home

Visitors delight in the bracing freshness that pervades this lovely Northern forest at the Headwaters of the Mississippi . . . that "heady" spring pine freshness.

Now, you can enjoy that same delightful fragrance right in your own home when you use Watkins Pine Oil Disinfectant. Preferred by thousands of homemakers as a germicide for kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

Your Watkins Dealer will call at your home soon with his spring house cleaning aids and 250 other daily-used necessities for home and farm. Welcome him when he calls, or, if he has been missing you lately, consult your phone book for **WATKINS QUALITY PRODUCTS.**

SPECIAL OFFER!
Pine Oil . . . Oder Chek

Right now your Watkins Dealer has a money-saving offer on Oder-Chek... a delightful Cedar Pine Deodorizer. Neutralizes offensive odors from cooking, paint, tobacco, bathrooms. Oder-Chek does more than just cover up odors... actually absorbs them!

Watkins
THE SHOPPING CENTER THAT COMES TO YOUR HOME
SINCE 1868

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY... WINONA, MINNESOTA • NEWARK • MEMPHIS
OAKLAND • MONTREAL • WINNIPEG • AUSTRALIA • NEW ZEALAND • SOUTH AFRICA

Send for Beautiful *Enlarged* Framing Print!

You can get a beautiful 14" x 17½" matted print of this painting by famous wild-life artist, Les Kouba. Just send 25¢ in coin to:

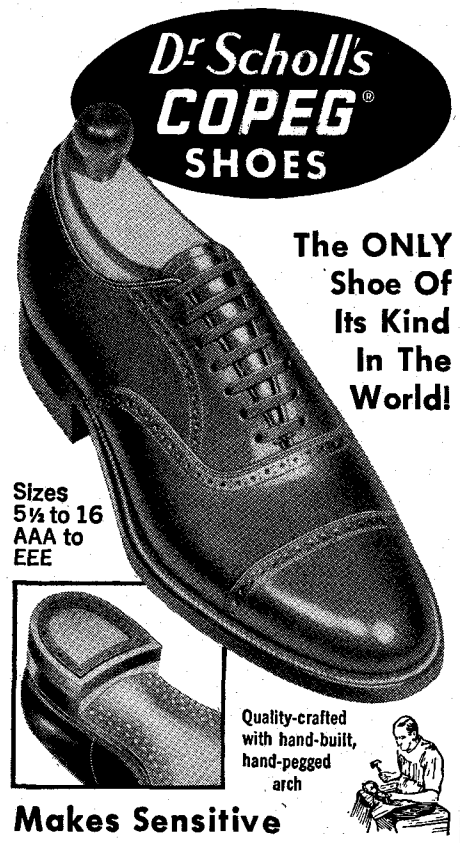
The J. R. Watkins Company, Dept. T, Winona, Minnesota
Enclosed is 25¢. Please send a Mississippi print to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Dr Scholl's
COPEG®
SHOES
The ONLY Shoe Of Its Kind In The World!
Sizes 5½ to 16 AAA to EEE
Quality-crafted with hand-built, hand-pegged arch

Makes Sensitive Feet Feel "Right At Home"!

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes give you snug, restful, comfortable support and unmatched walking ease. Their famous arch construction of four rows of hand-driven hard maple pegs will never let your arch down throughout the long life of this shoe.

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin in black and brown Oxfords and High Shoes. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog, Dept. S-47,
Dr. Scholl's Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois

STICK WITH LE PAGE'S ·GLUE·

OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money, and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
959 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 154*) seen it yet. These would have to be bought out at a stiff advance in price.

Because of this, he could not expect to buy all the range he used at once. But he could get title to both sides of the Dancing Bird, though he paid a thousand dollars a section, where once four dollars in scrip would have been enough; he might be able to take up a part of the Little Beaver and a strip along the Red. With his water secure, he could count on scooping up the rest in other good years later on.

Once Ben would have been willing to give up the Dancing Bird, drive a stocker herd to some new land, and start again, rather than drag his family into a war he might not be able to win. But it seemed to him now that if he gave ground this time, he would never make any stand again. He no longer believed that he would ever be able to give up this land.

A week passed. Ben and Cash alternated days on the range, one staying in with the two or three hands, picked for their interest in gun fighting. They started cross-branding, adding the Dancing Bird brand to cattle otherwise branded, but their own on paper. Whichever one was home spent many hours a day at papa's carved secretary, sorting and rebooking the complicated accounts and tallies.

Zeb Rawlins did send a rep at last, and the Zacharys were glad to see that Jake Rountree was the man who had let himself be talked into the job. Jake was nearing fifty, a stooped, gaunt man with wild eyes and a look of perpetual fatigue. Zeb Rawlins was paying him a strapping hundred a month—had had to pay it in order to get him, hard up as he was. Ben promptly put a hundred a month of his own on top.

Jake knew cattle. Neither Cash nor Ben ever had any trouble with him. "Trying to give everything away," was his only objection to the way they were handling the bust-up. The Rawlinses, for the time being, stayed off the range.

But afterward, when the parting of the herds was complete? Doubtless Rawlins could comb up a crew. He could even scrape up a crew of Yankee outlaws, if that was what he wanted; he could throw fifty killers onto this range. Maybe both outfits would be cool and careful at first. Then bickerings would begin, and presently somebody's temper would break. Once the guns began to smoke, how could they ever be quieted again?

Meantime their debts had to be paid, a big job in itself; for all those thousands were owed in dribbles, to hundreds of cowmen, spread out over most of Texas. It was a job Ben felt he had to do himself; wanted to find out what kind of friends he still had in Texas, for one thing. He would be in the saddle many weeks, and he was eager to get at it.

As Ben bored into the range work, setting a brutal pace for the men, Rachel was watching the calendar in a little horse race of her own. Ben's birthday was coming up; she wanted him to be home for it. She had thought of something she could make for him, something that would have no practical use at all, but which she hoped would look pretty to him, and surprising.

The calendar had no chance in a race with Ben. Three days on the range, three nights in a deluge of papers at the secretary, and that was it. They were at breakfast when he told them that he would ride south in the morning, leading the old bullion mule. . . . No, he wasn't taking any men with him. . . . Because he didn't need any, that was why. . . . Robbers? What about robbers? Shanghai Pierce had ridden all over Texas with a mule of money, time and again. So had papa. Ben judged he could handle it.

He was leaving Cassius with twelve men, including the cook, and Andy. Four or five men, and either Cash or Andy, were going to be at the house all the time. The place would never be unguarded, regardless of the moon.

He shouted from the door for somebody to catch the mule up.

Mamma exclaimed, "But I thought you said tomorrow!"

"Oh, sure; only thing, if I happen to be twelve, fifteen miles in the right direction come sundown, hardly any sense in riding it two ways. Pretty near amounts to a day. Though it's hardly likely; I expect to be home, all right, if you want to set a place."

"Now, Ben, you can come home for dinner just this one last night," Mathilda pleaded. "Please, now, won't you?"

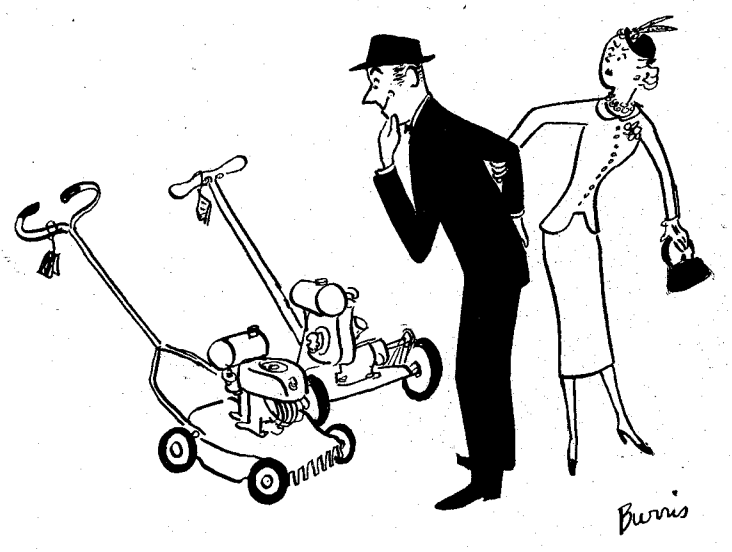
"I'll sure try," he promised. He was always shy and embarrassed when it came time for any big build-up of good-bys. But Rachel could only take a chance on it and bake him a birthday cake ahead of its time, in hopes he would come home this last night he could.

When the cake was frosted, she made for Ben the creation she had invented. Summer had turned hot early this year, and as they neared the end of June the swampy sedge pockets along the Dancing Bird were green-scummed and still. This was the kind of summer that made a good firefly year. And the ground cherries—the other thing she needed—were ready early too. These were tiny plants that hid under the deep grass; they bore papery little lanterns the size of a strawberry, each with two small yellow berries inside. Experimenting, Rachel found that she could get the twin berries out of the little lanterns and put a firefly into each instead.

So she made a firefly tree—and if there had ever been one in the world before, she hadn't heard of it. She cut a dried-out smoke bush, a skeleton of silvery twigs about two and a half feet tall, and tied the ground-cherry lanterns all over it, dozens of them—though they looked like hundreds before she was through. After that she had to wait for dusk, when the fireflies came out.

She began catching fireflies as soon as they began to come out in the twilight, and the firefly tree began to light. On and off went the little lanterns, more and more of them lighting as she got fireflies into them, until by full dark the whole firefly tree was alive, working all the time. It showed up well; for, though they were about at the end of the current Kiowa moon, they lighted no candles, preferring to leave the shutters open for air. Rachel stuck the contraption in the middle of the birthday cake and waited for Ben to come and see. She sat up for a long time, in the dark beside the firefly tree; until finally she put her head on her arms and went to sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED



The Perfect Squelch

Young Mrs. Bright thought of herself as an extremely practical person, and she loved handling the household expenditures in what she called a businesslike way. So, when her husband suggested that they might buy a power lawn mower, she had a minor economic seizure.

Pointing out that she couldn't think of a single logical reason for making the purchase, she described at length the economy of a hand mower, the exercise it gave its user, and its low maintenance and replacement cost. She went on to list additional reasons why they shouldn't even think of such an impractical thing, liberally sprinkling her lecture with words like unsound, illogical and unreasonable.

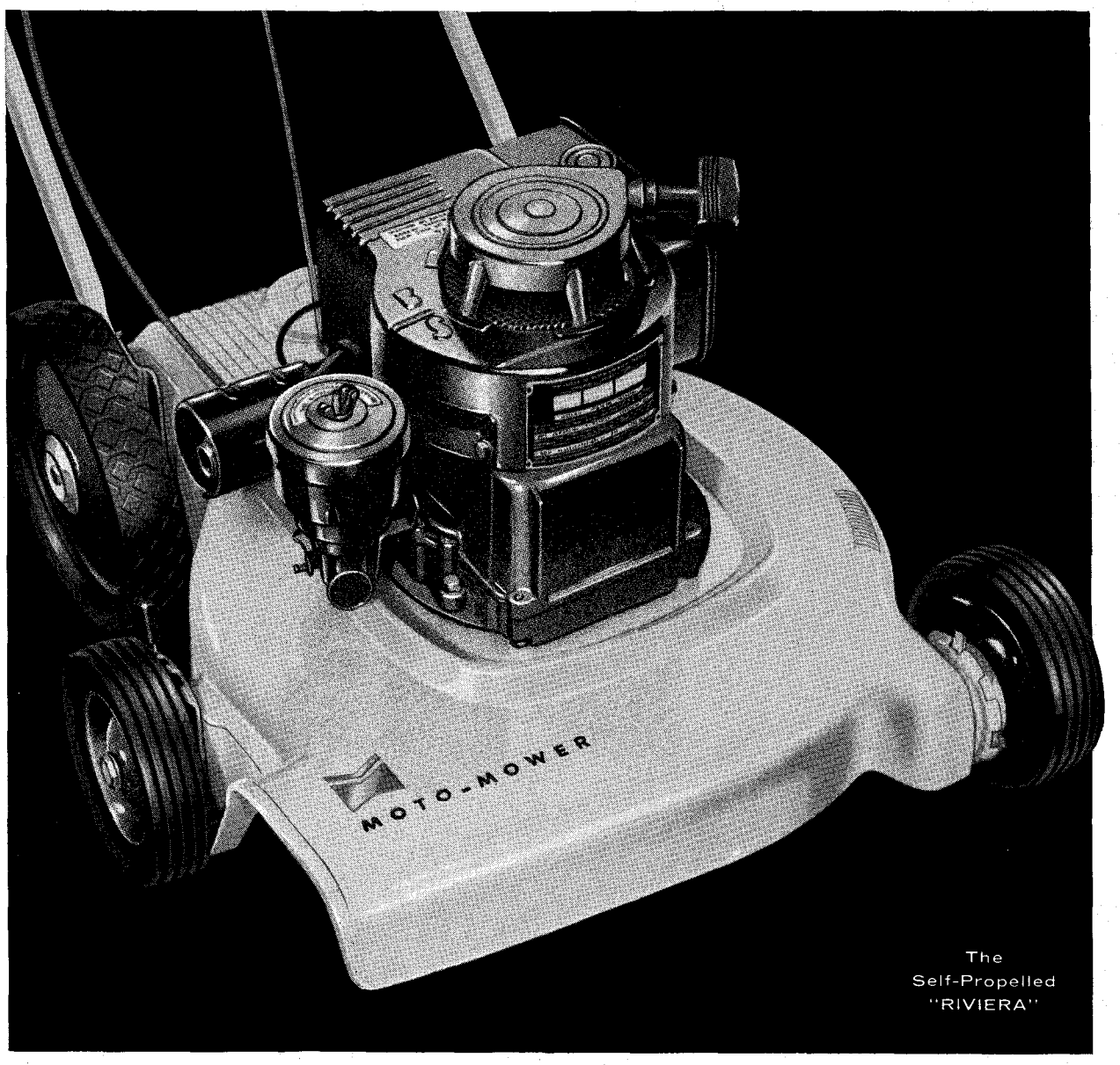
"Tell me," she said finally to her patiently listening husband, "just what valid reason can you have for buying a power mower just to cut our front and back yards?"

"The same reason," he said quietly, "you had for buying an electric sweeper just to clean our nine-by-twelve rug."

Robert Hayes

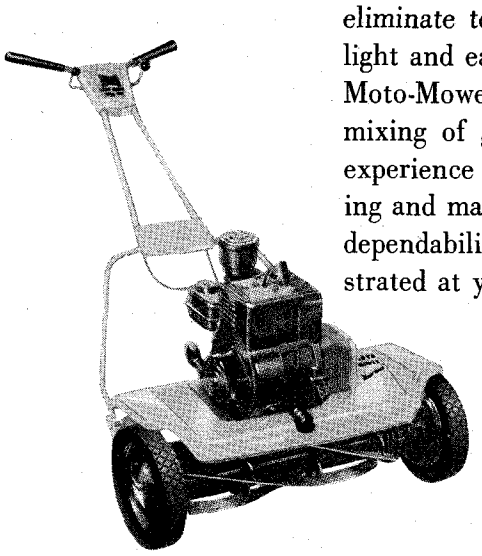
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose the Mower with the Features that Cut Mowing Time in Half!



The Self-Propelled "RIVIERA"

Moto-Mower's exciting new power mower advancements produce luxurious carpet-smooth lawns—in half the time with half the work. They eliminate tedious hand trimming and raking; and Moto-Mowers are so light and easy to handle that they actually turn lawn mowing into fun! Moto-Mowers are powered by famous 4-cycle engines—no more messy mixing of gasoline and oil. Into every Moto-Mower product goes the experience of 38 years of power mower manufacturing. Sound engineering and many extra-quality mechanical features are assurance of rugged dependability and years of trouble-free operation. See them demonstrated at your Moto-Mower dealer's now.



There are 16 feature-studded reel and rotary models—one tailored to fit your mowing needs exactly. They're priced as low as $59.95*—and available at your Moto-Mower dealer's on easy payment terms.

Fed. tax incl. Slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

Find Your Nearest Dealer In The **Yellow Pages**

DIAL-A-MATIC® CUTTING-HEIGHT ADJUSTORS

Lawn experts say mowing heights should be changed frequently with season, climate, rainfall, type of grass. It's easy with Moto-Mower's exclusive Dial-A-Matic—just press the Dial-A-Matic lever and change mowing heights in one second!

VACU-MOW BLADE DESIGN

Moto-Mower's exclusive blade design, plus extra high blade speed, provides an upward air current which lifts each grass blade erect for clean, even mowing. Gives your lawn that "vacuum cleaned" look. Aids in even distribution of grass cuttings.

COMPLETELY ENCLOSED TRANSMISSION DRIVE

In Moto-Mower self-propelled rotaries an exclusive automotive-type transmission drive, engineered years ahead of competition, places a variety of mowing speeds right at your finger tips. Not old-fashioned power-robbing friction drive, not noisy chain drive, but ultra-modern *positive gear drive;* completely enclosed, with no exposed moving parts. Delivers full power to the driving wheels.

STAGGERED-WHEEL DESIGN

Moto-Mower's new staggered-wheel design lets you mow over terraces, around flowerbeds, with no danger of scalping the turf. High speed front discharge sprays cuttings evenly over a wide area; prevents clumping, eliminates raking.

CLOSE TRIMMING—SIDE AND FRONT

No more hours of back-breaking hand trimming. Moto-Mower rotaries trim as they mow—right up to trees, shrubs and fences.

LIGHT-WEIGHT CONSTRUCTION

Moto-Mower's advanced light-weight design and construction make these mowers wonderfully easy to handle—with no sacrifice of strength. Lawn mowing becomes a pleasure!

SEND FOR *FREE* LAWN CARE BROCHURE

A treasure house of information about building and maintaining beautiful lawns. Send the coupon for your free copy.

MOTO-MOWER®

BUILT BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FIRST POWER LAWN MOWER

Moto-Mower Division, Detroit Harvester Co. P
Richmond, Indiana

Please send, without charge, your brochure on developing new lawns, caring for established lawns, with special tips on mowing, watering, types of grass—and a complete description of the 1957 Moto-Mower line.

Name_____

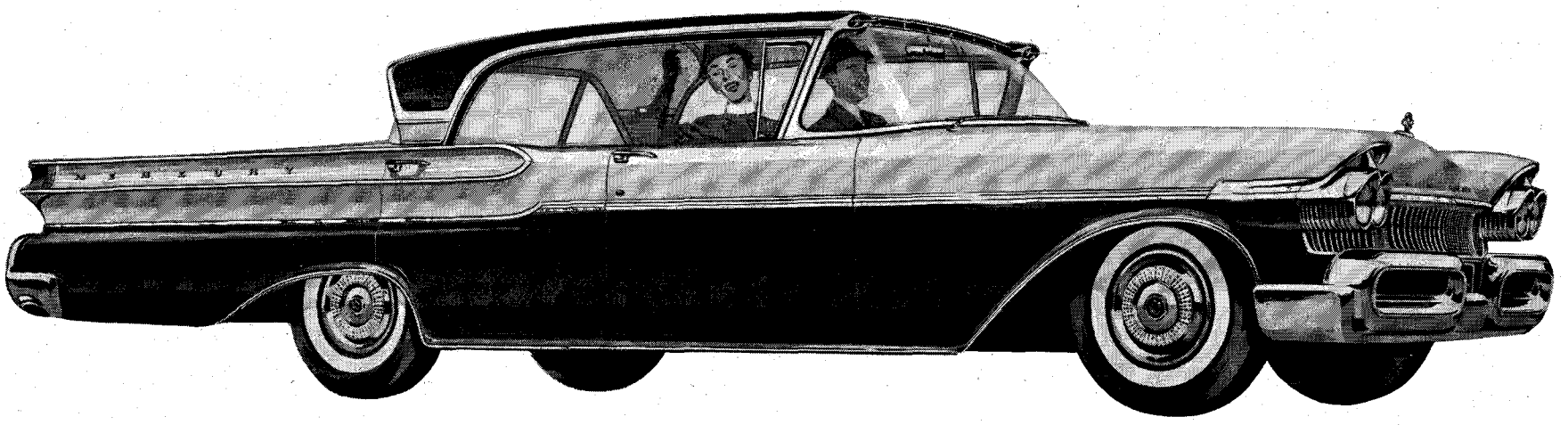
Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enter today! Big M Dream-Car Contest

90 FREE MERCURYS



FIRST PRIZE EVERY WEEK: A TURNPIKE CRUISER!

ED SULLIVAN says: "15 free Mercurys every week! First prize, a new Turnpike Cruiser—most advanced car at any price—at the top of The Big M dream-car fleet! 2,190 prizes in all. New contest every week.* It's easy to enter, easy to win. You can enter every week at your Mercury dealer's."

$450,000 IN PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE

Mercury 4-door Turnpike Cruiser—one each week. The most dramatic expression of Mercury's Dream-Car Design! Plus an all-expense-paid trip to New York for two, with transportation by American Airlines DC-7. Guests of Ed Sullivan at his television show.

NEXT 4 PRIZES

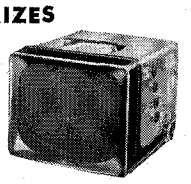
Mercury Commuter 2-door, 6-passenger Station Wagons — 4 each week. Hardtop design. Air-Cushion Suspension, first true passenger-car ride in wagons. Power-operated retractable back window. Everything is totally new. Most luxurious station wagons ever built!

NEXT 10 PRIZES

Mercury Monterey 4-door Sedans—10 each week. Hardtop glamour (concealed side pillar). Widest car in its field. The industry's biggest size increase! All Mercurys awarded include Merc-O-Matic Drive, radio, heater, whitewall tires, directional signals, window washers.

NEXT 50 PRIZES

General Electric "Companion" TV sets — 50 each week. Portable, weighs only 26 pounds! Performs with console clarity. Aluminized picture tube, built-in antenna. Retail value $129.95.



NEXT 300 PRIZES

Sheaffer's White Dot Snorkel Pen Sets—autographed by Ed Sullivan — 300 each week. World's finest writing instrument. Value $22.75.

SPECIAL $10,000 BONUS

$10,000 CASH awarded instead of a Mercury if you buy a new Mercury from an authorized Mercury dealer during the contest and *before* being advised of winning one of the top 15 weekly prizes.
(See official contest rules)

SPECIAL $2,000 BONUS

$2,000 CASH awarded in addition to a new Mercury if you buy a used car from an authorized Mercury dealer during contest and *before* being advised of winning one of the top 15 weekly prizes.
(See official contest rules)

GO TO YOUR MERCURY DEALER'S TODAY!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER

1. Go to your Mercury dealer today.
2. Pick up official rules and entry blank.
3. Complete last line of Mercury dream-car rhyme.
4. Mail official entry blank to "Mercury Contest."

**Last contest ends April 20th*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Bring All Your Canceled Checks . . ."

(Continued from Page 36)

be called for audit by notices that say, in effect, "Mr. Whiskers wants to see you."

Such a summons tends to strike the ordinary taxpayer, particularly if it is the first one he has ever had, with a palsy of apprehension. Partly, of course, his individual reaction is conditioned by the state of his own conscience. But a greater part is due to the general rule of secrecy that shrouds Internal Revenue operations. About the only time the public gets a glimpse of Mr. Whiskers at work is when the newspapers report the indictment or conviction of someone charged with income-tax fraud. With this impression uppermost, the taxpayer naturally expects the worst. But the worst is, in fact, quite rare. Less than once in 4000 times does a summons from Mr. Whiskers lead to a grand-jury room.

By definition Mr. Whiskers' job is to correct the errors the taxpayer makes and in so doing, to set an example that will, in one of his own unintentionally mocking phrases, "encourage compliance with the law." In one case out of ten, it works out that the errors he finds result in a refund to the taxpayer, but those he finds in the nine other cases are enough to bring his average up to nearly $700 of additional taxes for each return he audits. This, by any standard, is a lot of money.

Here, in the words of one unhappy victim, is a fairly typical demonstration of how he does it. "The summons I received," says this taxpayer, "instructed me to bring all canceled checks, receipted bills and other records. Turned out to be enough to fill a satchel. When I arrived at the appointed time and place, I had to sit for a spell in an anteroom and watch other taxpayers come and go. For the most part, they seemed very unhappy. By the time I was finally delivered to the desk of the man who had my return I was feeling pretty shaken.

"He proved to be a pleasant, quiet type. He asked a lot of questions that seemed pointless until, while I was answering one of them, I noticed a faint trace of a smile had raised the corners of his mouth. I couldn't think of a thing I'd said that was funny. Ever so gently he asked me to explain how a canceled check to cash could be construed as evidence that I had used the money to entertain a couple of people at lunch for business purposes. Naturally, I couldn't. Item by item, things went on like this for a couple of hours, all very soft-voiced and devastating. Then he scribbled some figures on a sheet of paper, and in the same smooth tone, he said, 'I'm going to assess an additional tax of $262. Will you sign an amended return?'

"I thought I had filed an honest return, but considering what I could prove, I realized this man had given me the benefit of some pretty big doubts. So I signed. Then, as I gathered up my satchel full of unconvincing paper, I began to mutter, 'Why me? Out of all the millions of returns they get, why pick on mine?'"

It is a question nearly 2,000,000 people have cause to ask themselves every year. But before going on to the answers, it will be best to get a clearer picture of Mr. Whiskers himself.

Historically, he probably stems back to Revolutionary times in the Hudson River valley where jeering British officers wrote, or at least popularized, a derisive song about the backwoods Yankee Doodle who "came to town in his striped trousers." A century later he had become the ubiquitous prop of the cartoonists—a gaunt man in red-and-white pantaloons, star-spangled weskit, claw-hammer coat and a goatish tuft of chin hair, used to symbolize the United States. For the most part, cartoonists of that era gave him a mien that varied from benignity to bewilderment, but when he became a recruiting poster in World War I, his expression was changed to one of haunting severity, commanding all citizens to their duty. Later still, when the Internal Revenue Service began using income-tax laws to lock up gangsters who seemed immune from other enforcement agencies, the memory of that stern-faced poster caused some unlettered poet of the underworld to refer to the service as Mr. Whiskers. There the hairy idiom has since been localized. Today Mr. Whiskers is any agent of Internal Revenue.

This being so, he is actually more than 14,000 persons—agents and office auditors—at work in nine regional and sixty-four district offices in addition to national headquarters in Washington, D.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sylvia is one of those sweet, shy, unassuming girls. You know, a real phony."

Now look, Grace—if you feel nauseous, what you should take is Pepto-Bismol. It works where soda and alkalizers fail—for indigestion, nausea, and diarrhea. They've proved it in hospitals.

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps calm heartburn, nausea; helps control simple diarrhea without constipating. *A Norwich Product.*

Take Hospital-Tested Pepto-Bismol®... and feel good again!

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!

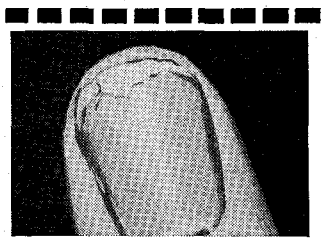
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY 962 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

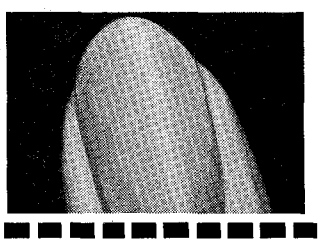
THE ONE WAY TO HELP

SPLITTING NAILS

which has been proved by published medical research, is that tried and true

KNOX Gelatine





taken once a day, one envelope (115-120 grains), in fruit juice, bouillon or water. It is a food factor that does it. For full details mail a post card to Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Box SO-10.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

A picture worth taking is worth protecting

Mount pictures in your album with

Dennison

PHOTO CORNERS

Eleven colors to match the mood of your snapshots!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's a playground made to order for your family vacation. So much to see . . . so much to do along Michigan's 3,121 miles of Great Lakes "seashore", 11,037 cool, blue lakes . . . fishing, boating, golf, tennis, swimming—you name it! Plan *now*—mail coupon for free literature.

MACKINAC BRIDGE ABUILDING

DRIVE SAFELY

Michigan Tourist Council
Room 13, Capitol Building, Lansing 4, Michigan
Please send me FREE vacation booklet. Also include free literature of the association checked.

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

1 ☐ Upper Peninsula Development Bureau
2 ☐ West Michigan Tourist Association
3 ☐ East Michigan Tourist Association
4 ☐ Southeast Michigan Tourist Association

47

COOLER CHEST!

THIS aluminum chest will hold a full case of beverages. Equipped with a bottle opener, a drain plug, and removable food tray it is ideal for picnic or traveling enjoyment.

To earn yours send us three 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each or five 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your home at the full advertised price. Both new and renewals count but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write your order on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance to us. Offer good in continental U. S. only, until July 31, 1957. Sorry, no cooler chests may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
961 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Since the rules of the service impose a rigid anonymity upon him, it has been necessary to construct his portrait through statistical methods. By taking a large sampling and striking an average, it turns out that he is a thirty-nine-year-old, clean-shaven, conservatively dressed man who is married and the father of one and a half children. He earns $5550 a year.

As a householder, Mr. Whiskers is a careful spender. Out of take-home pay of less than ninety-five dollars weekly he maintains a family, houses it in a home he is buying with installment payments, and provides it with a four-year-old automobile. He is an active church member and attends the meetings of his local Parent-Teacher Association. He also maintains membership in two fraternal organizations, and in the back-slapping, joke-swapping company of his lodge brothers finds a healthy antidote for the essential loneliness of his job. But the job remains his first concern. Where it is convenient he attends night classes in advanced auditing and accounting practices or, if classes are not easily available, he studies the same subjects by mail. His studiousness has an aim—he hopes it will make him more proficient in his work and so help win a promotion.

At work, this modestly paid, church-going family man is one of the most powerful and privileged figures in the nation. Without a search warrant, court order or any process more formal than an assignment from his supervisor, or "chief," he may invade any individual or corporate privacy and inspect the most confidential sort of financial records. He can assess more taxes, authorize refunds or set in motion the machinery by which a taxpayer may be jailed.

But to offset this extraordinary power, Mr. Whiskers is hemmed by checks and taboos. The service, itself, maintains the machinery to review his work, and any taxpayer who feels he has been unfairly treated can have his return re-audited by another agent, in what is known as the service's Appellate Division. Or he can take his case to court.

Contrary to popular belief, Mr. Whiskers is not rated for promotion on the volume of additional taxes he brings in, but, rather, on the competence of his audits. Consequently he does not like to have his judgments appealed, partly because appeals make him more work, and partly because a number of successful ones will hurt his proficiency record. For the most part he avoids them by stretching the law here and there to favor the taxpayer. How much he stretches it is indicated by the fact that out of 2,000,000 audits in 1955, there were 10,000 appeals, or one in every 200.

Among the taboos that govern Mr. Whiskers' behavior is the law that says a man's declaration of what he has taken in is a matter of inviolable confidence between himself and Internal Revenue. Even where a public official lists extra income of $25,000 as the "proceeds of fraud," as one did not long ago, Mr. Whiskers' only concern is to try to determine if the $25,000 represents all the proceeds. What he learns of the crime itself must remain secret. He is also under strict orders to treat every taxpayer—even the flagrantly crooked ones—with unfailing courtesy. This last injunction was never so stringent as it has become since 1951, when a top-to-bottom accumulation of abuses—cases of blackmail, extortion, bribery, fraud and other misdeeds—within the service was broken open by Congress. Now Mr. Whiskers knows that any complaint by any taxpayer will bring prompt investigation by his superiors. And it may bring dismissal.

Until fairly recently, Mr. Whiskers was often the product of a local political clubhouse. Then the 64 District Collectors were political appointees, each of whom directed scores or hundreds of deputy collectors. Though vacancies in the ranks were filled from a Civil Service list, it was the practice to see that the lists were freighted with party faithful. Once in the service, the deputy could, if he worked at it, win promotion to agent, and great numbers did.

Now, all is changed or changing. District Collectors, renamed District Directors, are themselves under Civil Service. Deputies, now called collection officers, have been relieved of audit responsibilities and reduced in numbers from more than 10,000 to less than 5000. All auditing has been concentrated in an Audit Division, composed of the 14,000 revenue agents and office auditors, and for the first time agents are being recruited on university campuses. As an inducement, graduates with a background of study in economics, business and accountancy are being started at $3670 a year and after six months of training—a combination of on-the-job experience and classroom drill in tax law, analysis of characteristic returns, and the like—are jumped to $4525. However formidable Mr. Whiskers may have seemed to the Al Capones of twenty-five years ago, he is daily growing younger, better educated and trained, and a far more numerous and potent force.

Let's return now to the question of how, and why, your tax return or mine may be selected for Mr. Whiskers' attention. The answer has many parts, and, in the ascending order of their importance, the first and lowest is the informant.

The law says that any person who volunteers information leading to the collection of additional taxes is entitled to claim up to 10 per cent of the amount collected. Informants, however, seem to be inspired as much by personal grudges as by hope of gain. They usually are disgruntled employees, jealous business competitors, spiteful neighbors, vindictive relatives or political rivals.

A sample informant's case is the one, recently prosecuted in New York Federal Court, of Hattie Freeman Dodson, secretary to Harlem's United States Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. She held two jobs, one under the name of Hattie Freeman and the other as Hattie Dodson. Her withholding tax was paid under the different names by which she appeared on the separate payrolls. She thereupon filed two returns, one under each name, using in one instance the home address of a relative and in the other her own. As a consequence, she not only escaped the higher tax her combined income would have required her to pay but made double use of the exemptions and deductions allowed by law.

In theory, this is a type of fraud that otherwise might never have been detected, which is the reason the law on informants stays on the books. In practice, all ranks of Internal Revenue people look upon informers with distaste, and sometimes an informer may himself face an audit. In at least one instance a man who received $80,000 for information subsequently got into deep trouble when he failed to pay tax on it. The tax amounted to a kickback of more than $45,000.

A more productive source of audit tips is a continuous check carried on by collection officers in each district. Every day they comb the newspapers, and the combings include not only the obvious—such as television or radio jack-pot winners—but the suggestive stories as well. Let a householder report the theft of $10,000 in jewels or furs and it's a cinch bet that his returns will be pulled from the files to see if the income he has reported is (*Continued on Page 162*)

"Boy, will I be glad to finish this job!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Constellation Leo, the Lion, the royal symbol. Photograph by Herbert Matter. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd

Majesty of love, told in starlight

In flaming glory, kingly Leo stands exalted in the sky, a star-bright monarch lovers look to as they dream. Even before men first sighted this royal symbol, one proud-blazing star was formed in the earth to some day shine for you. Your engagement diamond, with noble fire, reflects the greatness of your love and all its majesty. For you, and those who come after you, it tells forever how one man and one woman once gave a solemn promise, and shared, 'neath love's sweet sovereignty, their very special destiny.

¼ carat (25 points) $90 to $250
½ carat (50 points) $205 to $500
1 carat (100 points) $600 to $1210
2 carats (200 points) $1300 to $3500

Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in January, 1957, for their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in weights indicated. Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

N. W. AYER & SON

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 160*) consistent with the wealth he claims to have lost.

A five-foot, four-inch, auburn-haired, gray-eyed, 130-pound woman best known as Virginia Hill is an instance of what the newspapers may do to a person. Back in 1951 she made headlines by a brief, truculent appearance before Sen. Estes Kefauver's crime committee. There she was depicted as a sort of underworld darling on whom leading gangsters showered large sums of money for no reason at all, that she knew of. Virginia's real racket is still unclear. In any case, her newest notoriety is a Wanted circular for Federal income-tax evasion. Her picture, underscored by seventeen aliases she is said to have employed, is now tacked to the walls of maybe 10,000 post offices, while Virginia, reportedly, has moved to Switzerland to avoid Mr. Whiskers.

In addition to keeping an eye on the newspapers, the collection officers employ a variety of spot-checking techniques. One involves the use of a special type of telephone directory wherein subscribers are listed first by street addresses and then by names. With this as a guide, cards from the alphabetical file of taxpayers are arranged into block-by-block and house-by-house lists, showing who filed and the income they reported. So equipped, the collection officer takes a walk, and sometimes comes back with the name of a man who, miraculously, maintains a $50,000 house and two cars on $5000 a year. However devout he may be in some matters, Mr. Whiskers never accepts that kind of miracle on faith.

As several of these stories suggest, the largest source of error is the failure of the taxpayer—deliberately or otherwise—to declare all his income. To help in the detection of such people, a scheme of "matching returns" has been devised. Under this, withholding slips filed by employers and information supplied by various kinds of agencies to inform Internal Revenue of income paid to persons who are not subject to withholding are sent to one of several "matching" centers in various parts of the country. Subsequently, the carbon copies of the withholding slips, which the taxpayer is required to attach to his return, go to the same centers, as also do declarations of income by persons not covered by withholding. There, scores of clerks do nothing but match up the pieces of paper. Any slip for which a duplicate cannot be found is sent back to the district office of origin, and the return to which it pertains is exhumed from the files for audit.

The scheme is imperfect, because it does not uncover the taxpayer who fails to list interest income and income from miscellaneous sources. But it does discover the one who, receiving wages or fees from several sources, somehow forgets to declare them all. To that extent it has closed a very big loophole in the auditing process as George H. Oetting, Jr., a 325-pound, forty-one-year-old resident of Middle Village, Queens, New York, found out.

Oetting was, for some years, a deputy collector in one of Manhattan's district Internal Revenue offices. Then he quit, taking along a large bundle of blank withholding forms, and set up in business as a "tax consultant."

Each year, come tax time, Oetting would dream up scores of nonexistent taxpayers, complete with nonexistent employers and equally fictitious withholding slips, and file returns for them. One of the ghosts, for example, he called John Bruno, a clerk who earned $3885 during 1953 from Henry Stanton & Co. The withholding slip attached to this return showed that Stanton & Co. had handed over to the Government $534 from Bruno's wages for Bruno's income taxes. But Bruno's return listed exemptions and deductions that entitled him to a refund of $293.80 out of the $534 putatively paid in. All pure fiction, but Oetting filed sixty or more returns like it a year. Since each ghost, according to Oetting's return, lived in Oetting's house, he sat back to wait for the postman to bring him scores of Government checks, which, in time, was done. These he cashed in the names of the ghosts.

Based on his knowledge of how the service worked, Oetting had bet that nobody in Internal Revenue would discover that his withholding slips were strictly phony. His bet was good enough so that he collected more than $6000 a year for several years. Then the system of matching returns, instituted after his departure from the service, caught him up. He was indicted for fraud and pleaded guilty.

"You gave it to 'em, brother!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Each of these mechanisms—the informants, the newspapers, the spot checks and the matched slips—plays a part in the selection of tax returns to be audited each year. But all of them together seldom produce a fifth as much work for Mr. Whiskers as a procedure called "dropping," a routine based upon the profoundly simple realization that the best way to catch up with the errant taxpayer is to let him put the finger on himself.

Dropping starts in January, when returns first begin reaching the district offices, and continues as long after the last day for filing as is necessary. Each day's deliveries are sorted by categories into piles. There are four categories—those of less than $5000 gross income; $5000 to $6999; $7000 to $24,999; and $25,000 upward. Each of the three higher divisions contains business returns—a special form used by professional men and sole proprietors of businesses and farms—which are also separated and sorted according to the income category into which they fall. Since there are fewer than 250,000 returns of $25,000 or more each year, these are all subjected to audit and are known as "automatics." Among the rest, when the sorting is completed the dropping begins.

Agents and office auditors each take bundles of the returns and scan them one by one. Usually, but not always, they will set aside, or drop, ten out of 100, the ninety others being sent on to be filed and forgotten. Then, more slowly and carefully, they go over the ten. Customarily, from two to four of these will also be sent to the files. Those that remain—representing six to eight returns per 100—have been selected for audit. They are the ones upon which Mr. Whiskers subsequently issues summonses.

Offhand, this process may look like a mathematical sampling, but in reality it is far more than that. For the fact is that an experienced hand can judge, merely by glancing at what a taxpayer has put in his return, whether an audit is likely to reveal error. Those dropped represent not all the returns that appear to be in error, but the ones that appear to contain the biggest errors.

What the droppers look for is a subject which Internal Revenue officials refuse to talk about. They justify their secrecy by arguing that while the average taxpayer is honest, there are still too many sharpshooting crooks who know how to take advantage of anything they learn about service operations to permit publication of anything that might help them. Be that as it may, a fraud case that came to trial in New York City in 1953 provided a clear demonstration of how an erroneous return can be spotted at a glance.

The case involved a certified public accountant named Fred S. Herskovitz, who had built up a thriving business of making up returns for small and middling wage earners. He charged ten to twenty dollars a return, which his clients, who sometimes numbered as many as 1000 per tax season, were happy to pay because he assured them that he could get them refunds. And for some years he did.

It developed, however, that Herskovitz was no wizard, just a conniver. Inside the district office to which he delivered, by hand, the returns he made up, in bundles of 100 or more, he had a corrupt mail clerk and a corrupt deputy collector, who saw to it that the Herskovitz returns were processed without falling into alien hands. But one day the arrangement went awry and an uncorrupted deputy scanned the Herskovitz handiwork. The result was that in a single afternoon no fewer than 225 were dropped for audit.

Here are samples of the three basic patterns that betrayed them:

A $3180-a-year clerk was listed as having contributed $295 to church and charity. The deduction was perfectly legal if, in fact, the contributions were made. But a man making what this one did seldom has that kind of money to give away.

A stenographer deducted $110 for "work clothes and tools." Also perfectly legal for a plumber or steel worker, but ridiculous for a stenographer.

A $3600 wage earner with a wife and two children claimed an additional $600 exemption for a person identified as "Aunt Fanny." Aunts, uncles, cousins, and the like are what Internal Revenue calls "oblique dependents." Any taxpayer who puts them on his return should be prepared to prove that he is their major source of maintenance, because merely to claim them is to invite a summons from Mr. Whiskers. This is a particularly touchy point. It has been estimated that questionable dependents are now taking $400,000,000 a year out of the mouth of Uncle Sam.

In the Herskovitz case it developed that none of his clients knew the details of what he was putting in their returns. They simply paid him to get them a refund. Herskovitz, who doubtlessly knew what he was doing, went to jail, but before he did, his clientele was required to pay up nearly $1,000,000 in additional taxes.

However, since it was the dropping routine that undid him, the Herskovitz case is primarily noteworthy for what it says to all taxpayers. Leaving aside the question of what happens when a person fails to report all his income, it shows that the three basic ways by which a taxpayer calls himself to the attention of Mr. Whiskers are by claiming oblique dependents, listing contributions and expenses out of line with his income, and making deductions that are out of character with his job. In an infinite variety of combinations, these indices apply to all levels of income. None of these things are necessarily illegal or even disallowable, provided only that the taxpayer can prove that what he claims he did was, in fact, done.

At this point the whole, complex, multibillion-dollar operation tends to degenerate into fantasy. For most of us it means that not only must we make a living and pay taxes, but we must also become bookkeepers in order to convince some skeptical auditor that the taxes we don't pay are not inconsistent with the lives we do live. If anyone in the confusing gloom feels the need of a ray of sunshine, perhaps this is it: In no year is Mr. Whiskers able to audit even half the returns that get dropped. There are just too many of them and too few of him.

But even at that he is still the most remarkable tax-enforcement officer in all the world. For every dollar the Government spends in paying his wages, giving him office space and providing him with clerical help, he produces eighteen dollars in additional taxes—a whopping total of $1,500,000,000 a year. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wonderful way to paint !

Makes old wood look new,
Brightens metal things, too . . .
Flows on smooth—sets up *hard*—really covers!
Use it outdoors *or* in,
Grab your brush and begin . . . with
That wonderful paint by
LOWE BROTHERS!

PLAX—easy-to-put-on enamel that smoothes itself as it dries to a tough, weather-resisting finish. No brush marks! Wide choice of colors for inside and outside.

PLAX-COTE—puts a scuff-resistant surface on porches, patios and all floors—indoors and out. Flows on easily and smoothly with brush or roller. Dries quickly. Lasts and lasts.

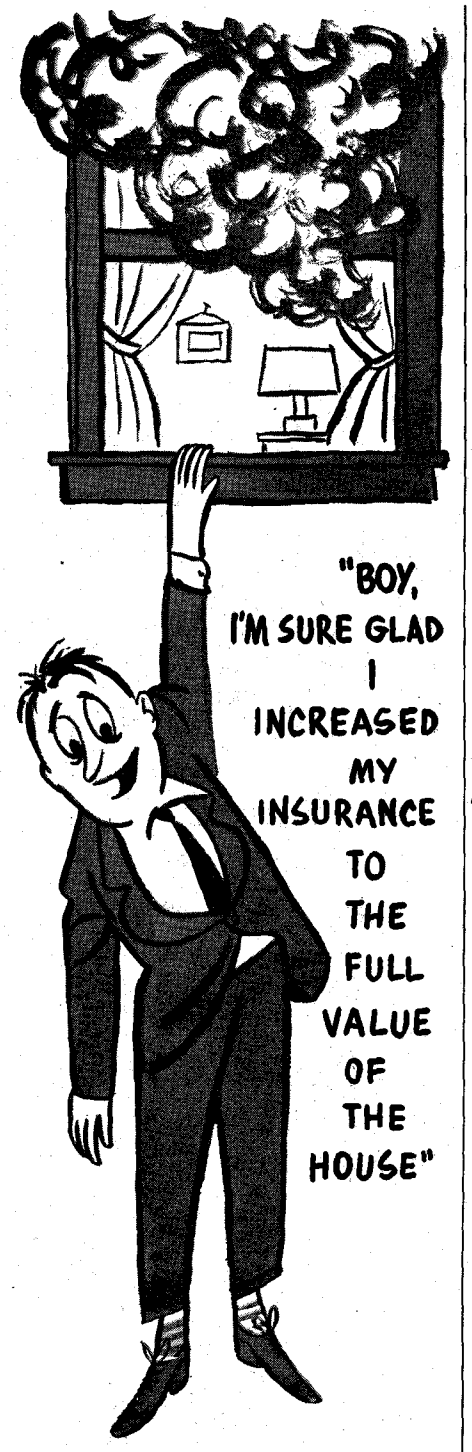
PLAX WATER-CLEAR—for a crystal clear finish that beautifies and protects *all* wood and painted surfaces. So durable it's ideal for marine paint jobs ✓ ✓ ✓ Your friendly Lowe Brothers dealer can recommend a professional painter. THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY, Dayton 2, Ohio.

LOWE BROTHERS PAINTS

Factories . . .
DAYTON
OAKLAND
TORONTO

MAKERS OF Super Kem-Tone . . . KEM-GLO AND LOWE BROTHERS PAINTS FOR HOME & INDUSTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Would you sell your home and household contents for the amount of insurance you carry? No? Then you're not adequately protected in event of loss. The same applies to any business building, furniture and fixtures you own. To make sure you're up-to-date, call an agent representing one of the Phoenix of Hartford insurance companies.

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

Phoenix of Hartford

INSURANCE COMPANIES

Executive Office: Hartford 15, Conn.
The Phoenix Insurance Co.
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Equitable F. & M. Insurance Co.
Minneapolis F. & M. Insurance Co.
Reliance Insurance Co. of Canada

All forms of Insurance except Life

Keeping Posted

A Lady of Multiple Careers

In alternating between a Manhattan apartment and a Connecticut home, the Osborns take along their dog and parakeet, but not their horse. He definitely prefers the country.

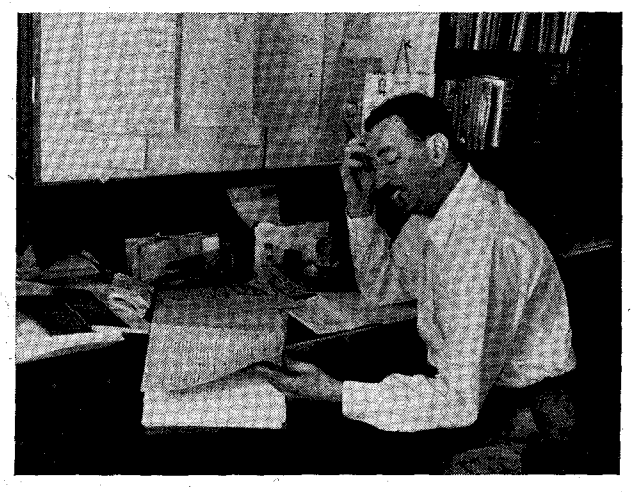
In 1914, when Millicent Green was seven, she came to New York from Poland, and by and by the lass grew up into a talented Broadway actress, with roles in plays like Street Scene and Dead End. When she was thirty she married Paul Osborn, gave up the stage on the theory that homemaking is a full-time career, and she has never missed the footlights a bit. Her husband is the eminent playwright (On Borrowed Time, A Bell for Adano, etc.), also the moviewright (Madame Curie, The Yearling, etc.). Recently, Mrs. Osborn had a try at writing short stories before her husband and daughter, Judith, got up mornings, but after selling two, she dropped the secrecy act, and that's story No. 3 on page 37. Adolescent Judith started to write a mystery novel, but killed off the only suspect in Chapter 4. This puzzling impasse may cause her to switch to another career.

Will You Marry Me, Signorina?

Letitia Baldrige, who used to be ex-Ambassador Clare Booth Luce's secretary in Rome, had a Post article last August called I Love Those Italian Men, and up to now 211 of those Italian men have written her, proposing matrimony. She remains unwed. "Let's face it," says this American girl, "most of them mainly wanted to emigrate to the U.S. But some of them were so sincere and sweet." Meanwhile, many American chaps have written her, some amiably, some bawling her out; but no U.S. proposals—"that is, stemming from the article," she qualifies. Some American beaux have had a swell time treating her *à l'italienne*, kissing her hand and serenading her (with rock-and-roll arias, which they know she abhors). American boys will be boys.

This eligible bacheloress, now promotion manager at Tiffany's in New York, has netted 800 letters from her article, and the postman still cometh. The article, and a later one, were taken from her book, Roman Candle, which Houghton, Mifflin published in November and which has stirred up many more letters.

Life Among the Authors



This pitiful photograph shows **Craig Thompson,** who writes about the income tax on page 36, writing up his income tax. He has a charming workroom in his country home in Erwinna, Pennsylvania, and those work sheets on the wall come from financial records which his wife skillfully keeps the year around. Yet despite these things to be happy about, see how depressed he seems.

Walter Kussy, the subject of page 31, was a famous skier when author **Paul Schubert** met him in Europe, whereas Schubert, though he did own some skis, still thinks of them as "those damned things." But Schubert's inferiority complex felt better when Kussy came to join him in Wyoming. "We climb mountains on horses out here, and Kussy on a horse reminds me of me on skis."

Bill Wolf reports that Michigan is a nice-looking state at night, but he wouldn't know much about its daylight appearance. Last fall he did a piece about the famed AuSable River canoe race, which begins in the evening, and he says that after chasing the race all night by auto over back-country roads, he was so bushed that during the daylight finish his eyes hardly worked at all. As for Michigan's smelt fishing, page 49, Wolf worked every night from nine to five, because that's when spawning smelt go on their honeymoons.

James Maxwell, page 24 portrayer of Cincinnati's remarkable TV star, **Ruth Lyons,** writes that he certainly hopes Ruth's ultra-fanatical fans won't think he has said anything unfair about their goddess. Although Cincinnati is his home, his letter was mailed from a boat bound for New Orleans.

TV celebrity Ruth Lyons with author James Maxwell.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey"

Bob Meyner captured American hearts when he abandoned bachelorhood in midterm. And now people are asking: Might he capture enough votes to win the presidency?

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED